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The Round Robin brought me very personal complexion news about Camay from all over the country

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Helen Chase

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Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

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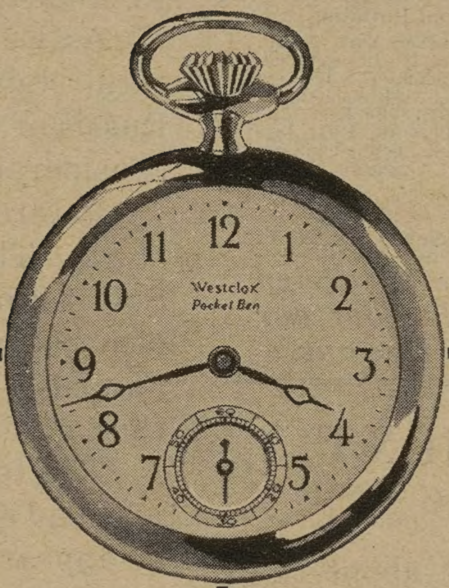

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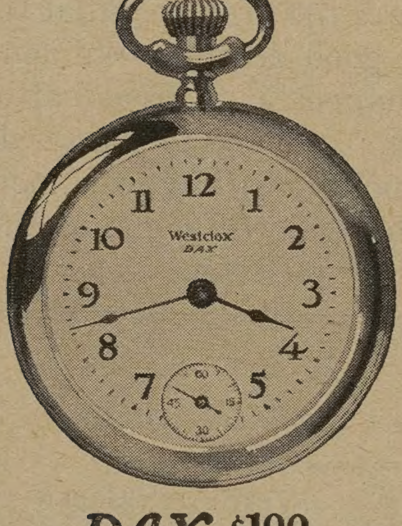

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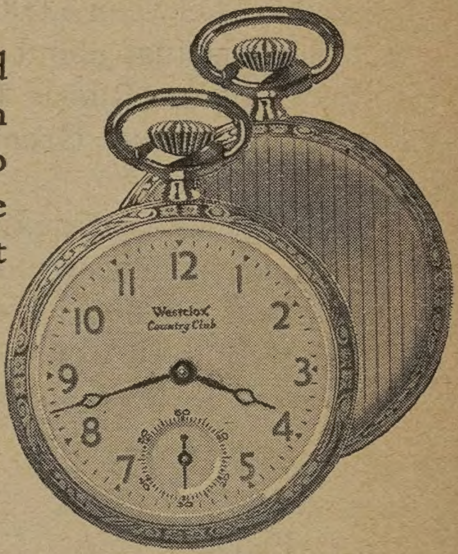

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Oct. 25, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 7
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

RUSSIA AND THE NEXT WAR

We have been hearing quite a lot about the Russian menace lately. There seems to be a general beating of tom-toms, sounding of alarms, and talk of possible war with other countries.

Here in the United States our Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, startles the brethren by saying the Soviet has depressed the price of wheat by selling 7,500,000 bushels short on the Chicago Board of Trade. Then, in a few days, the Russians execute forty-eight poor devils of former aristocrats on the ground that they fomented a counter-revolution by seeking to destroy the food reserve of the country and starve the populace—the whole plot initiated and subsidized, we are told, by a British meat-packing firm.

This last fantastic horror story, of course, was simply put out by the secret police so the Russian people would blame Great Britain because there is a shortage of food in Russia.

Obviously, all this is absurd. Russia should be, and used to be, a great wheat-exporting country. Before the war she exported 450,000,000 bushels a year. Now she has for export, it is estimated, somewhere between 5,000,000 and 40,000,000 bushels. So it is just about as foolish for the United States to blame Russia for low wheat as it is for Russia to blame Great Britain for her food shortage.

The fact is that nearly all countries, since the war began, have been planting more land to wheat, and there is a general overproduction. We suspect that Mr. Hoover would rather have the Russians blamed for this than the Republicans, but what we ought to do is to blame Providence, as well as Canada and the Argentine. It isn't Russia's fault.

And that brings us to a consideration of whether Russia really is a peril or just a bogie man.

As we have just pointed out, from an agricultural standpoint Soviet Russia is far behind the Russia of the Czarist régime—and agriculture tells considerably less than half the story.

Before the war Russia had a great deal of live stock. This has pretty much vanished under the Soviet economy. As soon as the drive against the rich peasants began they started eating up their animals. A kulak would much rather eat a horse than give it to a commissar.

The fortunate classes—the rich and well-to-do who had enough to eat and drink—have practically disappeared. Among the very poor—the so-called workers—the evidence is that they don't eat as much as before the war. They must have cards to get butter, milk, or bread, and they don't get much unless they are members of the party.

In territorial extent Russia has dwindled notably. The rich plains of Poland are gone; so is Finland, and the seacoast along the Baltic.

The high tide of the Soviets politically in other countries was in the days immediately after the war, when the new German republic was wavering in the balance, the north of Italy was held by the Reds, and their hordes were at the very gates of Warsaw. They were making a desperate attempt in England, and in Asia they had southern China completely in control.

Now virtually all their hopes of conquest in Europe are gone. China is in the hands of believers in private property, and though the Soviets no doubt are doing all they can in India, it isn't much.

It would seem to us that their efforts to overturn existing governments have met failure everywhere. Perhaps that is why war talk is brewing on both sides.

Should this "war medicine" result, as it usually does, in war, we venture the prophecy that the Russians will take a jolly good licking. We don't mean that it is likely to happen in a great battle, but when the strain of war is added to the strain of a mistaken economic policy, their government will be overthrown and an end will come of this fantastic nightmare called Sovietism.

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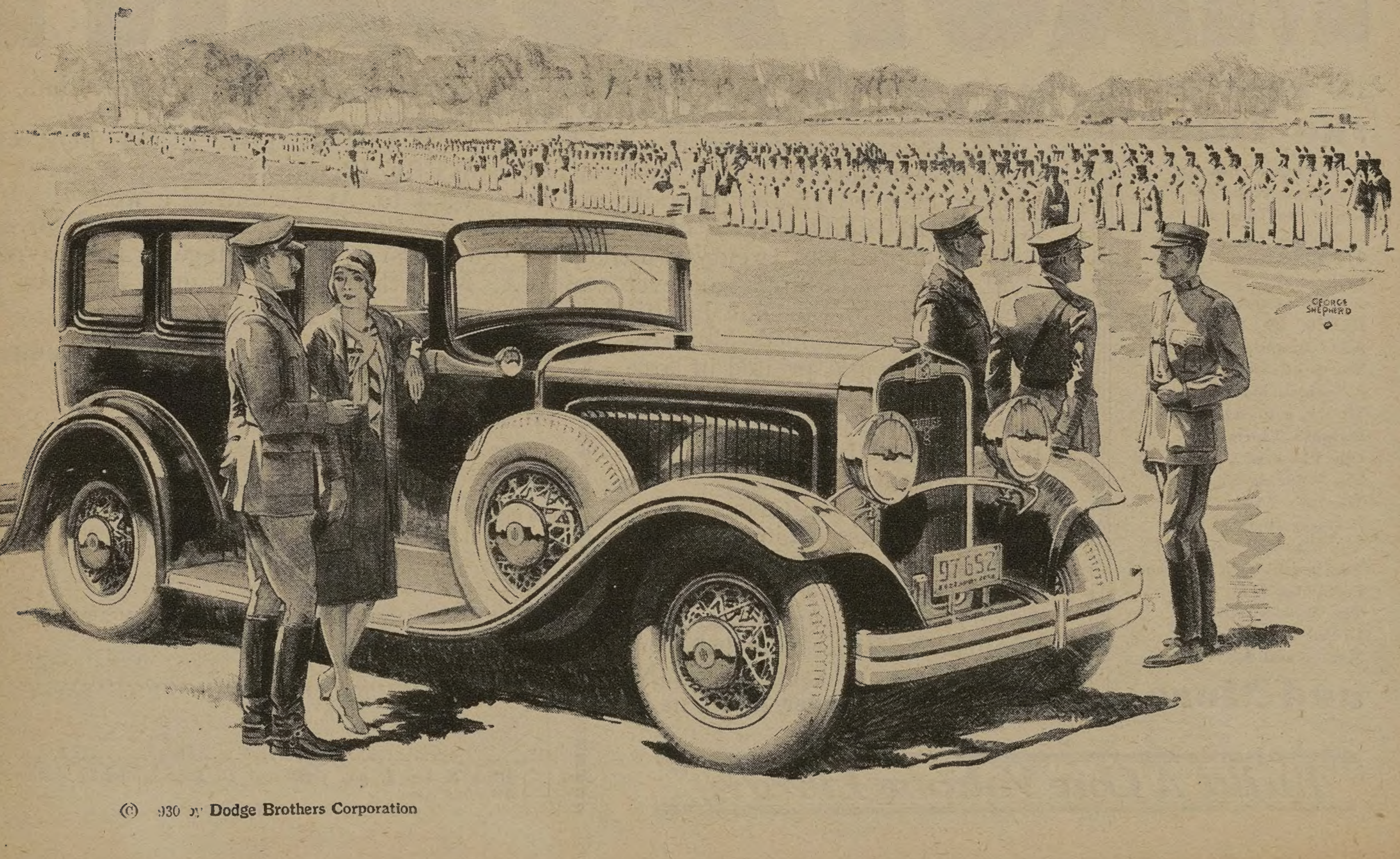

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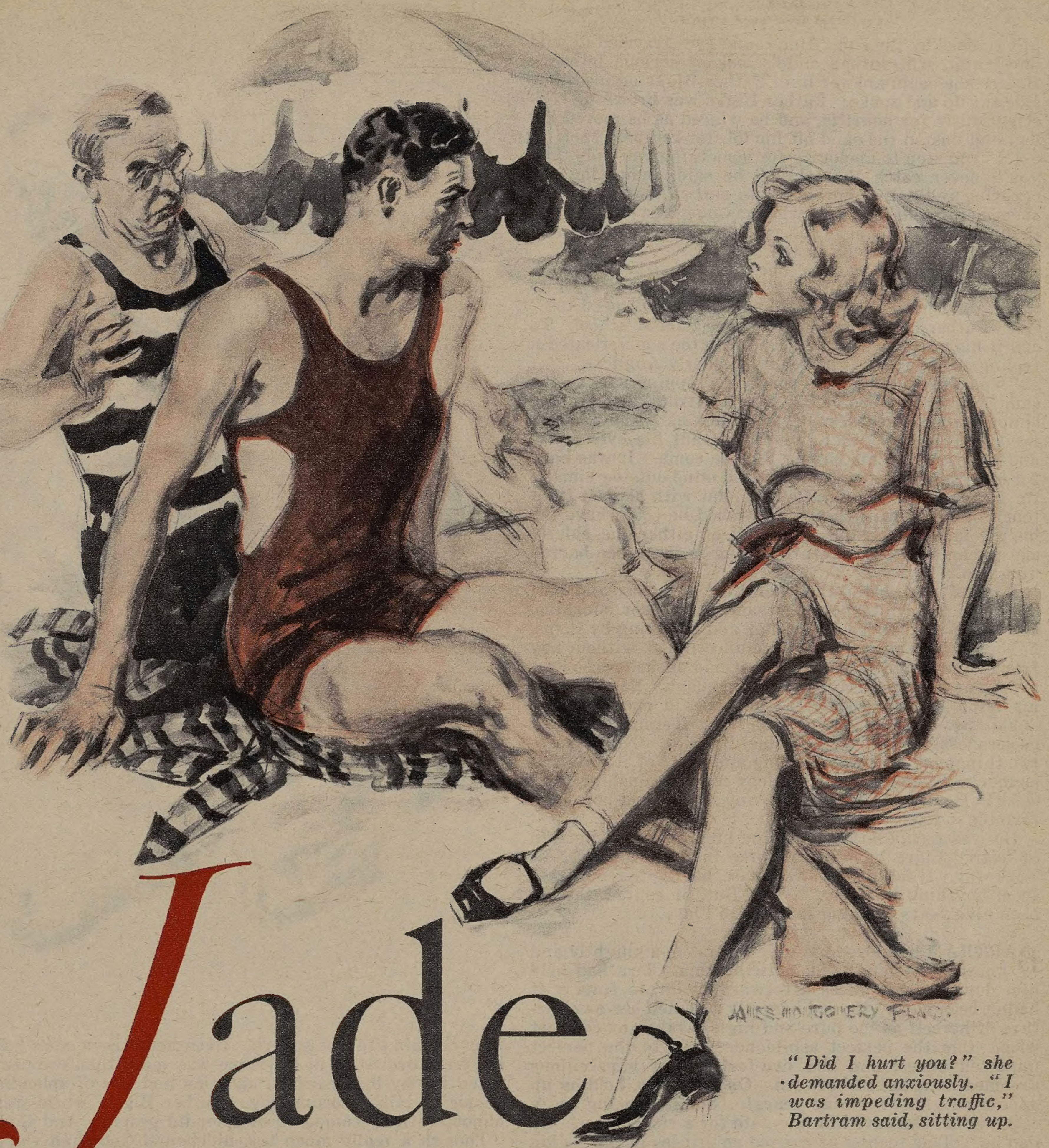

"Did I hurt you?" she demanded anxiously. "I was impeding traffic," Bartram said, sitting up.

Jade

The Story of a Reputation

By

MARGARET WIDDEMER

who was born near Philadelphia and began to publish prose and poetry at an early age. Her first novel was a best seller; her latest will be published this November. Winters she lives in New York City.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 25 min. 36 sec.)

"OH, say! I'm *sorry!*" gasped the little girl. She had cannoned into Bartram, where he lay full length in the Florida sand exactly in the way of traffic, and fallen plump over him. She sat up swiftly, cross-legged in her barred gingham dress, and grinned at him in a cheerful apology for something not at all her fault. He grinned back whole-heartedly, which was something he hadn't done in some months. She was so like a nice sturdy bisque doll, with her round face and mop of yellow hair and big double-lashed eyes, and her socks and strapped shoes and little Alice-in-Wonderland gingham. "Did I *hurt* you?" she demanded anxiously. Her voice was a child's, too—decisive, a clear treble, with emphasized words.

"I was impeding traffic," Bartram said honestly, sitting up.

She stared at him gravely, taking in all the tanned length of him, his athlete's body in its bathing suit, his tired dark face with its steady blue eyes and set, sensitive mouth, his dark hair burned into

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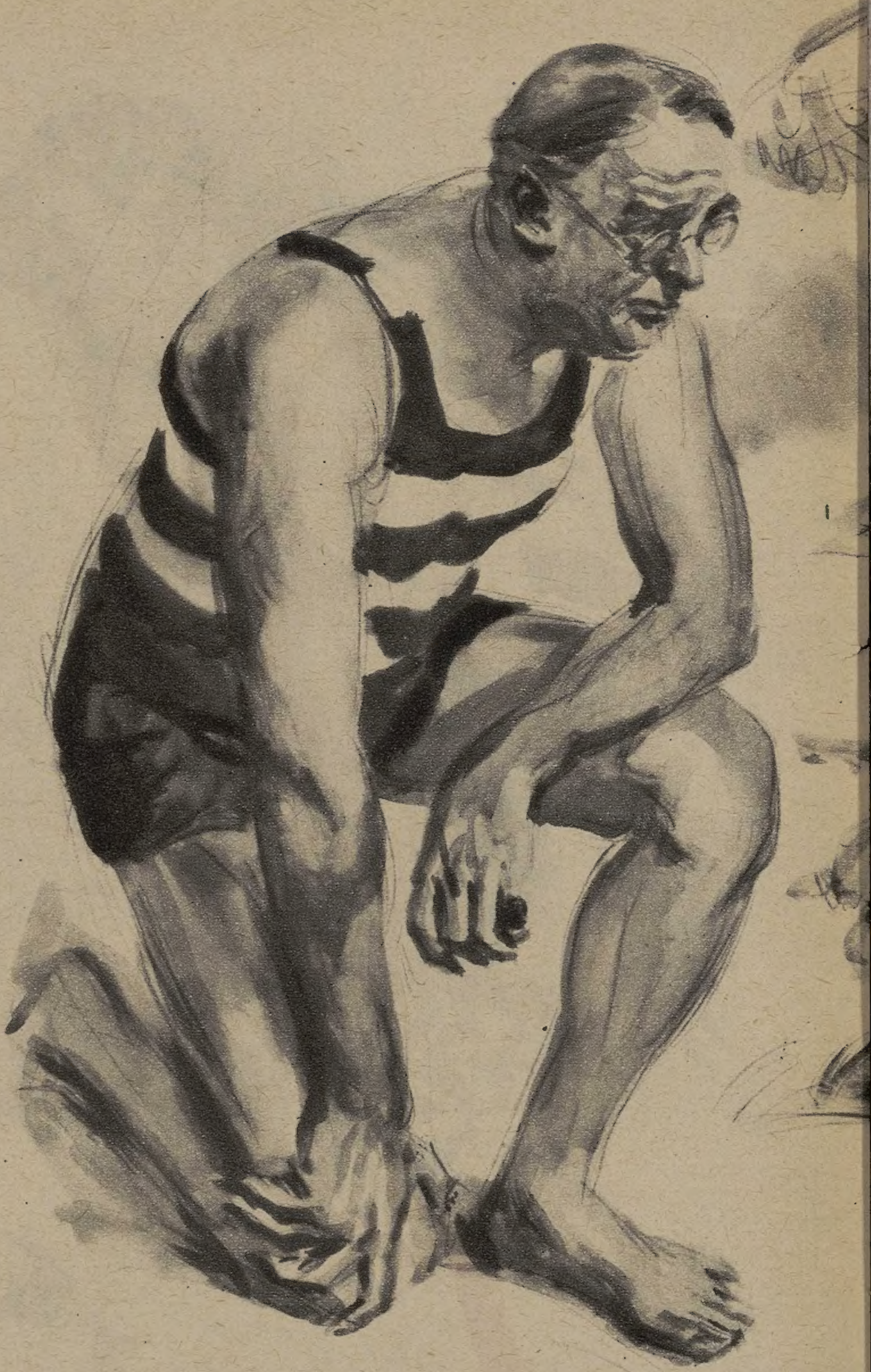
JADE
Continued from page seven



gilt streaks by the sun. Her round eyes traveled up and down him, still with a child's look of serious interest. Before she could answer him, Father Biggs on his other side sat up and spoke. Father Biggs was browning conscientiously for neuritis, and he winced as he moved his leg, and dusted the sand off his lobster-red bald spot.

"If you stop to apologize for something you didn't do, you'll never catch that child," he said, indicating the capering red-haired boy in a sun suit, who had hurdled them before she fell, and who was now howling happily in diminuendo, "Janey can't catch me! I'm home!" and embracing an umbrella in the distance.

"He's right; I can't. The little devil!" she said, jumping up and laughing. "Wouldn't you know I'd do that; lose a race to make an apology I didn't need to?"

To Father Biggs the world was his Sunday school. To call it his parish would be to indicate too sophisticated a feeling on the part of the beaming elderly Anglican.

"You were a good girl," said he, dropping back in the sand. Janey climbed calmly over Bartram, and the two simple-minded creatures began to talk as if they had always known each other. Bartram shut his eyes again and relapsed into his baking Florida coma. It was hard for him even now to pull his bruised mind outside himself for more than a minute at a time, but with his last faint touch of interest in things he wished he could have the happy, immediately pleased mind of either the elderly clergyman or the little sturdy thing in the green-barred gingham.

But, at least, after this month of lying lax and half naked on the white powdery sand in the hot sunshine, staring at the banded jade water and drowsing by turns, he could let his mind go limp and unoccupied, without any fear of the stabbing thoughts that had pushed up so long whenever he dared relax it for a moment. He stretched his mind experimentally, as one does a once-sprained ankle. . . . No sting. No nagging feeling of uneasy uselessness, of being despicable, inferior. No Clara to rub things in; that was the long and short of it. He felt as much astonishment as a sleepy man in sunshine may. Gosh! He didn't love his wife any more—and how comfortable it felt!

He was recuperating from the humiliation and strain of letting Clara have her divorce in a chivalrous New York way. It felt pretty effeminate, having to recuperate from anything like that. . . . But, of course, there'd been nine years of being inferior to Clara. . . .

BARTRAM had loved his wife at first in a knightly and kneeling fashion, and, noticing this, Clara had held him down on his knees afterward by brute force. It hadn't been hard. He had honestly accepted her own picture of herself as too pure and high to take any comfort with, from the perfect ash-blonde wave to the perfect imported shoes, and the five-feet-odd of supercilious groomed detachment between. On his knees, holding up appeasing gifts, for nine years! Going on being crazy over her till she gave him the gate for a richer man! Or had he? This feeling of sunned emptiness in the region of the emotions wasn't bad a bit. Anyway . . .

He heard the little girl's high, sweet voice through his drowsing:

"G'by, Father. Got to get dressed—promised a man I'd swim with him. Sorry. Rather be here."

"Why go, then?" Father Biggs demanded gently.

"Promised," said the girl Janey briefly, jumping up.

"Of course. Yes, one must keep promises," said Father Biggs in his mild voice.

"Sure," she said surprisedly, and trotted off like a little beach pony. The little red-haired boy yelped after her.

"Friend of yours?" said Bartram idly.

"Why, I should say we'd made friends by now," said Father Biggs cheerfully. "She seems an unusually nice young lady."

"This sun's good," said Bartram irrelevantly, flexing himself in it. "Life's not bad."

Father Biggs met this observation—which was a long way for his friend to go—without surprise. He was more than certain life was superb. Even neuritis in one's left leg from overwork in floodtime was more than compensated for by his beautiful vacation and lots of splendid people to talk to beamingly. Father Biggs' world was almost entirely composed of splendid people. And God.

"Though a really much less hidebound God than you'd suppose," Bartram mused, adding aloud, "Damn! There goes my hat."

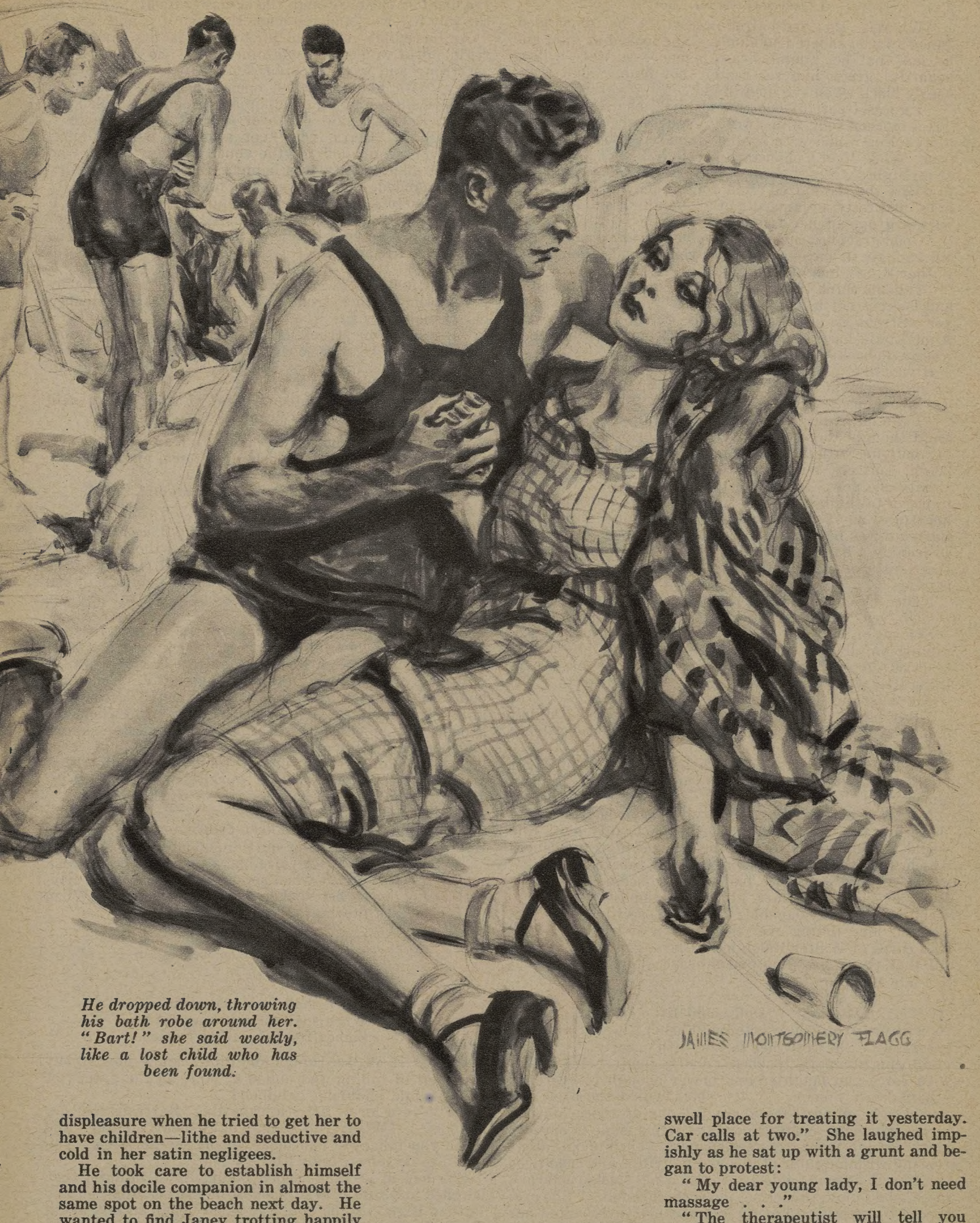
"The Janey girl's getting it," said Father Biggs, watching it whirl crazily down the beach in the sudden sea wind, and overtake her. Bartram watched her chase lazily. "Good action," he said.

She ran back at full speed.

"Here," she panted, with a good child's pleasure in doing something you liked to have her do. She jammed it down over Bartram's eyes with a quick, bright "G'by," and was off again.

"Nice and alive," Bartram said. "I'll bet she's the kind that was always running errands for the family when she was a kid."

He could see her; not much different, just as clean and willing and blondly sturdy—a cunning little tyke in strapped shoes, and the same flying mop of sunburned curly hair. . . . He could even think about kids without that faint nagging pain. . . . Clara was so dimmed. . . . Clara, who had always made him feel her queen's



He dropped down, throwing his bath robe around her. "Bart!" she said weakly, like a lost child who has been found.

displeasure when he tried to get her to have children—lithe and seductive and cold in her satin negligees.

He took care to establish himself and his docile companion in almost the same spot on the beach next day. He wanted to find Janey trotting happily along the sand again, with that ungrudging friendliness she gave like a fresh drink of water. And she came and dropped down by them as simply as before.

"How's everything?" she demanded of Father Biggs, with whom she seemed to have established an immediate bond. "How does your leg feel? I hunted up a swell place for treating it yesterday. Car calls at two." She laughed impishly as he sat up with a grunt and began to protest:

"My dear young lady, I don't need massage . . ."

"The therapeutist will tell you about that," she said firmly, and Father Biggs subsided like Elijah after a raven had been unyielding with him about his board. Bartram rolled over and took an overt part in the conversation. He could be friends, too!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JADE
[Continued from page nine]

"Where's the red-haired escort?" he demanded. Janey's faced sobered suddenly. She looked at him, and he saw that her round, heavy-lashed eyes were a deep beautiful green like sea water, not blue. They went nearly black when she answered.

"I guess I sort of bootlegged him," she said hardily. "His mother took him away. I guess she doesn't like him fooling round with strange females. You know how it is. When I get a chance at my Molly I can't let her out of my sight." She spoke hungrily, her deep eyes turning to where the red-haired child Johnny played quite alone, his slim, pretty, pyjamaed mother laughing and lounging with a group of her friends.

"Good gracious, my dear! Do you mean to say you're old enough to have a child of your own?" demanded Father Biggs, brightening with interest.

"I should think I had," said Janey, sitting back proudly and looking not a day over fifteen. "You ought to see her. Strong as a horse, and as bright and pretty! My Aunt Lizzie has her now, but I'm to have her for good when I go back—now I have some money."

It was like a child talking about a doll. Bartram felt a slight shock at the dissolving of his picture of her, but she talked on.

"I ran off at sixteen," said the amazing child. "You see, I thought there couldn't be anything worse than going on living with dad. But there was." She gave a little laugh, entirely without bitterness, at herself. "I'm twenty-one now. When you get as old as that you have to begin to think life out." She looked at Father Biggs hopefully, as if he could help her in this enterprise. Bartram was beginning to feel a bit jealous. To prefer so frankly a bald, celibate old clergyman, no matter how facetious and good, to a good-looking man in the thirties . . .

"Did you come here to think it out?" Bartram asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "You see—"

She sat on between them, childish, staring out to sea, talking on, always with that queer infantile absence of reserve. A good little girl telling grown people everything they wanted to know, because they told her to.

Her husband was fortunately dead.

"But he was kind," she explained, "when he didn't drink. And dad always said what a man did under drink didn't count."

She shivered a little, then brightened. "But I got Molly out of it," she added. "Do you know, Molly can almost read?"

No, there was nothing self-pitying about her; nothing, therefore, that would lead other people to pity her. She would not know how to get the whispering condolences which followed Clara like a scented breeze wherever she went. He had taken to seeing Janey over against Clara. Clara, so helpless-seeming, so steely-capable; Clara, whose life was one long lifting over the puddles of life by a corps of Walter Raleighs! Clara, grateful that there was "no encumbrance" from her late marriage!

JANEY talked on. "Dad could lift a man with one arm," she was telling Father Biggs cheerfully. She drew her father with queerly vivid, epigrammatic touches. A big, domineering brute, with force and laughter and power enough to overbear a half dozen women. A household which she drew unresentingly, almost unknowingly: one of those hideous homes which one is apt to consider implausible in spite of statistics and front-page newspapers. The big old father roaring with laughter at his own bullyings and cruelties; the cowed, anæmic, elderly Aunt Lizzie, steel-spectacled, meek, and sallow, preaching pious submission. "She pretended to herself and me it was because God wanted her to," Janey said disdainfully. "It was really because father kept her scared and God was a swell excuse."

Janey herself, honest, ineradicably generous and uncowed, with her helpless combination of independence of manner and unresentful submission to life as it had always been to her. Ineradicably gay, laughing and telling funny stories through the whole tragic narration as she had told them through the actuality itself. That was the way life was, and you made the best of it and took it.

An incredible viewpoint for today, with its monstrous regiment of women. A more incredible one for anybody as strong and gay and unbroken as little rough-haired Janey, with her force and open-handedness and little strapped shoes and big childish jade-green eyes. Talking to her, Bartram saw still over against her a shadowy, cruel Clara. Clara, who kept a pretty modern long-limbed porcelain doll for the couch corner; Clara, who thought male cruelty was being refused all the jewelry she demanded, and had always managed to prove it; Clara, who took so prettily and completely and gave nothing at all; Clara with her lacquered, hostile condescensions, who granted a kiss as if it was a jewel, a night as if it was a life surrender. . . .

FATHER BIGGS was quoting Browning in a curiously emotional voice from beside him, as Janey finished her casual story.

"But he never struck us," she was saying with pride, "never when he was sober. He said you could hurt a woman worse other ways, and that striking them didn't become a gentleman. . . ."

". . . All the seventeen years," Father Biggs said—half to himself in that voice unlike his own:

"When I was found familiarized with fear,
When friends broke in, held up a torch, and cried,
Why, you Pompilia in the cavern thus,
How comes that arm of yours about a wolf?"

Janey stared at him.

"Why—why—" she said. "Why— It *was* like that. You never do know things are—queer. I thought it was always the way life was. Well, life's all right!" She pushed it all under, ending on her valiant note of childish laughter. "Come on. Let's swim out to the raft. Lazy, you are, Bart. C'm'on."

She had a sturdy unflinching routine which, in spite of the bone-permeating laziness of the climate, she went through with unrelentingly. She drew Bartram into it with her. She swam in the mornings with him, or anybody. She was taking riding lessons and golf lessons and guitar lessons in the afternoons. Bartram, to whom the leisures and amenities of life in his Westchester suburb had been a matter of course, saw that she could never have been allowed much time for them before. Now that she was prosperous she was working hard on herself. The husband at least had left her with this money she spoke of so delightedly.

"You know, you have to keep people amused," she told Bartram gravely, sitting on the sand by him with the guitar. Her voice had a thread of heartbreak through it when she sang, which was as moving as her spoken words were casual. When she murmured:

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By night I shall be well again . . ."

or even, impishly:

"'When shall I see you again,
When shall I see you again?'
Sighed the fair young maiden . . ."

it was as if all the things she didn't know how to say came out of hiding and pulled at you; all the pathos of helpless and enduring childhood.

"You've a lot of artistic capacity," Bartram told her one day. "When you sing, you're heartrending, and when you talk, you can make people see pictures. You ought to do something with it."

She looked at him deeply, oddly, for a minute, then laughed and said, "Well, look at me serenading you and Father Biggs by the hour!" Then began to talk about that principal theme, her little girl Molly.

She broke that off in turn to say of Father Biggs, snoring gently in full sunlight, "It'll hurt him to get so burned," and put her big batik kerchief over his sunburned head.

Bartram did not protest at her leaving the kerchief, but he—and the Father—did when she appeared next day with a new panama which she put on the clergyman's protesting head.

“You must be richer than the dreams of avarice,” said Bartram, amused. “Where'd you get all your guilty gold, Janey?”

You could say anything to Janey, and she'd answer fully in her literal good-child way.

“I made it,” she said, coloring up to her doll's curls. “I—I earned it.” She went on to speak further, but she so obviously was only doing it because she obeyed instinctively any order, that Bartram stopped her. He'd come to a point of protecting affection for the queer little kid where he didn't like hurting her. It was so easy to do, and she had so little ability to hurt back. She took what you said and pretended not to mind it.

One day he came across her getting her guitar lesson. It would be more accurate to say that he heard the pretty crystalline voice he knew by now crying out in protest, and looked and found her. She was on the porch of a tumble-down Florida house of the worst sort, and had apparently been having a guitar lesson from the half-breed Spaniard who lived there, a dirty brown baby or so crawling about the porch. Janey, penned in a corner with the guitar, was fending off the man's grinning familiarities with a pitiful pretense of casualness. Bartram strode up the porch and spoke briefly to the man, who cringed and apologized, and marched Janey down to the gate of the little inclosure, slinging her guitar over his arm and laying down the law.

A shadowy, cruel Clara, who thought male cruelty was being refused all the jewelry she demanded.

“Don't you know one man from another? What do you mean by letting a man of that sort teach you to play?” he demanded sharply.

She was as unresenting as she had been to the native, though she was more hurt. Her lips quivered as she looked up and answered: “I didn't like him after I started. But I hated to hurt his feelings. And he needs the money very much. His wife just had another baby, and I remember what being up against it was like. You're so scared and helpless . . .”

BARTRAM wanted to shake her and lock her in her room and give her a present, all at once. What could you do with a girl like this?

“Why do you let people treat you the way they do?” he demanded again.

She looked surprised, and then made her conscientious effort to answer fully. “I think it's very likely because I was trained to take everything from dad,” she answered. “And from Link, too. Link was lots worse.” The little shiver with which she always spoke of her husband flowed over her. She drew a long breath as if the memories tired and hurt her, and looked round her at the fresh tropical sweetness. “Oh, it's so clean and gentle and lovely here. Let's not go into dat!” She laughed a little at her quotation, watching Bartram to see if he was still displeased, then went on speaking: “Bill *did* say I was always to have his wife around. But she can't be, now she's sick, and I didn't know how to explain to Rodrigo without hurting his feelings.”

“And who,” said Bartram in a voice he did not know was cold, “is Bill?”

She still replied with her docility:

“I was sort of engaged to Bill.”

Bartram did not stop to see how this news made him feel; he only spoke with unpremeditated anger:

“What sort of man is he, to let you go near a man like that native under any circumstances?”

Janey looked up at Bartram. “Bart, don't be angry like that! Till lately—till I've known you and Father Biggs—I've always thought that was the way men—just *were*.”

SHE stood still, serious, honest, yellow-headed, staring up at him with her hurt womanly eyes of green sea water in her child's frightened sunburned face. And the stark statement sank slowly into his mind. It was a blanket explanation of everything Janey was. She'd never known. She didn't know. All her virtues had been against her; honesty, generosity, humble-mindedness, sportsmanship, courage. . . . The brutal old father had trained her to take everything from him. She'd inevitably been attracted—half a baby—to another brute of the same sort in her husband. And under her manner of a valiant casual child, she was helpless, and always would be, as long as the world with all its brutes took her at her own valuation. No Princess Clara, she, to keep a man grateful for a decent word! She was too anxious to be kind, to be giving, ever to have any armor.

Suddenly, out of all his pity and anger and protectiveness, and—such is the nature of man—because of this new person Bill, Bartram found himself dangerously interested, concentrated on this child Janey from goodness knows where, with her doll's hair and her little girl's folly and her woman's heart. He found himself saying roughly, “What about this man Bill? Who is he? Are you marrying him? Here, let's sit down—you're trembling.”

She obeyed him. They sat down side by side on the steps of a deserted old villa behind a tangle of lawn. Janey folded her little brown hands in her gingham lap, and told him as a matter of course.

“No, we're not going to be married. I'm not even in love with him any more.” She said it with a certain pleased surprise. “I came down here to get over it. I didn't think I would, but, do you know, I *have*.”

“Go on.”

She colored up under her tan, and went on, her frank eyes still on Bartram's as if he were her judge. “His name is Bill Henderson; I met him when I was nineteen,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JADE
Continued from page eleven

just after Link—died. I was working in a department store and keeping Molly at a day nursery. Father wouldn't have me back, and I was just *desperate* about money. It seemed like a good nursery, but I kept waking up nights and thinking. Did they slap her when my back was turned? And was the milk good? And—oh, all the things you'd think. You know—dreadful things.

"Bill was good to me. He never wanted to take liberties or anything. I guess he was sorry for me. And, of course, I wasn't pretty—awfully tired-looking. He was a sort of editor. You know—helped run confession magazines. He got some work for me to do on them at home. I always got A in composition at school. You know how I am—" she laughed a little—"I can talk a blue streak. I can write as fast as that, too. I learned it keeping diaries all my life, I guess.

"And I got so I made enough to keep Molly at Aunt Lizzie's—dad was dead by then. Aunt Lizzie was very kind; she only took what it cost to keep the baby." She paused, and only went on when Bartram said, "Well?"

"Well, he did something. Something I couldn't forgive him for. I mean, I found out I couldn't forgive him. . . . I guess he meant all right. Only he couldn't see he shouldn't have done it. So I broke off with him. . . . He had brown eyes and brown curly hair and usually wore sport clothes, and a little mustache. . . . I guess he meant to be kind."

She was like a nice sturdy bisque doll, with her mop of yellow hair and double-lashed eyes.

She drew a long breath and looked up at him, something the way, it came to Bartram with a queerly intolerable pang, your dog looks at you to know whether he is good or bad.

"You need somebody to look after you worse than anybody I know," he said hardly, above that pain.

"Well, you and Father Biggs do, like everything," she said, rising and smiling bravely at him. Suddenly she came closer to him, all at once kind and grave and wise, for all her little-girl look. "You've had troubles, too. I can tell. I'm sorry," she said.

The golden selflessness of her swept him. He turned eagerly. "I want to tell you all about it. May I, tomorrow?" he begged.

She nodded. "Nobody ever was so good to me as you are, and Father Biggs," she said. "I do hope I can be good to you, sometime, back." She paused for a moment and added, simply, "I look up to you very much indeed."

Then, before he could recall her, she was gone, running down the road between the tall lush hedges.

HE stood looking after her. And suddenly, as he watched the small swift figure, he knew that he needed her all the time; her respect, her devotedness, her simple honesty, her strength and gayety and—yes, her service. He needed them all—all these things that by her creed must be poured out to the man she loved. All the things Clara had starved him of. Tomorrow he would tell her about Clara. She would understand. She would love him. She already had showed him, simply enough, that love.

She came next morning to the tryst they'd grown to take for granted without her cufflike bangles. She adored those bangles, and they were of an irreplaceable kind, she had explained with pride. Father Biggs—how *did* one get rid of Father Biggs?—demanded immediately to know where they had gone.

"Gave 'em away," said Janey shamefacedly. It took some time to extract from her the facts, which were that one of the waitresses had never had any bracelets, admired these bracelets, needed bracelets to make her beau value her—and had been given them.

"Do you always give people anything they want?" Bartram demanded, aghast and amused.

"No. You know I don't. But there didn't seem anything else to do. Here, have a sandwich." They were having a picnic lunch. She pushed the kind he preferred to him, automatically setting her square white teeth in the kind he didn't like. He did not know it till Father Biggs, when Janey had run down to dabble her hands in the water, spoke.

"That child," added Father Biggs, wriggling his lame leg dreamily in the sun, "has the temperament of a saint. You use the word loosely, if at all [his eyes twinkled], in the denominations for various weak pieties, but it's really a rare temperament. She has it." He rolled over to get more sun on his spine. "Janey," he called to her, "we'll have to be going soon."

THERE was an expedition on hand, it seemed, with one of the women at Father Biggs' hotel. A rather stupid and dowdy woman, as Bartram recalled her, but Janey seemed disproportionately happy over it all. But then, good child, she was always disproportionately pleased and happy over anything you did for her. Father Biggs was in it—had engineered it, Bartram rather fancied. Good Lord! Would he never get a chance to talk to Janey by herself?

And then she ran back, and the day was suddenly beautiful and perfect and contented to him. To her, too. They had never been so gay. It was Father Biggs, generally so radiant, queerly enough, who seemed depressed. And then Bartram supposed he had imagined that too, for the Father made a gallant effort, seeing John Bartram's eye on him, and began telling jokes out of comic papers—very innocent and very, very old.

"Oh, darn!" said Janey presently. "They forgot the ginger ale. Here, I'll go get it."

But Bartram protested. He would go. He intended to break Janey of her habit of waiting on all and sundry.

He got up and ran down the beach, hurrying both ways not to miss one minute of Janey. He was in good shape now. He whistled as he trotted back, a big bottle under each arm. He'd have it out with her, the provoking devoted little wretch—little jade! His mind leaped forward to her. Janey, married, running about, petting him and the little daughter Molly. He'd like having the child. Not hard to love anything of Janey's! There'd be others. The son he'd always wanted. . . . He went on whistling.

Father Biggs was running toward him. A Father Biggs nearly unrecognizable, so white he was, so shaken, hobbling along rapidly in spite of his lameness. "Don't stop me! I'm going for a wrap," he panted.

"My bath robe's heavy," Bartram said; then, in terror: "Janey? Anything wrong?"

"Yes." Father Biggs' easy facetiousness was all gone. He spoke with a rough, passionate earnestness. "They're trying to bring her and the Morris boy to. She swam out beyond the reef to rescue him. That red-haired child, the one with the pretty mother." Reassured about the robe Bartram stripped off in readiness, he paused and spoke with blazing eyes, holding back the frantic Bartram: "You think I'm a funny old priest. I am, but that's not all. I'm a man with all a man's feelings, though I thought I'd given all that to God thirty years ago. Till I saw her, that little saint, that foolish little martyr. . . . She doesn't love me; she loves you. For God's sake, be worthy of her!"

"Good heavens, Father!" Bartram spoke impatiently, while the two men ran back together. "Do you think I mind those quaint little tricks? They're the sweetest part of her."

He had scarcely time to see Father Biggs' look of pitying negation, outstripping him along the sand.

There was the inevitable group of people like a flock of birds lighted. He broke through them. . . . The Morris boy had been the worst. They were still working over him. His pretty painted young mother in her satin pyjamas was crying and pleading, and having to be kept off him by a knot of devoted women who were soothing and caressing her. The doctor and another man were working at artificial respiration, pushing the freckled baby arms up and down steadily. He was beginning to come to as Bartram got there.

Janey was already conscious, and they had turned from her to the little boy. She sat limply against a big rock, very white and draggled, the thin gingham frock clinging to her, her wet hair darkened and streaking her forehead. Somebody had thrown a coat round her shoulders, and a half-emptied paper cup was beside her. He dropped down by her with an inarticulate cry, throwing his bath robe around her and holding her.

"Bart!" she said weakly, like a lost child who has been found.

"My dearest! My own darling little girl," he said, holding her closer. She clung to him for a moment, her face flushing a little at the unmistakable tone and words. Then she tried weakly to rise and see. He lifted her.

The child was conscious. "He'll do now," the doctor said, and the other man lifted him.

NEXT WEEK—

Three Fools

As unusual a love story
as you have ever read

by

Warwick Deeping

who wrote

"Sorrell and Son"

HIS mother began to cry. "Oh, thank you, doctor! Oh, thank heaven!" she sobbed. She never turned in Janey's direction at all. The cortège of sympathizing people closed in. Janey sat down again, pallid still. "He's all right. I'm glad," she tried to say, but her eyes filled with tears. The doctor came over and said briskly, "All right now? That's good! Better get to bed, with a little more brandy and a hot-water bottle," and went back to the child. Bartram was furious. He strode up to the child's mother, Mrs. Morris, in a wave of anger.

"You haven't said 'Thank you,' so far as I know, to the girl who saved your boy's life."

She looked at him coldly through the becoming tears still in her mascaraed eyes. "Tell her I thank her very much," she said and turned back. Bartram barred her way.

"Good heavens, woman! She's saved your son's life, and you act like this. Aren't you human?"

The woman's face set harder.

"I'm doing very well to thank her at all. She's *Jade.*" She said it as if it was something he must know as reason enough. She turned and followed the young man who carried her little boy, her thin satin jacket blown close about her stiff-set shoulders. The group followed them. It was like a melodramatic outcasting on the stage.

Bartram went back to where Janey sat, a tired little wet figure. She was not even crying. "Janey, dear," he said.

She pushed him weakly away.

"Didn't you hear?" she said. "It's true. I'm *Jade.*" She seemed, like Mrs. Morris, to insist that he must know. He tried to think. Presently it came. Jade!

That outrageous, confessional anonymous book which had swept the country.

A book women giggled over, shocked and excited, and men were knowing about. Jade. Sturdy, honest, small Janey.

"That was what Bill did to me that I couldn't forgive him for," she said. "He told the papers who wrote it."

"Go on."

She did, obedient as ever.

"I'D been sick to get hold of Molly. It was like doing short ones for the confession magazines, I supposed, only a book. Bill planned it. We both wanted money. Oh!" she cried out suddenly, "it was worth it. I must hold on to that. I can have Molly all to myself now." She looked at him humbly. "Those dreadful things in the book—truly, they didn't happen to *me*. I was just—dumb. Bill put in lots of wise cracks and stories he knew. He said—he said it had to be sexed up to sell."

"Good God!"

"He did need money very much, and he'd been very good to me."

"But didn't you know—"

"Do women ever?" she said drearily. "I never dreamed he'd tell the authorship. I never dreamed people would say it was all me. But they did. And—his wife divorced him on my account, and he let her. He said why worry? He said—well, he wanted to marry me. . . . I didn't suppose she'd come off here, too."

"Was it—" He stared at her, suddenly understanding.

"Yes. She was his wife. I'd never seen her—I didn't know at first. Then—well, I couldn't run off. Anyway, I—wanted to stay."

Mrs. Morris the man's wife. Yes, that explained it.

"You poor child!"

"But I'll always be Janey Barnes who wrote that dreadful book. I'm—I'm a corespondent. You mustn't love me. I'm *Jade.*"

Little, defeated, ineradicably generous, she was making him a final gift.

The beach was deserted by now. But he would have done the same thing if it had been full of a jeering mob of the French Revolution—or his mother's club in Westchester. He picked her, all wet and drooping, from her rock, gripping her in a tight boyish hug.

"Be quiet, you baby!" he said. "Don't you know that jade is one of the most precious things in the world?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What nations were engaged in the Hundred Years' War?

2—How many cubic feet in a cord?

3—What is nacre?

4—What is a pirouette?

5—What is a gazehound?

6—What were the professional combatants of ancient Rome called?

7—What is the Apocalypse?

8—What does *recherché* mean?

9—What is eversion?

10—What is the source of "charity shall cover the multitude of sins"?

11—Who are the Walloons?

12—What is the stand or receptacle containing a ship's compass called?

13—What is frost?

14—What battle of the War of 1812 was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed?

15—What is the astronomical name of the polestar?

16—What is surcease?

17—Who was Solomon's mother?

18—What is an oligarchy?

19—What is an isosceles triangle?

20—How many feet in a fathom?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-nine)

ROMAN

Thrills and Chills at Chicago's Air Pageant

By
RICHARD CARROLL

P. & A. photo

Navy planes tied together in stunts at the National Air Races.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 14 seconds.)

ON the tenth and last day of the National Air Races at Chicago I left the International box, where we had been most of the week, and climbed above the grand stand near the Press Section, the better to see the main event on the program, the race for the Thompson Trophy. With me were Al Williams, ace of American speed pilots, and Mrs. Williams, Flight Lieutenant Richard L. R. Atcherley, R. A. F., and Lieutenant R. L. Preston of the Coldstream Guards and Hon. Secretary, Household Brigade Flying Club, London.

It promised to be an exciting affair, this race. The Curtiss-Reynolds Airport, seventeen miles from the city of Chicago, was alive with the clamor of 75,000 thrilled humans. Already it had been a glamorous week. First a glider had cracked up at the far side of the field from the grand stand. Then, George Fernic, nursing his experimental craft aloft, had nose-dived to death in full view of the crowds. Next, and at the finish of a spectacular navy race, Lieutenant Jack DeShazo, crack fighting-plane pilot from the U.S.S. Lexington, had half rolled his ship into the backwash of the leader's plane as they shot past the pylon, got his left wing caught in the slipstream, and found himself on his back with his ship headed in a steep angle for the horror-stricken spectators ahead, too low to avoid crashing. Had the naval flyer swept down at that angle he would have gone through the crowd like a scythe, killing scores. I cannot know what his thoughts were and can guess only from the action of his ship. Almost on top of the crowd the inverted ship threw her tail up, the nose dived straight for the ground at the very edge of the crowd, struck with terrific impact, and burst into flames. To do that DeShazo must have remembered to pull his stick back—remembered it in the split seconds he had to live. The ship struck and killed but one spectator. It was a grand, and naval, gesture.

As if all that weren't enough, the next day old John Macready, veteran of a thousand battles in the air, holder of transcontinent and other records, had crashed his disabled ship in a race he was leading and was lifted unconscious from the wreck—only to report himself next day sitting up to nurse a broken nose.

Not all the patience of Vic Clark, the running comment and wise cracks of Swanee Taylor, two of the announcers, nor the profane criticism of Cy Caldwell, could convince the excited Chicagoans that they had witnessed men pay the price of experimental flying only, and that these fatalities were as foreign to routine air transportation as Lindbergh's ocean stunt. It was a Roman holiday and before the crowds were gladiators who could salute Caesar and die. Silly, but intensely human.

There were going to be thrills in the Thompson Race. Mattie Laird had only that morning bolted the wings on his Wasp-powered Laird racer, and Speed Holman was going to fly it. Frank Hawks, who had flown across the country in twelve hours, had his mystery ship in hand and for two days the crowds had had glimpses of him skimming high and fast overhead. Jimmie Haizlip had his Travelair Mystery S warmed up for him by Jimmie Doolittle with exhibitions of skill that brought alternate chills and cheers from the stands. Ben Howard, the mail pilot, was in it with his Howard Special, a little white monoplane, home built, that had captured the

HOLIDAY

imagination of the spectators. Howard had flown several brilliant races and had won almost enough in prize money to pay for his ship. On Saturday he had provided the thrill of the day when at No. 1 pylon he pushed his white streak under the wing of a rival plane on the turn to take the lead and win the race. Erret Williams was in with his Williams Special, and Paul Adams was to fly a Travelair Speedwing.

LAST, and most important of all, was Captain Art Page of the marines, who had entered a Curtiss Hawk powered with a stepped-up Conqueror engine of 700 H. P. It was a standard built Seahawk with the lower wing removed and the cooling system placed in the remaining wing, and the guess was over 300 miles an hour for top speed. Page, a fine pilot and a daring one, besides being an immensely likable fellow, was going in under a terrific mental hazard. His ship landed at 100 miles an hour and stalled close to 90. He believed that if his motor cut out on him he was due for serious trouble. That belief went with him in the race. And his freak ship was not half tested. I drove up from Long Island with him and Casey Jones after his first flight and talked with him at the Early Bird dinner in Chicago before the race. At no time did he give any indication that everything was not all right and that his ship was not all he hoped it would be. But, then, if you knew Art Page you'd know that he'd fly that ship without wings if necessary.

Here, then, was a setting for thrills and for trouble; a course of five miles, so short the ships would have to crowd one another at the turns, an expected speed over 200 miles an hour, a demand for the highest skill on the part of the pilots, and the performance of the leading ships unknown and untried. The crowd was right, it was a Roman Holiday.

Dick Atcherley, who had taken his Supermarine Rolls-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

One of the thrills of the pageant at Chicago. The big army bomber is banking around—not into—the pylon. Compare it for size with the men at the pylon's base.

P. & A. photos

Jimmie Haizlip, who finished second in the Thompson trophy race. *Jimmie Doolittle, veteran record-breaker, who furnished thrills.* *Charles (Speed) Holman, whose speed won the Thompson trophy.* *Marcel Doret, French pilot, who made the Chicago crowd gasp.* *Flight Lieut. R. L. R. Atcherley, 332-miles-an-hour British pilot.*

The writer with Al Williams (right), America's champion speed flyer, who put on a show for the multitude.

Royce around a closed course in England at 332 miles an hour, the fastest closed lap ever made by man, thrilled to the thought of what this race meant. His own effort had been for the great Schneider trophy, scientifically planned by the British Air Ministry and methodically carried out by the Royal Air Force high-speed squadron. Here at Chicago was haphazard. Al Williams shook his head and made no comment, showing only the keenest interest. Preston thought it typically American, and wonderful. We took our seats in the elevated box just as Page of the Marines took off.

Hawks followed him into the air and then in order came Howard, Haizlip, Erret Williams, Holman, and Adams. Howard was conceded no chance, save on his flying ability. His ninety-horse-powered ship could not match the hundreds of horse power against him. But he had flown some beautiful races and the crowd was with him. From the first Page roared down the stretch with each throb of his motor drawing him away from the field. He rounded the first pylon wide and had almost completed the first lap before the last ship took off. The race had gone three laps when Al Williams grunted:

"Oh! Oh! Hawks had better come out of that. His motor isn't sounding so good."

I hadn't noticed anything wrong. But Williams had hardly spoken when Hawks swept away to the right of the field and left the race.

"Jolly good judgment," Atcherley commented.

PAGE, by this time, had so far outdistanced the others, it was merely a question of what time he could make. At the eighth lap Erret Williams dropped out, hopelessly outclassed. It became a match between Holman and Haizlip, with Holman in the faster ship and Haizlip doing the better flying.

Atcherley leaned over to Williams.

"Does Page's motor sound right?"

The big black-and-gold ship had just shot past on the turn.

"Something's wrong. Hear it? He'd better quit right now."

Page banked wide around the second pylon and we watched him head for No. 3.

A wisp of smoke trailed from his engine.

"He's got to quit," Williams almost shouted. "Get down, get down!"

Atcherley answered:

"It's too late. His motor's cut out altogether. If he keeps straight ahead he has momentum enough to carry past the field and land outside. I think he won't."

THE Hawk banked steeply to the left as it cut the pylon. Williams leaned over to Mrs. Williams.

"Run over to Mrs. Page's box. Sit with her."

Atcherley exclaimed:

"Good God!"

The big ship was wavering as it righted from the turn and headed for the field. Williams called out:

"Page has lost control. He's gassed. The fumes from the motor's got him."

The crowd arose to its feet in horror as the ship dived at a steep angle for the ground, hitting with nose down and sending a cloud of dust fifty feet into the air.

I was horrified myself, more so than the others because I had listened to two men, the best in their profession, call the turn on a third. It was as though some great surgeon, brushing aside optimistic and consoling family doctors, had looked at the patient and pronounced death due in precisely seven minutes. My warning of what was about to happen had been a matter of seconds, but I felt its effect as though it had already taken place.

The following day the doctors announced that Page's blood contained enough deadly carbon monoxide to make him groggy, and that at a time when he needed every nerve and ounce of skill and training to save himself.

Once more the announcers bellowed at the crowds to keep their seats. The morbid instinct that draws the mob to tragedy drew them in streams to the field. The calmer spectators called to the police to use their clubs. Holman, Haizlip, and Howard raced on overhead. Before the race Howard had announced that he was entering "just to be ornery." He knew he had no chance. His little 90 H.P. Special could not rival Hawks or Haizlip, or Page with his 700 H.P. engine. But now Page and Hawks were out and Howard was sailing along in third place. And that was the end of the air races for 1930, as grand a show as Chicago herself had staged back in 1911, when she first brought aviation to the middle west.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born"

But Now He Makes $10,000 a Year ...Thanks to This Little Book

IT was just a little free book that made the difference between Ed Pinkham and the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the $5,000-a-year class, let alone be making $10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself the abilities he had in him as a money-maker — he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dollar raise.

But one day a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him.

"It's a book called 'The Key To Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home, when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me. "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up, and there was Ed dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What are you doing nowadays, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

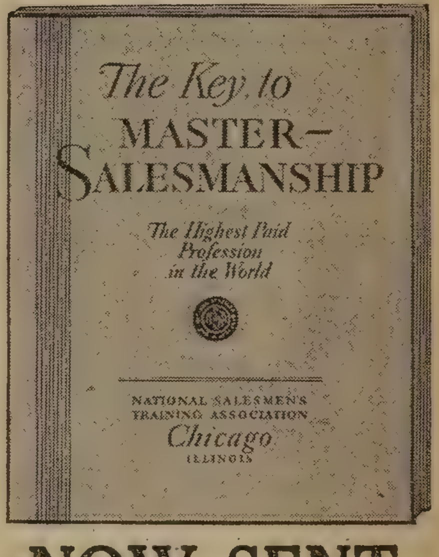
"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the biggest firms in the business."

Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well, when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it from gave me a choice of twenty-one jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me City Sales Manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year."

"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he said. "Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you have your diploma, their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job—every year they have calls for over 50,000 salesmen. Not only will they help you get the job, but they give you an ironclad money-back guarantee that you must be satisfied with the training received—or they refund your tuition!

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They *made* a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. *Every human being is born a salesman.* Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience or through training, the fundamental selling secrets that *always work.* It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N.S.T.A., that made a $10,000-a-year *success* out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."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Without cost or obligation please send me free copy of "The Key To Master Salesmanship," including details of your FREE EMPLOYMENT service.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

Nearly 400,000 people saw the show, saw the celebrities of the air, feasted on glimpses and closeups of Dick Byrd, Al Williams, Jimmie Doolittle, Hawks, Admiral Moffett, Lindbergh. The greatest flyers of Europe were there: Atcherley, Marcel Doret of France, Pietro Columbo of Italy, the genial Fritz Loose of Germany who cracked up his ship before the show started and proceeded to fly and stunt anything with wings that was offered him—smiling all the while. The women flyers were there. Gladys O'Donnell, in first from the coastal Derby, Amelia Earhart, Ruth Nichols, the petite Elinor Smith, Nancy Hopkins, Alicia Patterson, Opal Kunz, and the colorfully dressed Bettie Lund.

Elinor Smith

Amelia Earhart

P. & A. photos

Women contestants and spectators at the races. At the bottom is Opal Kunz, third in the fifty-mile race. In the center, three pilots show three costumes. They are, left to right, Antonie Strassman of Berlin, Bettie Lund, and Gladys O'Donnell.

The Early Birds were on hand. Frank Coffyn, who was cracking up ships before some of the youngster stars of 1930 were born. Earl Ovington, the first man to fly the mail, Bill Wild, Waldo Waterman, Lee Hammond.

Here at this meeting was a chance for a man to change his mind. At the various airports scattered through the country the local boys boast their own great pilot, the ace who thrills the community. At home he was good. In Chicago from August 23 to September 1; he was just one of a thousand others and only fair. The big fellows took the show. When Jimmie Doolittle, Al Williams, Dick Atcherley, Doret, Fritz Loose, or Columbo went up and gave performances that only years of hard work could perfect, even the grand stands saw the difference.

ONE great lesson was learned from the meet. We have the men to fly the ships, but we haven't, at least compared with England, the ships to fly. Atcherley took a pilot's delight in the way our army, navy, and marine corps whirled their ships around in the sky in thrilling formation flights, wing to wing and nose to tail. Gardner of Anacostia slow rolling in close formation, a ship on either side of him, looping and outside looping with only feet separating his wings from the wings of his mates, put on a show the Englishman said he had never seen before. But he had no praise for the ships themselves. He brought over with him a Blackburn Lincock, now used as a training plane in the Royal Air Force. With a top speed of 160 miles an hour it could outfly our standard fighters. Present British fighters, standard ships of the line, can break the American speed record of 266.67 miles an hour made by Al Williams.

And America hasn't heard the story of high-speed development in England yet. The world thrilled when Orlebar of the R. A. F. sped over a three-kilometer course at 357 miles an hour. When Al Williams made his record of 266 he did it after a dive of 9,000 feet. Orlebar did not dive the big Supermarine Rolls-Royce as much as 500 feet. The rules of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale allow only a height of 1,300 feet from which to dive for speed. As a matter of plain fact, the Schneider trophy winner has skimmed through the air at nearly 450 miles an hour after a dive. But England isn't announcing that to the world until she has to. When the Air Ministry sent out orders for pursuit ships she got them from half a dozen firms and their speeds ranged from 180 miles an hour to 240. Which means that if England ever feels jealous of our little speed records over here and covets them, she will send over some ship that has been retired from service and take them. That is literally possible. The Gloster Napier of 1928 is retired from military service. When I asked Atcherley if my figures on British ships were right—I obtained them in England several months ago—he laughed, and wished he had brought over the old Gloster Napier because he could use the $5,000 cash that went with the Thompson trophy. The Gloster's speed as a converted seaplane, that is with land wheels replacing her pontoons, is 279 miles an hour, and without diving. Atcherley could have flown the race that was won by Holman at 201 miles an hour, at the leisurely pace of 240 or 250 and brought home the bacon.

PAGE'S ship, clocked at 219 miles an hour, had a landing speed of 100 miles an hour. British ships, capable of 240, can land at 60. If you want to know what that means, ask the next pilot you meet.

But there was one satisfaction for us at the meet. Even the foreign pilots admitted that in commercial aviation we lead the world. There is little, if any, night flying in Europe. We have lines across the continent that fly night and day. We have faster commercial ships and know how to use them. Also we have a problem that Europe hasn't. After a 1,000-mile flight one has covered England, France, and Germany. A thousand miles in America will take you only to Chicago, and the bulk of the nation is still ahead of you. Which means that we've got to have better ships.

If the National Air Races did anything, it gave America a chance to see what had been done and what was still being done in the air. It was a show complete in every detail. Take a typical program for a day. Model-plane contests, glider contests, dead-stick landings where the pilot shuts off the motor and lands as close to a mark as his skill will permit him. Cabin-ship races over the five-mile course, for one of which Casey Jones emerged after a four-year retirement to win $1,000 to pay his hotel expenses. The military maneuvers, so intricate and requiring such skill on the part of the pilots that Lindbergh is no longer permitted to take a place in the formation for fear of his crashing into another ship. His past trials were as leader (front man) of the famous naval trio, but there the hard work went to the other two men who had to keep out of his way and still keep formation. One could understand the training necessary for these maneuvers if one could keep in mind, as the Hawks, Boeings, and Corsairs swept down over the deafened grand stands, chasing tails, flipping wings, roll-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

THIS FAMOUS JURY *says:*

"Here's the Hit-of-the-Week"—AND RIGHT AWAY

500,000

PHONOGRAPHS STRIKE UP THAT TUNE

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING RECORD BRINGS YOU A NEW SMASH-HIT EACH WEEK 15¢ [20¢ IN CANADA] *sold at news-stands*

HIT-OF-THE-WEEK MUSIC JURY

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Who rules musical comedy because he knows what the public likes.

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EVERY week, everywhere, more than 500,000 people now take home Hit-of-the-Week Records to hear the latest big song hit. Already Hit-of-the-Week Records are by far the largest-selling in America!

And here's why. Selling for only 15¢, Hit-of-the-Week would be a bargain at 75¢; they're NEW from the word HIT:

Each week, this distinguished music jury—Cantor, Ziegfeld, Lopez—select a new song; and they know hits like nobody's business.

Only the highest-priced orchestras are chosen for recording on this new kind of record made of Durium. Thin, light, flexible—you can hit, hammer, drag a needle across its face, play it for a month of Sundays and still not harm its clear, pure tone.

A brand new Hit-of-the-Week Record goes on sale *everywhere* every Friday. Step up to any magazine or newspaper counter today for this week's big hit. It's yours for 15¢. Play it on any kind of phonograph. Durium Products Corporation, 460 West 34th Street, New York City.

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HIT-OF-THE-WEEK

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

A DURIUM PRODUCT

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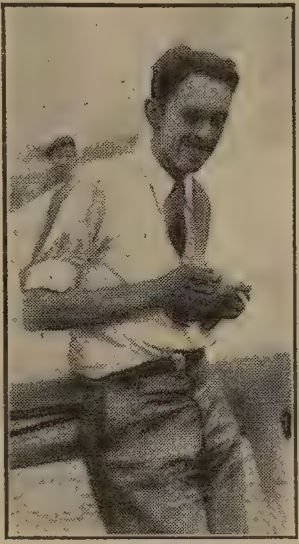
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

ing and twisting and turning—sometimes tied together, never far apart, and all of it accomplished at from 125 to 150 miles an hour—one could understand that here were the country's best pilots, lost to fame because there were so many of them so good.

Somewhere in the middle of the program was Al Williams and the International Team.

Among the foreign delegation there was quite a little fun. Doret had caught the crowd's fancy to such an extent he threatened to take the entire show on his back. With his speedy-looking red-striped Dewoitine monoplane, its 400 H. P. Hispano-Suiza engine capable of 180 miles an hour, Doret's best stunt was to gain altitude at one side of the field, then stick his plane's nose down straight for the stands and come on. Almost on top of them, he pulled out and shot across the field directly in front and about ten feet from the ground. Then the nose would go up and the Dewoitine shoot straight as an arrow for the sky; a roll at the top, a flicker of wings, and he was coming down again straight for the announcers' stand with menace enough to uncurl Swanee Taylor's mustache. The crowd liked it. It wasn't intricate flying, nor particularly smooth, but it was daring and cheerful.



P. & A. photo

Ben Howard, mail pilot, who showed the big boys what a homemade ship could do.

It was all too much for Atcherley. That genial Englishman's black-and-red Lincock biplane didn't look nearly so good as Doret's plane. It hadn't the speedy lines. And, as luck would have it, some announcer who didn't know his air stunts was at the mike when, to the amazement of the pilots present, he came down in what we thought was America's own contribution to aërobatics, the inverted falling leaf. The announcer called it crazy English flying and let it go at that. The next day Atcherley borrowed a Curtiss Fledgling school ship, and taxied down the line. At the point of take-off he suddenly went over on one wheel, his wing tip hit the ground, and he swung in a crazy circle. The crowded stands stood up to see the smash. The ship recovered. The other wing went down and dragged the ground. He got her into the air at last, about five feet up. Then started a series of the most exhilarating, daredevil, hair-raising flying I had ever witnessed. Everything an airplane should *not* do, that plane did. It flew every way save backward. A policeman on a motorcycle, thinking a student pilot had gone mad, sped out to take him in. (During Atcherley's first exhibition of this flying the police episode was genuine, although afterward, it proving so funny, they kept it on.) Finally the flyer pulled his ship into the air, sped down the field in crazy fashion, and headed for the pylon. As he approached, this man who had once rounded such a mark at 332 miles an hour, dipped his wing in the ground, and on one wheel made a Chaplin turn, a perfect burlesque of the racers. The crowds didn't have to be told how much skill it took to do the flying it had witnessed. It wasn't necessary to explain that if the Englishman had moved his stick one fraction of an inch too much in any direction it meant certain crackup and possible death. They sensed it. It was Atcherley's day.

POOR Fritz Loose had cracked up his Junkers when the motor quit and he turned it down wind to avoid the crowds in landing, and he was flying anything that offered. Marchal Pietro Columbo of Italy, and Italy's man for the next Schneider race, put on a good show.

Al Williams, America's own representative, did not do so well. The crowd knew he could put on a show just a little bit better than anyone else. But Williams had been startling them now for these many years and they wanted to be startled again. Sweeping down on his back in a long steep dive to within fifty feet of the ground and, head down, roaring across the field, would have brought the crowd to its feet had it been anyone else. But that was expected of Williams, and the fact that he had performed, and did perform with his ship all that it, or any other, was capable of, did not strike home as forcefully as it might. It was daring flying, dangerous as any maneuver at the show, though smoothly and skillfully done. But Al is far too valuable to risk his neck. There's great work he can do. It took Hawks twelve hours to cross the continent—in my humble estimation one of the greatest contributions aviation has received in years—and that's Al Williams' field, too. Jimmie Doolittle might also think it over. Incidentally, Williams won the trophy for the most meritorious flying at the meet.

It is extremely difficult to put the romance of that Chicago air meet down in black and white. For ten full days I attended and missed nothing, and the tenth day found me as enthralled as the first. Drawn to such a meet are what I consider the most interesting men and women in America, in the world. Chicago did a job as no other city could do it, as certainly no other had done it. But to stroll about the field and meet here a man who has spanned a continent in half a day, there a man who has guided a 4,000-pound streak of fire and fabric through the air faster than any man on earth, to meet men who have matched their skill against the most fearful odds, and won, hundreds of them, all bear witness this is a Romantic Age.

WE are an air-minded nation; we must be. I asked Dick Atcherley what he thought of the show as a whole, after reminding him that four men had been killed during it. He told me that if four fatalities occurred during an air meet in England, the Air Ministry would forbid all meets under its control until it found a way to avoid them. The Royal Air Force has been holding a pageant every year now for several years and so far there has not been a single death and no injuries.

"But America," he said, "seems able to afford it. Your country is so vast and has such a tremendous population, a few deaths more or less do not seem to matter."

The youngster, for in spite of his marvelous air record he is only twenty-six, got a huge thrill out of Chicago. I got Jim Doherty, veteran reporter of the Chicago Tribune, to take him out and show him the shady side of the city, the alleged Capone haunts, etc., and when we couldn't even see a man "put on the spot," or find a man with a notch in his gun, or hear a gun fired, he thought the city terribly overrated on crime.

It might be of interest to mention here, as an example of how England thinks in terms of its heroes, that Atcherley had to report home by the first boat after the show to do routine flying duty in Palestine. Others will take his place at home, for England goes on the theory that all her pilots will be Atcherleys when she gives them the opportunity.

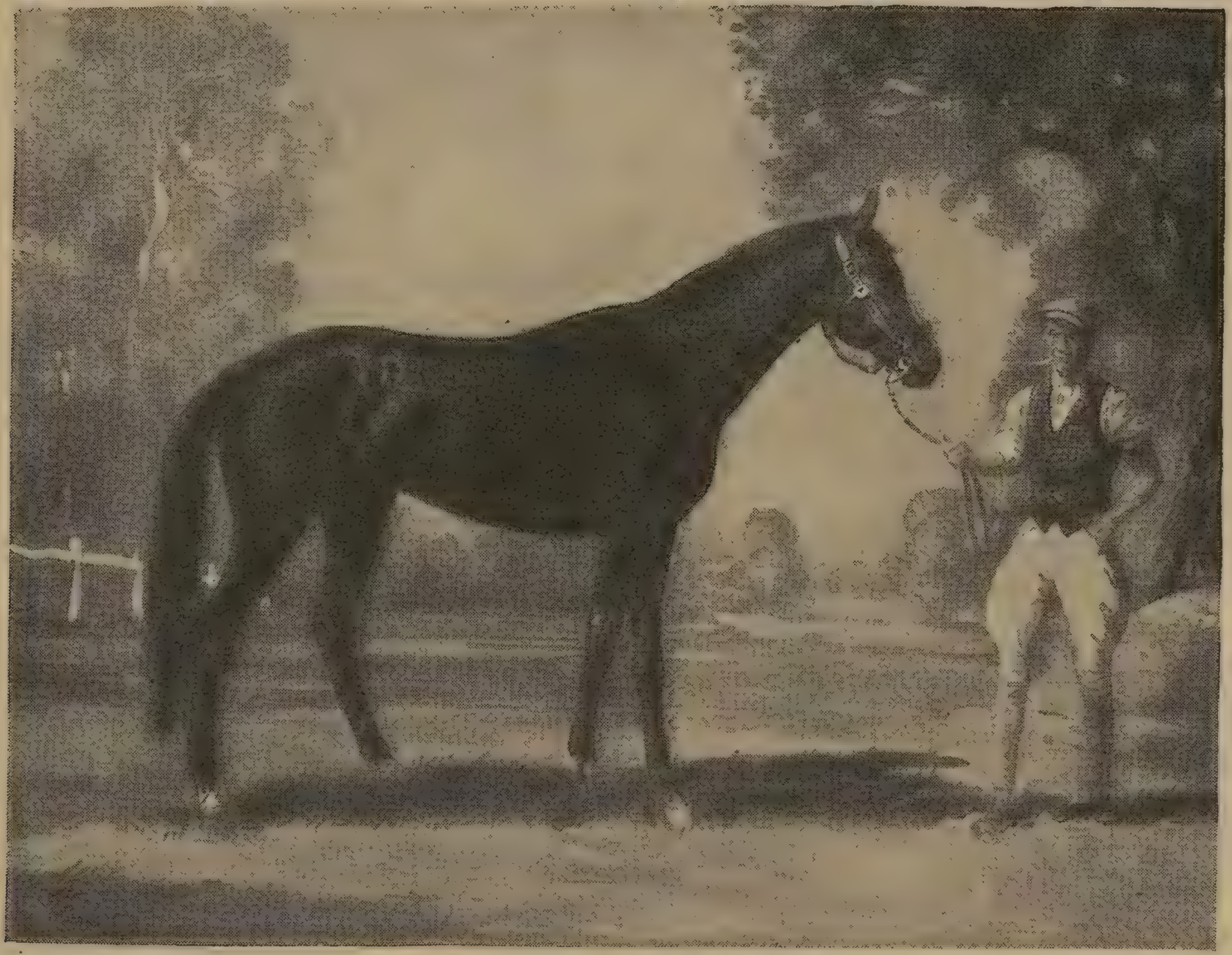
The next air races, wherever they happen to be held, will be even greater than the last if comment at the field meant anything. The foreign pilots, brought here by Al Williams through the Richfield Oil Company, have started something that might possibly give America a Schneider race of her own. The show had not passed the first day before the boys began to feel sorry they had not brought over better ships, faster ships, and entered them in some of the races. None of them expected the races would be on so large a scale. They didn't know Chicago.

Next year they will come prepared. The firms they represent, and their own friends, will see that the fastest ships available in Europe are given them. Atcherley wants to try the Gloster Napier against our best. Italy, seeing the importance of a good entry, will give Columbo a racing ship, and Doret's firm has learned the value of putting on a good show. Germany will take care of Loose. And we'll have to take care of ourselves.

But what a race it would make. The 100-mile Thompson course will have to be lengthened and the pylons placed farther apart. Add such an event to the acrobatics, the military flying, the flights of the autogyros, doodlebugs, gliders, the parachute jumping, and the rest, and you have a dish for the gods.

THE END

BEAUTY



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Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination

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A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home. Soft, crooning music from the air as a background for conversation . . . then some one says, «Let's dance!» Instantly the radio receiver is switched to the electric phonograph and the latest dance hits. The CROSLEY ARBITER livens up your parties . . . . makes your home the center of social attraction for the youngsters and their elders. A cabinet of superlative beauty, a super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set, a power speaker of utmost tone flexibility, Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, A. C. electric, electric phonograph . . . . all these are yours in the new CROSLEY ARBITER for only . . . . . . $137 50 LESS TUBES

Available with induction type self-starting motor at $147.50

BEAUTY . . . . throb of hoofs and hushed expectancy of tense thousands as away from the barrier, at pistol-crack, pedigreed horses, nostrils distended, eyes aglitter, swing into their stride around the track. The grandstand . . . . the paddock . . . . the amphitheatre of green sod, the gay colors of slender jockies . . . . what a beautiful sight! Sport o' Kings! And this momentous pageant is all based upon . . . . its enthusiasm kept alive by . . . . the popular tribute paid the WINNER. A sensitive, soft-coated, dynamic animal in whose veins aristocracy has always flowed.

RADIO . . . . parallels these qualities . . . . aristocracy of mechanics with the visible beauty and grace of an outer form. Tense thousands await the result of a Kentucky Derby . . . . a nationally important football game . . . . a President's message to his people . . . . opera and jazz, and a sermon and a prayer. It is but natural that there should be *ONE* conspicuous example of radio pedigree . . . . CROSLEY.

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The CROSLEY NEW *Companionship Series*

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

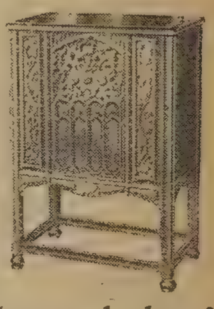
The NEW *Buddy*

An exquisite table, mantel or clock type self-contained receiving set, with power speaker, so small in size and light in weight that it is easily moved from place to place. Contains the same type receiving set as The PAL and The MATE. Employs three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equaled it at so low a price . . . . $64 50 WITH TUBES

The Pal

A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25⅝ inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE and employs same number and type of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance $74 50 WITH TUBES

The Mate

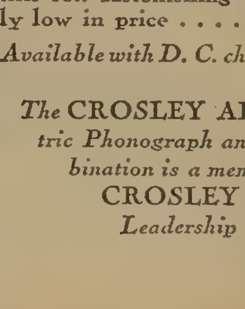


A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident . . . . . . $79 50 WITH TUBES

The CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director



A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price . . . . $107 50 LESS TUBES

Available with D. C. chassis at same price

The CROSLEY ARBITER *Electric Phonograph and Radio combination is a member of The* CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*

Dog in the Manger

The Story of a Wily Wooing

By

FRED MACISAAC

who has been dramatic critic in Boston and New York and producer of operas and concerts. Though he spent six months in a moving-picture studio, he earns his living from fiction, not films. He is married and lives in Hollywood because he likes it.

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

(Reading time: 23 minutes 55 seconds.)

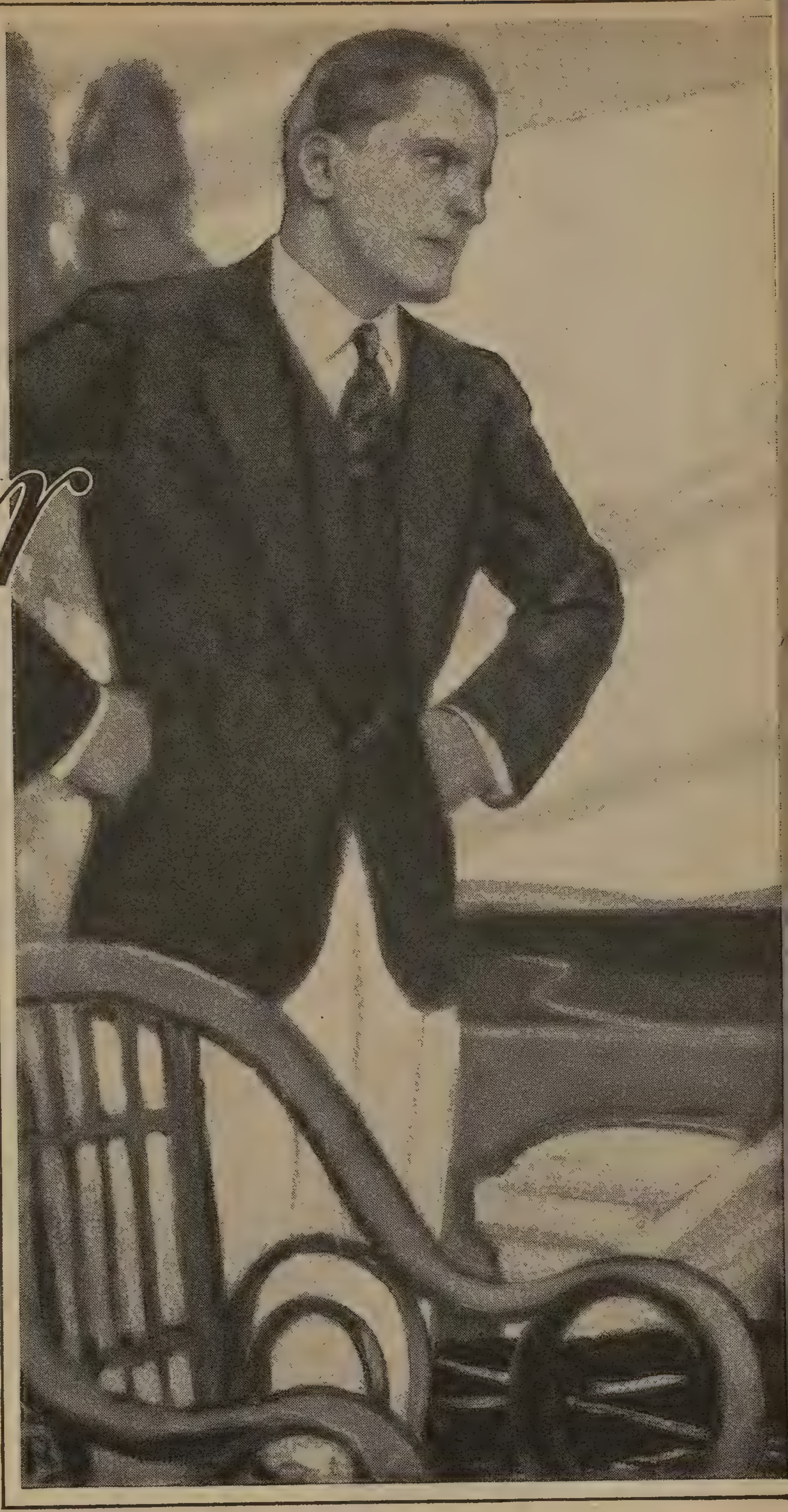
WITH obvious apprehension, since he knew my principles, Dave Brunton informed me that he had become engaged to Ann Anson during the month that I had been spreading the gospel of Tinkham's Tinctures through the south.

Although a braw lad, Dave's spine was soup where girls were concerned. Twice already I had dragged him away from the fiery furnace of matrimony, and I must find a way to dig him out of this; but, for the moment, the identity of his goddess nailed me to the floor. Only a few short weeks before, she had given indications of being in love with me.

This inconstant jade was about twenty-three years old. She was tall, dark, and slender, and full of allure. She wore her jet-black hair smooth and parted in the middle, she had the profile of a Madonna, and out of her dark eyes seemed to peer the soul of a Circe. She had a smile which knocked you dizzy, a line that tied you into knots, a sophistication which tempted, and the disposition of a wildcat.

The young person had interested me strangely, despite my strong convictions that a man is a jake who marries before he is thirty-five or even fifty, and our acquaintance began torridly and ended violently. While she had no further use for me, I was appalled at the speed with which she had harpooned my best friend.

Dave had agreed with me that matrimony was obnoxious and that we would remain single until we were hairless and toothless and then tie up with a couple of trained nurses; but, while I was steadfast, he was constantly wabbling, and when I was forced to go south, I heard, indirectly, that he was getting involved with a young blonde.



She smiled at me cloyingly over his shoulder.

Before departing I talked to him like a family physician and, behold, on my return, he was meshed up with a brunette vixen who hated me as only a jealous woman can.

"And Ann's got a sister," raved the Burnt Offering. "Her name is Eunice and she's a darling. You'll be bats over her, Hank. Wouldn't it be funny if we married sisters?"

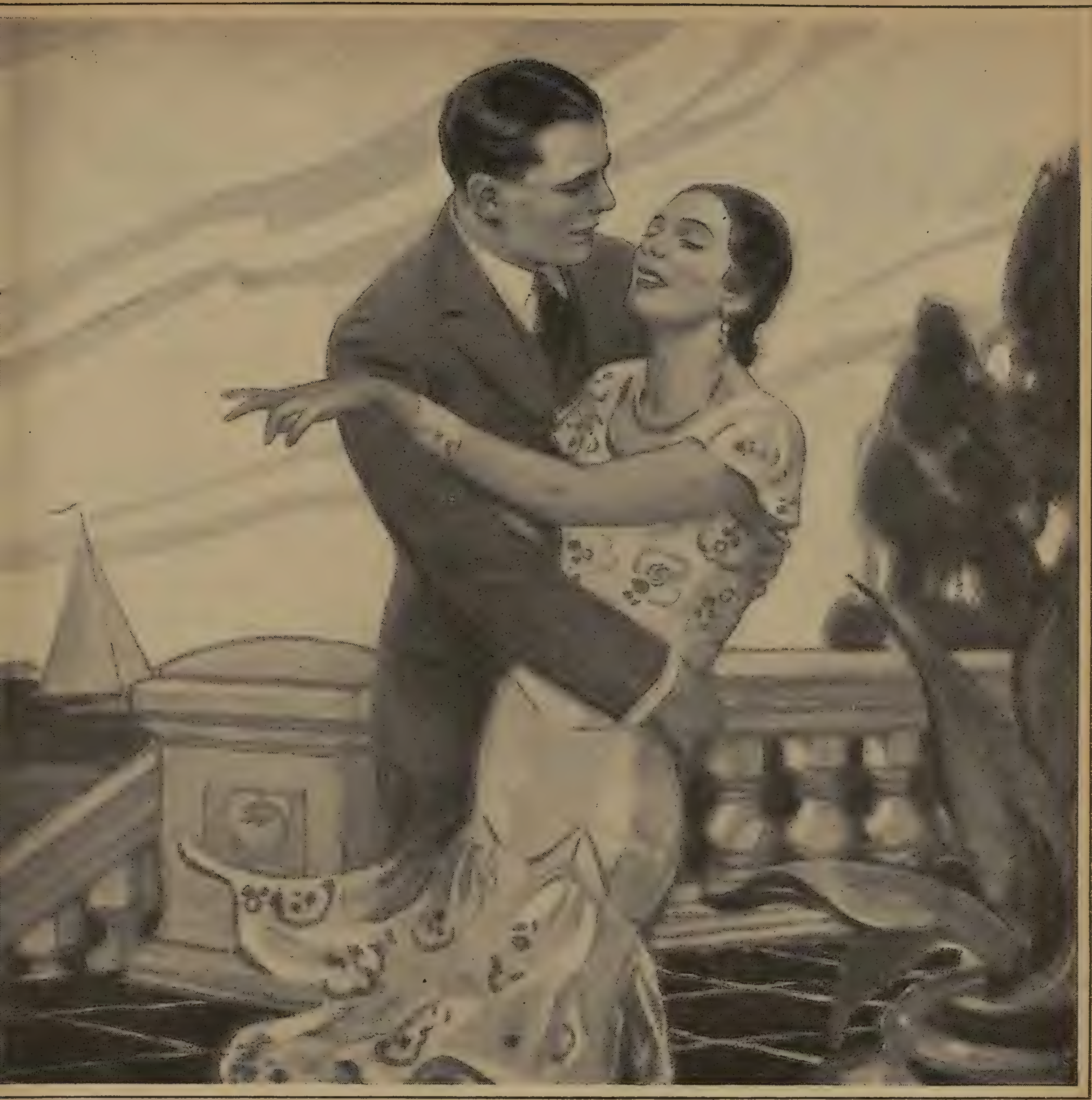
"Very comical. Say, you mushy avocado, what made you fall for that crocodile from the Nile? Didn't I tell you to keep away from man-eaters?"

Wham!

The fellow planted a treacherous right to my jaw and I sat down with a bump on the floor.

"You mustn't talk like that, Hank," he said reproachfully. "I love Ann."

"So I perceive," I muttered as I felt of the jaw to make sure it wasn't broken.



"It was so sweet of you to come, Hank," she cooed. "You are Dave's best friend and you must be mine."

"And you've got her wrong," he urged as I staggered to my feet. "Ann admires you. She says you are splendid."

I tried eloquent silence on him.

"And she doesn't want to separate us. We shall be three instead of two."

A TON of contempt bounced off him without doing any damage.

"In our little home we are going to have a room especially for you and you will spend all your week-ends with us," he said enthusiastically.

"Couldn't I live with you all the time?" I asked sardonically.

"Sure. You bet your life!" he exclaimed, beaming.

"This is going to be hard," I said thoughtfully.

"What is?"

"Breaking it off."

Dave became furious. "You don't break this off, feller," he snarled. "It's love—*love!*"

"And I've heard that before."

"It makes me laugh to think about our views about marriage. Why, Hank, we were never really happy."

"Nuts to you," I growled as I reached for my hat. "With good men around I don't see why she potted you. She doesn't need your money. Her old man reeks with it."

"She loves me as I love her," he chanted with a goofy glare.

I laid my hand on the doorknob. "Well, see you in 1945, Dave."

He pounced on me and held me in a maniac's grasp.

"None of that. You're going to Greenwich with me for the week-end. Wait till you see Eunice, Hank. A ray of sunlight. Sparkles like champagne. A golden-haired cherub. Peps you up just to look at her."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"Then why didn't you grab that one, imbecile?"

"Eh? Because I love Ann, of course."

"Well, I can't go down there, Dave. That girl hates me. You'll get yourself in trouble if you show up with me."

He thumped me between the shoulder blades. "On the contrary, Ann insisted that I bring you. She says that there must be some good in you, since we are pals, and she wants my friends to be her friends."

"Blah, blah, blah; long speech ending in boloney."

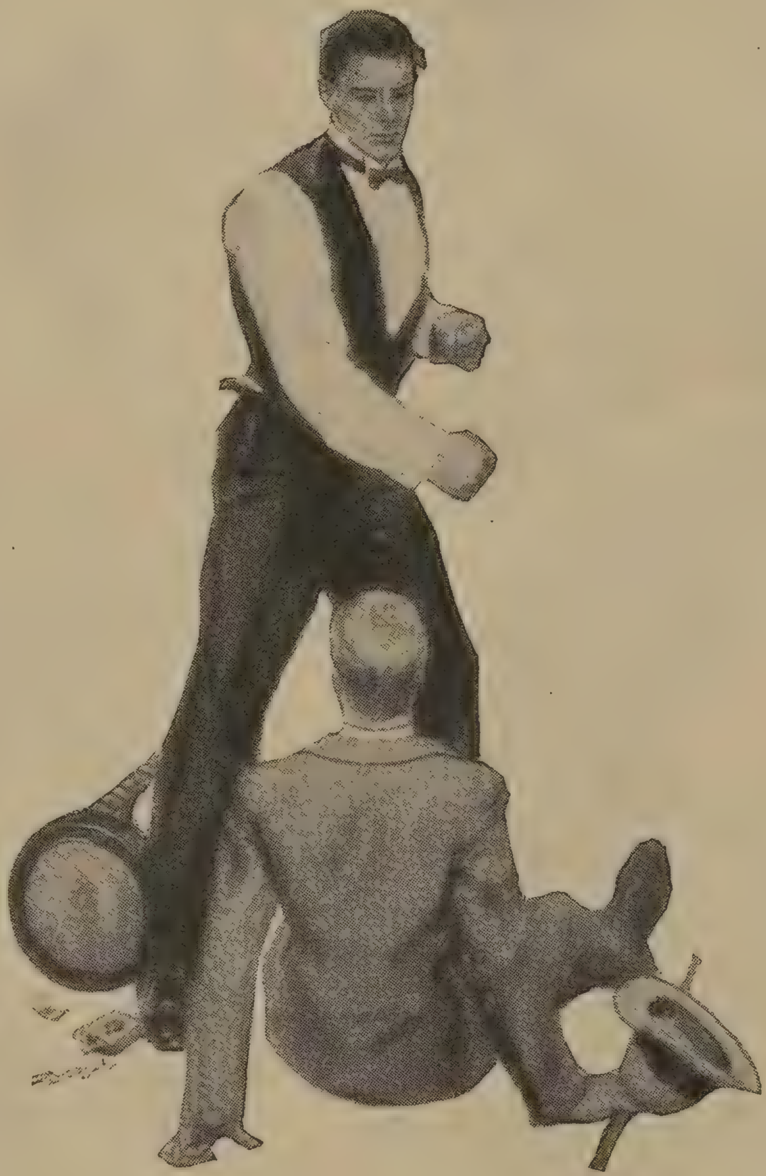
"You're coming, if I have to knock you on the head and throw you over my shoulder," declared the big fellow.

I yielded.

Curiosity had something to do with it. Ann was perfectly well aware that she and I would not be friends after she married Dave. Having more brains than any dame of my acquaintance, she knew it was darn bad taste to invite me. Most likely she assumed I wouldn't come and would be greatly embarrassed if I showed. So I decided to accept her kind invitation.

Dave and I had kept house together for six years. We were like a couple of brothers; but, like brothers, we didn't tell each other everything. He didn't know, for example, how nearly I had come to flopping for Ann Anson. Having aired my views about the female sex so long and loud, I was ashamed to admit that a pair of dark eyes and an enchanting smile had almost ruined me.

However, even if I hadn't been so well acquainted with the girl, I would have opposed his engagement to her. Too much like mating a lamb with a she-wolf.



The fellow planted a treacherous right to my jaw and I sat down with a bump on the floor.

The Anson residence in Greenwich was an eye opener. It was a huge white house, built upon a peninsula, with the Sound on three sides and enough lawns and gardens to keep half a dozen members of the proletariat too busy to form a soviet. John Anson was a lot of things down on Money Street and he could do much for Dave in a material way. Nevertheless the marriage of those two was preposterous and I proposed to strew a lot of tacks in the path of true love.

THE Anson car met us at the station and Ann was at the porch entrance when we arrived. Ignoring me prettily, she fell upon Dave's neck and kissed him until I began to feel ill. Finally she put out her left hand to me and smiled at me cloyingly over his shoulder.

"It was so sweet of you to come, Hank," she cooed. "You are Dave's best friend and you must be mine."

"What did I tell you, old man!" boomed the ewe lamb. "Isn't Ann the greatest girl in the world?"

"Indubitably," I said dryly. "I certainly appreciate your sentiments, Ann, and who could doubt your sincerity?"

She dropped her preposterously long black lashes over her distracting dark eyes, but not before I caught the glitter of hate.

"Homer," she said brightly to the wax figure of an Englishman who stood at attention in the hallway, "show the boys up to their rooms and have their things unpacked. Hurry down, Dave darling."

Reflecting that the female sex was more adept in guile than the male, I followed the cockney up to the second floor. About eighty per cent of my reasons for accepting this confounded invitation were to annoy and embarrass Ann Anson, yet she had shamelessly slobbered all over Dave in my presence, and if anybody was confused thereby it was myself.

Dave followed me into my room and blatted insanely while I washed and changed into dinner things. Having finally torn from me a statement that Ann was as good as she was beautiful, he went off, temporarily satisfied, and I was left to my bitter reflections. I had seen Dave in previous difficulties of this sort, but he had never been so obstreperously in love.

His usual system was to sit silent for hours with a seasick expression, thinking beautiful thoughts, no doubt, but lacking the gift of inflicting them upon me. This time he babbled incessantly and was truculent in demanding that I agree with all his pæans of praise of Ann Anson.

BY and by I was dressed and descended to the lower floor, which was tenantless. I wandered out on the front porch, which also looked deserted, but a girl rolled out of a Gloucester hammock and loped in my direction.

"Hello," she remarked. "I'm Eunice, the kid sister."

This youngster looked about as much like Ann as a daisy resembles an orchid. She had hair more red than gold, a mess of freckles, bright blue eyes, and a gnomish smile. While not fat, she was built close to the ground and might be described as a duck or a dumpling. Nice, though. Frank and engaging and boyish. No standard of sex waving in the breeze. Immediately I felt chummy with Eunice.

"Hello, kid," I greeted her. "How old are you?"

She put a finger in her mouth. "Six days over nineteen," she replied with an affected lisp.

"You've just slid under the wire. I never talk to them until their nineteenth birthday."

She wagged her head. "Aren't I lucky, though?" she observed. "I talk to anybody, I do."

"Well, go ahead and prattle, then."

I seated myself and lighted a cigarette. Eunice stepped in front of me, placed her hands on her hips, and gazed at me with a malicious twinkle.

"You've got a gall coming down here," she stated. "Did you have any notion that you were wanted?"

"I was dragged down, infant. Dave had me carried to the train by four strong men. Why aren't I wanted?"

"Of course you know that Ann despises you."

I winced. "Why should she despise me?"

"Why? Didn't you tell Dave she was a crocodile from the Nile? Didn't you say she was a man-eater?"

My face must have looked like a ripe tomato.

"How—how do you know that?" I stammered.

She chuckled. "Dave is such a dear. Of course he tells Ann everything. What's that?"

I had cursed under my breath.

"I don't think I said exactly that," I lied. "Anyway, it was before they were engaged. However, it's all right. Ann really likes me. She thinks I'm splendid. She is going to have a room, just for me, in their new house."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Clean inside-well outside!

and they look it!

★

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

SIX and sixty are pretty good pals—for six never has a thought that isn't full of sunshine, and sixty is one of those rare old ladies who has learned how to live. They both get their brimming and joyous health the same way—and a simple, normal, natural way it is, too.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

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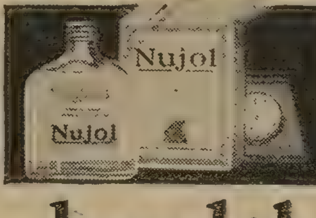
Nujol



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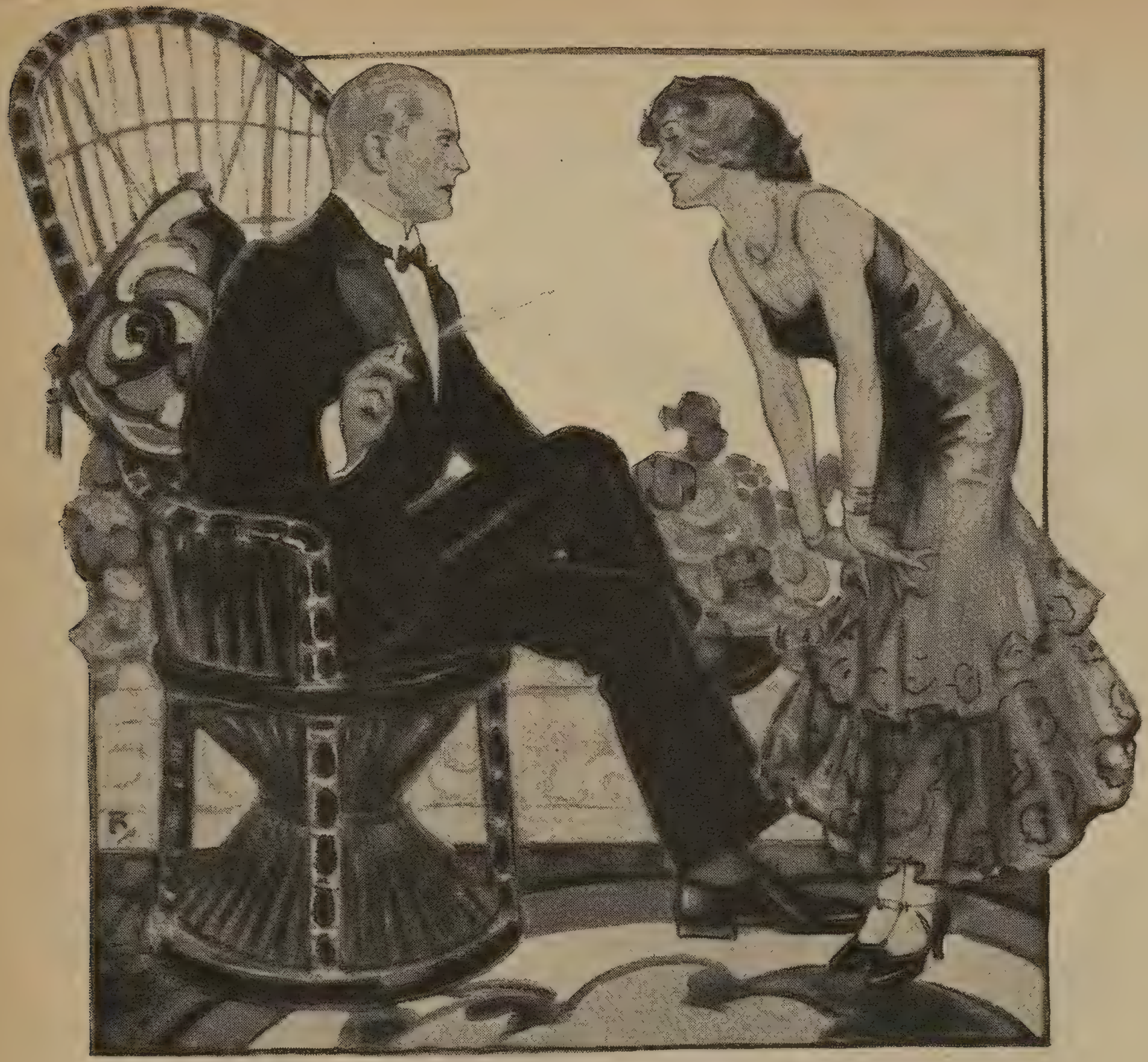

" Didn't you tell Dave she was a crocodile from the Nile? Didn't you say she was a man-eater? "

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Eunice sat down on the grass mat the better to enjoy this. When her mirth had ceased she grew more confidential.

" Ann has been engaged before, but she is going through this time," she informed me.

" I'm sorry to hear it."

" Between ourselves," she added, " she is sort of vindictive. Even if she didn't love Dave with all her heart and soul, she'd marry him to spite you. It seems you got fresh with her and were peeved to learn that she was an honest young woman. That is why you are so much opposed to her marrying your best friend."

" Say! " I exclaimed hotly. " I don't know where you get your dope, but it's all hooey. Why should I be angry because Ann is decent? If she wasn't I'd shoot Dave before I'd let him marry her."

" Well, what are your objections? You're not his father. Are you his mother? "

I SCOWLED at the imp. " I am older than he is by a couple of years," I said with dignity. " And I think marriage is a mistake for a man under thirty. I have nothing in particular against Ann."

" Indeed! I do hope you will enjoy your visit."

" What's going to happen to me? " I asked apprehensively.

" Plenty, brother. Be careful what you eat."

" You're rather a nasty little thing, aren't you? "

" I'm bad medicine—shush—enter two loving hearts."

Ann and Dave had come out of the house. On his upper lip was a red smear. His owner smiled at us benignly.

" I see you have met my little sister, Hank," she said. " Dave and I do hope you hit it off together."

" Lick the lipstick off your upper lip, Dave," suggested the child. " Ann, Mr. Hopkins and I have been having the most interesting discussion—about poisons."

Ann laughed incredulously. " Poisons? What on earth brought that up? "

" Well," said the young fiend, " he thought you were going to put arsenic in his soup and I happened to know that you had bought cyanide."

Sparks flew out of the older sister's eyes, but their only effect upon Eunice was to cause her to roll on the rug in a paroxysm of laughter. She reminded me of a collie pup which needed a beating.

" Oh! " cried Ann furiously. " I'll fix you for that, you little beast! "

DAVE marched up to me and grasped my arm.

"What's the idea? " he demanded pugnaciously.

I returned his glare.

" It seems that you were ass enough to babble to Ann a lot of tosh about how I disliked her and she repeated it to the Little Pitcher. I can make an evening train, I guess."

Ann dropped into a chair and began to weep. Eunice sat up, looking conscience-stricken, and Dave was struggling with a desire to slam me.

" I did so want you to like me, Hank," sobbed Ann.

" The heck with him! " Dave shouted. " Hank, I brought you down here because I supposed you were a gentleman. You take any train you damn' please. When I get back to town I'll pack up and leave the apartment."

" Suit yourself," I said sullenly. Of course I was playing right into her hands. Smashing our friendship was the first thing she had to do. Probably had coached the kid to bring this situation about. Well, it would have happened sooner or later.

But Ann came to me and took both my hands, and if she wasn't deeply distressed she was a sterling actress.

" Please, Hank," she pleaded. " I don't want to come between you and Dave and I won't permit you to go away angry. I do want to be friends with you." She turned on Eunice. " And as for you, you spiteful little wretch," she stormed, " I'll pay you for this! "

" Oh, come, Ann," protested Dave. " It wasn't her fault."

Eunice scowled comically. " I thought he was too cocky," she defended. " I'm sorry none of you has a sense of humor."

" You were being malicious," charged Ann.

" Lay off me. I can be pushed too far," she warned. " Take my advice and make that train, Mr. Hank."

Ann turned her back to her and appealed to me.

" Can't we let bygones be bygones and start as though we had just met, Hank? " she asked wistfully.

" Sure we can! " exclaimed Dave heartily. " You can't blame me for getting hot, old man."

" In my opinion, Ann is much too good for you," I in-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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Liberty Will Increase Its Circulation 250,000 Over its 1930 Guarantee

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Liberty Magazine announces a guarantee of 2,500,000 average net paid circulation for 1931. Advertisers placing orders before January 1 will be protected against any rate increase for 1931.

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5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

formed him. " Just set down my attitude, Ann, as pique at losing an old pal."

He wrung my hand joyfully. " But you won't. After we're married you're going to spend all your week-ends with us. Isn't he, dear? "

I encountered the eye of Miss Eunice, which she promptly cocked, and we both burst into wild laughter, which Dave joined without knowing why; and Ann, after a second, entered into our mirth.

" And that's that," said Ann when the guffaws had died away. " Mother and dad were detained at the golf club, but they are on their way home now. Eunice, darling, please be good for the rest of the evening."

" Butter won't melt in my mouth," promised Eunice.

There were six of us at dinner. I sat beside Eunice and opposite Dave and Ann. Mr. Anson carved. For a big business man he was not very objectionable and Mrs. Anson was a plump and pleasing matron. Eunice carried on a lot of persiflage with Dave across the table to which he responded in kind.

I thought that it was a pity he hadn't succumbed to Eunice instead of Ann. The bratling, as a matter of fact, was the type which usually attracted him. On the other hand, a simple soul like Dave would be helpless if a guileful creature like Ann set a trap for him.

She sat with a cryptic smile on her face which caused my gorge to rise. That she was the most beautiful feline who ever preyed upon the opposite sex could not be controverted. Knowing her as I did, I was coming again under her spell and I wouldn't have it.

Her impudence was sublime. That girl had professed to like me. She had let me tote her round for weeks. She held hands with me in film shows and nestled against me in taxicabs, and upon one occasion punched me squarely between the eyes. Well, anyhow—

Of course I had to break it off. The man who married Ann Anson would have his individuality squelched. He would be the side show alongside the main tent. He would spend his whole life following her round meekly and saying, " And now what do you want me to do, dear? "

But I couldn't get it through my head what she saw in Dave. I'm blond and he is dark. I'm slender and he is broad and heavy-set. I am strong-minded and he is soft as putty. If she had ever liked me I didn't understand how she could fall in love with him.

The two kids were jabbering about what they would do to each other when they went swimming in the morning. Mr. Anson was absorbed in roast beef and Mrs. Anson was listening to the baby talk.

Ann looked straight at me unexpectedly and met my stare. Into her great dark eyes came a flame which startled and almost seared me and then the lashes hid them again. She smiled her slow, disturbing smile.

" Hank," she said sweetly, " you were always promising to come down for a week-end and meet my family. And now you are here."

" Oh, yes," I said dismally. " I'm here."

WHEN a New York girl begins to sing the quaint old melody, Come Home with Me and Meet the Folks, it's like a red light on a railroad crossing to a cautious motorist. When Ann tuned in on that I made my get-away.

Just the same, I had regrets. Marriage with Ann would be a battle royal, but time would never hang heavily upon her husband's hands. That girl needed someone to choke her occasionally, and Dave wouldn't give her one good fight.

" I understand you and Ann saw something of each other before she became engaged to Dave," said Mrs. Anson to me.

" Oh, yes," I muttered, coloring for no reason.

" I was so surprised when I found that it was Ann he wanted," she continued. " He and Eunice were such pals that I thought—that is—" She stopped, confused.

Ann was blushing furiously. I saw it all. Dave had raved to me about the kid. Being dark, he would naturally prefer a blonde girl, but the jungle creature opposite had decided that he was good eating and tore him away from her little sister. And her mother had given her away.

I glanced compassionately at the youngster, who was bubbling like a pleasant fountain. Too young to have real emotion and most likely had given up without a struggle. She had it in for Ann, though; hence the trend of her conversation with me upon the porch.

" Let that engaged man alone and talk to me," I demanded. " I suppose you have a lot of kittens and a whole litter of puppies around the house."

She lifted offended eyebrows and screwed her little face into solemnity.

" Mr. Hopkins," she asked gravely, " what, in your opinion, will be the effect of the tariff on sugar? "

I grinned at her. " It will make the price of lollipops prohibitive."

Dave roared. " Say, Hank," he warned, " you won't make good with Eunice by pretending she's in the kindergarten."

" You talk to your own girl," I retorted. " I made good with Eunice as soon as she set eyes on me."

" I adore conceited men," affirmed Eunice.

" You promised to behave, darling," warned Ann. " How many lumps of sugar in your coffee, Dave dear? "

" Three, sweetheart."

" I'll give you one," said Ann. " You're overweight now."

" For pity's sake, let the poor boy have what he wants," demanded Eunice.

" One will be plenty, Ann dear," said Dave dutifully.

I gazed at him sorrowfully. No fight in him. Spirit broken already.

Eunice met my eye. " I don't like you much," she whispered. " So I'm glad you didn't take that train."

" I'm afraid I don't get you, beautiful."

" You will," she said significantly.

AFTER dinner, as the parents considerately took themselves off, we drifted into the drawing-room and Ann immediately seated herself at the grand piano.

" Lay off that stuff," called Eunice. " Dave and I want to dance and I'm going to turn on the radio."

" Go dance on the porch to the portable radio," retorted Ann indifferently.

" Very well, sweet sister," replied the youngster. " Come on, Dave. You hate the swany stuff she's sure to play."

She grasped Dave's hand and dragged him out of the room. He seemed to go willingly enough. Ann struck a crashing chord and began a Chopin prelude. I had heard her batter jazz at cocktail parties on Fifth Avenue, but it was news to me that she was a good pianist. She played like an angel. After a couple of Chopin numbers she began an astounding thing which I had never heard, so I glanced at the music over her shoulder. It was a setting by Liszt to a sonnet of Petrarch's, exceedingly difficult, and she performed it superbly.

The music was weird, seductive, and throbbed with life, passion, and tragedy. It affected me fantastically. It seemed as though a thick shell had fallen from me and I was a free winged thing to which no achievement was impossible. Good music has always softened and uplifted me so much that I have been afraid of it.

Ann sat there, straight and fine and beautiful as a goddess in the halo cast by the piano lamp. I leaned on the piano and watched her long white fingers speed over the keys and her personality and the voluptuousness of the music began to bewitch me. She finished the Liszt number and, without pause, went into the unearthly loveliness of the Liebestod from Tristan, which pounds on the heartstrings and opens the floodgates of the emotions more than any music ever written.

I realized that she was deliberately enchanting me, luring me on to make a fool of myself, and I fought her, but I couldn't break the spell. I was breathing heavily and idiotic tears were streaming down my cheeks. What might have been seemed so beautiful and desirable and I had had my chance and lost it.

Her head had been bent over the keys. She lifted it suddenly and her strange eyes finished me. I

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

grasped her hands and pulled them from the keyboard.

“ Oh, Ann! ” I groaned. “ How could you do it? ”

She pulled away her hands.

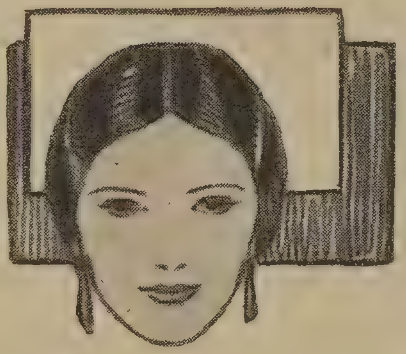
“ What do you care? ” she asked coldly.

I felt as if I had been dropped from a ten-story window.

“ You know I care, all right,” I said sullenly.

She leaned her elbows upon the keyboard and cupped her chin in the palms of her hands. Her eyes flashed scorn.

“ I am engaged to Dave,” she said. “ He is one of the finest persons I have ever known. You are an insufferable egotist; selfish, hard-hearted, ruthless, and immoral. Furthermore, you are a dog in the manger.”



“ You haven't a thing in common with him. He walked out on your music,” I retorted. “ Maybe I am a dog in the manger, but I know him thoroughly and you're not the kind of girl he needs.”

“ You professed to be in love with me, but you didn't want to marry me,” she charged. “ When you find that your best friend does, you are contemptible enough to try to revive something that is dead.”

“ Why did you invite me down here? ” I retorted. I couldn't deny her charges. They were true, all right.

“ Because Dave was so eager to have you. Of course, he doesn't know how well we were acquainted. I supposed you would be sport enough to play the game.”

“ All right. I would have done that, too. Did you have to play that music? You know the Liebestod affects me. The night we heard the opera together I—I—I—”

“ You almost proposed,” she said scornfully, “ but your common sense came to your rescue.”

“ By God, I wish it hadn't! ” I exclaimed passionately.

“ I'm very glad it did. I'm happy now.”

“ Then what made you play that? ”

She laughed shortly. “ Perhaps to rub in what a fool you were.”

I grasped one of her hands.

“ Break it off, Ann,” I pleaded. “ I can't stand this. Honest, I can't.”

Instead of answering she yanked away her hand and began to thump Manhattan Serenade. With an ejaculation of indignation I walked away from her, pushed open a French window, and set off across the lawn. I heard the damn' music for a couple of minutes and then it stopped.

Having no desire to encounter the pair upon the porch, I swung around toward the back of the house and followed a gravel path into the darkness.

A dog in the manger wins no sympathy, but he can be very unhappy, and the fact that a fellow's wretchedness is his own fault doesn't ameliorate his condition. Dave was the finest chap in the world and it was dishonorable and treacherous of me to make love to his fiancée, but Ann hadn't behaved honorably either. She knew exactly what that music would do to me.

THE girl was no tin angel. She was a passionate, primitive woman whom Dave wouldn't come to understand in a million years. She was unscrupulous, too, since she had stolen her kid sister's sweetheart with no more compunction than a policeman feels when he crooks a banana. She was a lot of things, but she was the only woman in the world for me and I had been crazy to think I could get along without her.

Of course it was too late. She would go through with this engagement and she had brought me down here to make me realize what I had lost through selfishness and folly. From now on I'd control myself and play the game. And I thought she would keep away from the piano.

I had tramped nearly to the end of the grounds and I saw, looming up ahead, an old-fashioned summerhouse. At that moment a car swung around a turn in the road a few rods away and its searchlight crossed the grounds and played directly upon the entrance to the summerhouse.

Its radiance bathed a couple who sat inside, the girl on the man's lap, her arms around his neck, her lips against his. They were illumined for only a fraction of a second, but in that time I saw plenty.

Back toward the house I went at a run and plunged through the French window into the drawing-room.

Ann still sat at the piano, but her arms were outstretched upon its top and her head was buried in them. She looked up when I rushed into the room and I saw that her cheeks were tear-stained.

“ Ann,” I exclaimed, “ I'm deadly serious; now! You don't have to marry Dave. He isn't in love with you.”

“ Oh! ” she exclaimed furiously. “ You are abominable beyond words. You have no loyalty, even to your best friends. I despise you.”

I approached her purposefully. She pushed back the piano bench and drew herself up defiantly.

“ You were crying,” I charged. “ What for? ”

“ I wasn't. Music always makes me cry.”

I grasped both her hands.

“ If I thought for a second that you loved him I wouldn't carry tales,” I declared. “ But you don't. It's obvious. Well, you have every reason to break it off. I just came upon Dave and Eunice in the summerhouse and they were in each other's arms. What do you think of that? ”

I EXPECTED a furious outburst, but she smiled.

“ Well, why not,” she asked, “ since they are engaged? ”

“ Eh? Dave's engaged to you! ” I stammered. “ Did you understand what I said? ”

“ They've been engaged for a month,” she said, trying to appear unconcerned. “ Dave was afraid to tell you.”

I gaped at her like a fool.

“ But—but your mother said—your father—you are supposed to be engaged to Dave. You both said so.”

“ Are you sure you didn't misunderstand— Hank, don't! I forbid you—you have no right—”

I had pounced upon the miscreant and was successfully overpowering her.

“ Might is right,” I stated a moment or two later. “ So it was a conspiracy.”

Ann nodded. “ The idea was originally Eunice's, but she objected to our realism, Dave's and mine. An intelligent man would have seen immediately that they are mad about each other.”

“ I don't quite get the idea yet,” I said slowly. “ And Dave never lied to me before. Of course I believed him. I don't understand how your mother and father were persuaded.”

“ Oh, we told them that Dave and I were engaged.”

Ann had regained her composure and was nestling contentedly against me.

“ The scheme was to get me down here—”

“ We had parted forever, you know,” she reminded me. “ And some ingenuity was required to reopen the acquaintance,” she finished demurely.

“ That's why the kids sneaked out and left us alone here. That's why you played the Liebestod.”

“ Uh-huh. Of course we expected that it would take a couple of days to make you realize everything.”

I chuckled. “ They thought they were safe in the summerhouse. Ann, you must love me a lot.”

“ Oh! ” she exclaimed. “ I'd like to hit you again.”

“ If you do I'll kiss you again.”

She placed her hands on my shoulders and forced me down upon a divan and then she seated herself upon my lap.

“ Now you listen to me,” she commanded. “ I understand thoroughly that you are a self-centered, selfish, stubborn pig. But I am confident that I can train you so that you will make a tolerable husband.”

“ So am I,” I said meekly. “ I don't care what you do to me, girl, so long as you make an honest man of me. The reason I ran away before was that I knew you would turn me into one of Circe's nice sleek pigs.”

She rose indignantly from my lap and pointed to the open French window.

“ I'll give you your last chance,” she said dramatically. “ Make a break for liberty here and now! ”

I sighed contentedly.

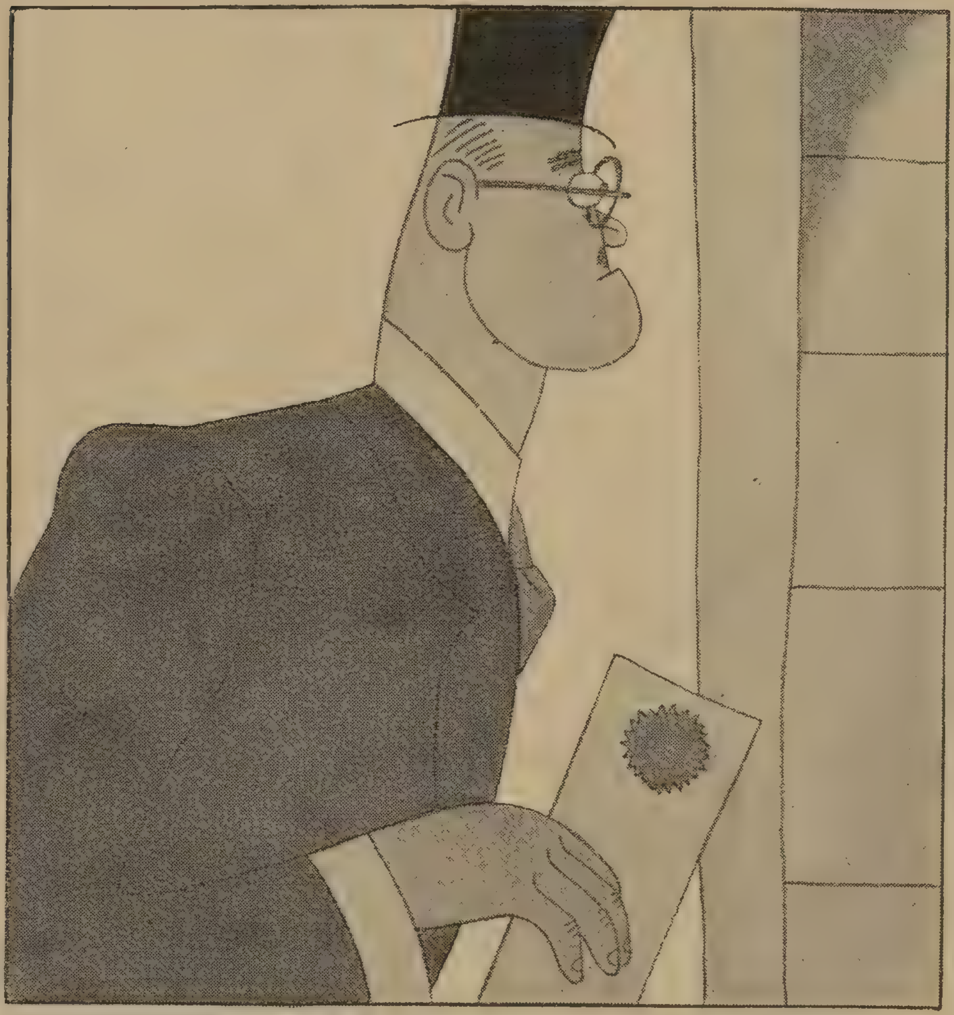
“ Oh, pshaw,” I replied. “ I like it here.”

THE END

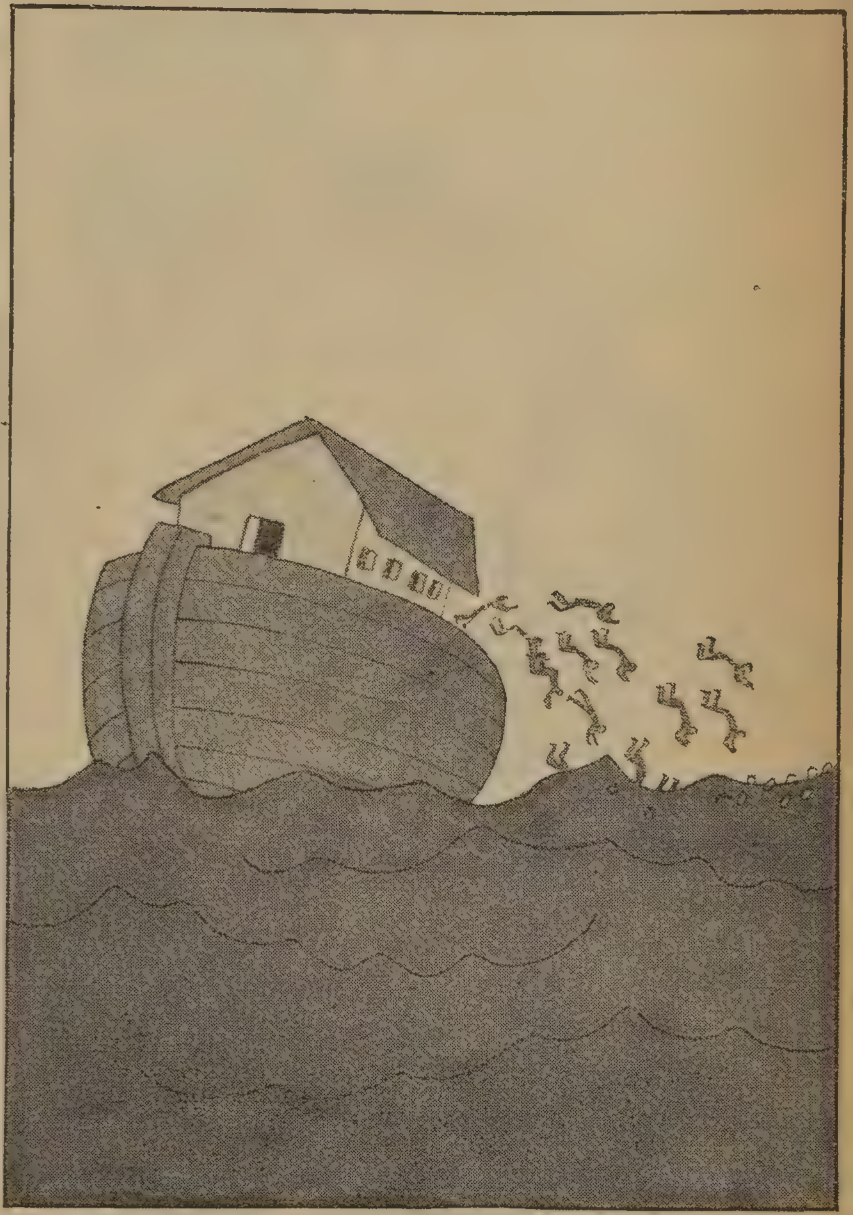
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

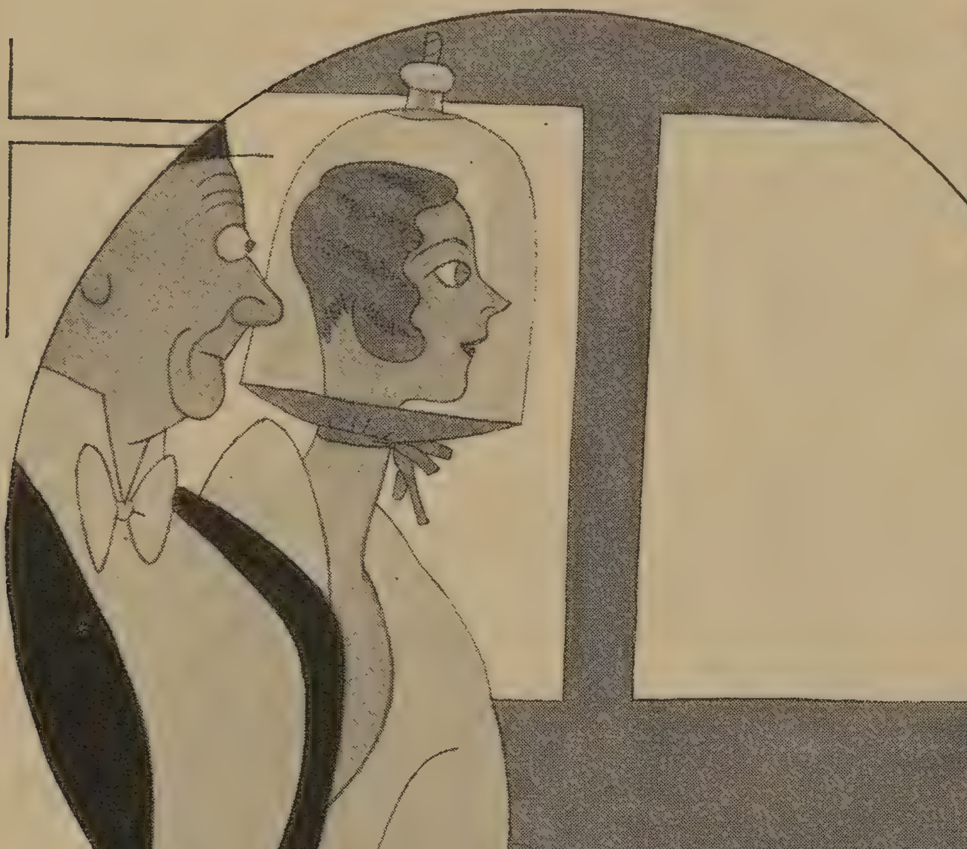
By RALPH BARTON



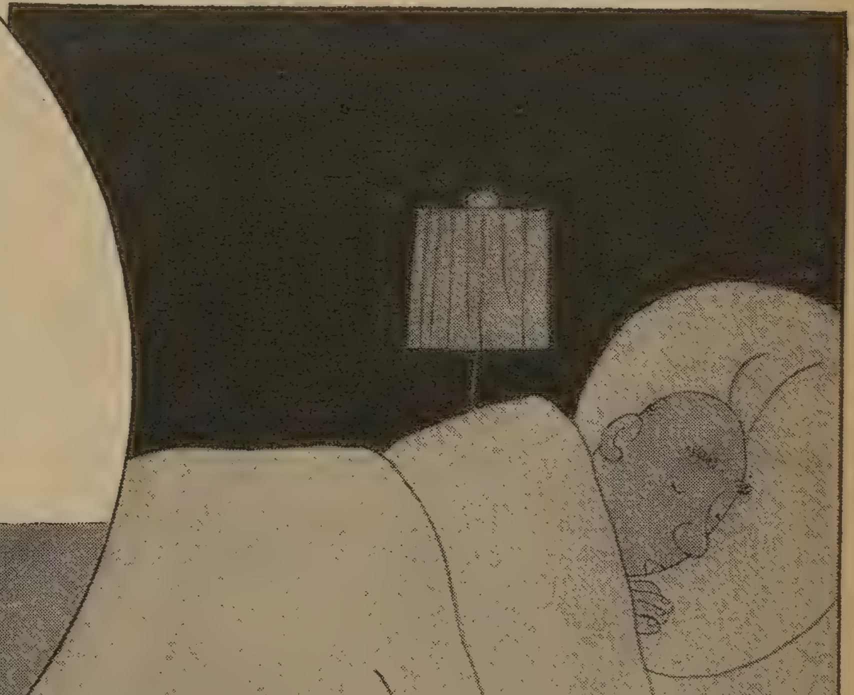
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR delivers angry ultimatum to European Power that has had the impudence to arrest one of our gunmen on vacation.



PUZZLE PICTURE. Find the large group of Dry Congressmen running for reëlection.

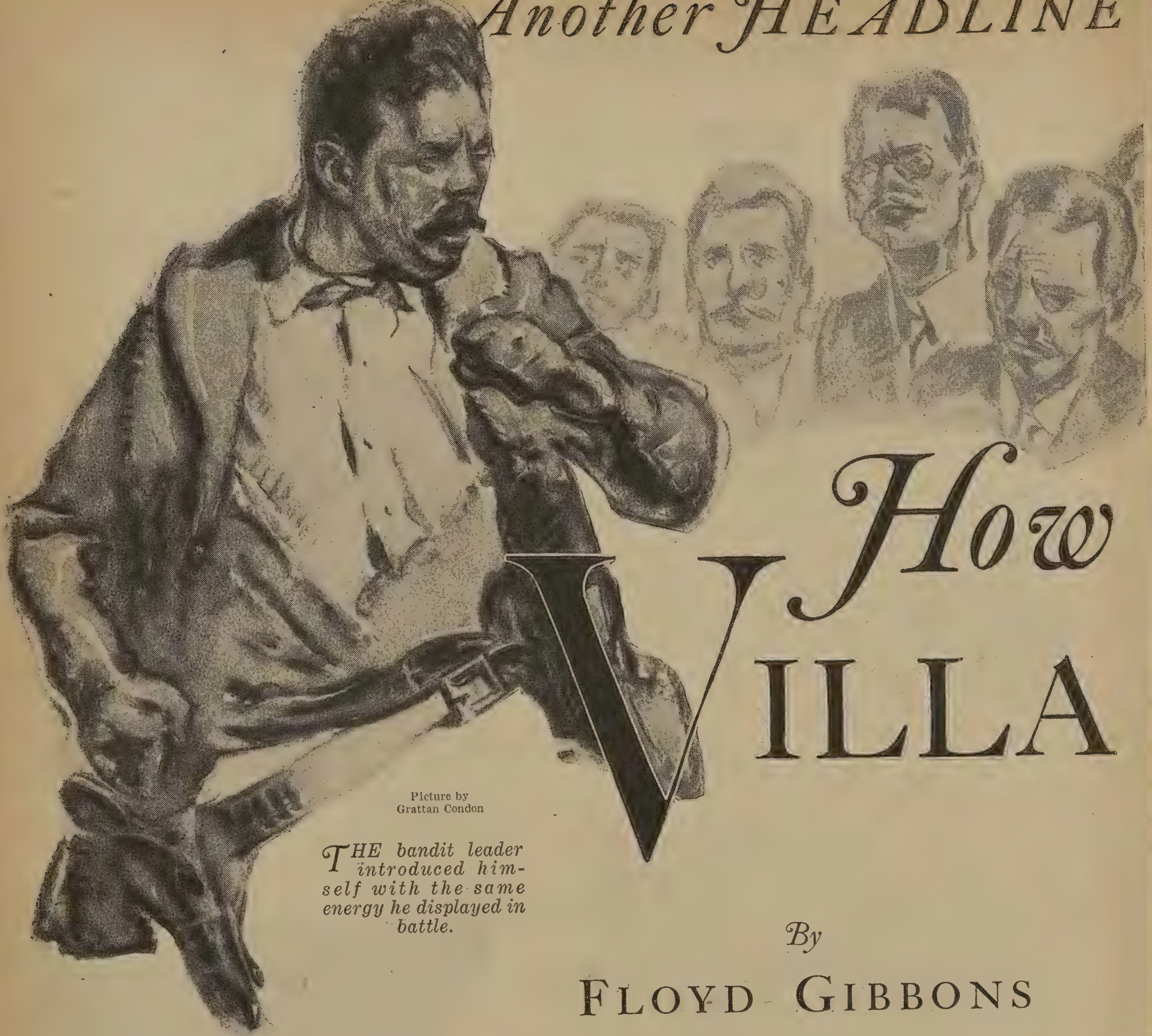


MUCH NEEDED AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORY is placed on market. Diving bell which will enable ladies to go out in the evening with the windows open and without having the hair disarranged.



NEW YORK MAN GOES NIGHT BASEBALL AND NIGHT MINIATURE GOLF one better by inaugurating night sleeping.

Another HEADLINE



Picture by
Grattan Condon

THE bandit leader introduced himself with the same energy he displayed in battle.

How VILLA

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 18 minutes 35 seconds.)

HELLO everybody!

Pancho Villa regarded himself as a Robin Hood. He pictured himself as an appointed agent of Divine Providence to rob the rich to give the poor.

And how he could rob! Whether he ever would have helped the poor in a permanent way is questionable. He did, at times, distribute money to a crowd; he did pass out temporary relief. From my talks with him on this subject, I am certain he was quite sincere. But he was no economist. He did believe that wealth was created by cheating the poor. He did not believe poverty could exist without the encroachments of wealth.

His whole idea of economic reform was to give the land to the poor and make the rich pay for it. The rich were an endless treasury for loot. Although a great general, a great military strategist, he had no conception of economic structure, of production and supply beyond the temporary needs of his quartermaster—and even in this, immediate loot was depended upon to feed the army. Under the Villa régime, to have money was a dangerous thing, if not fatal.

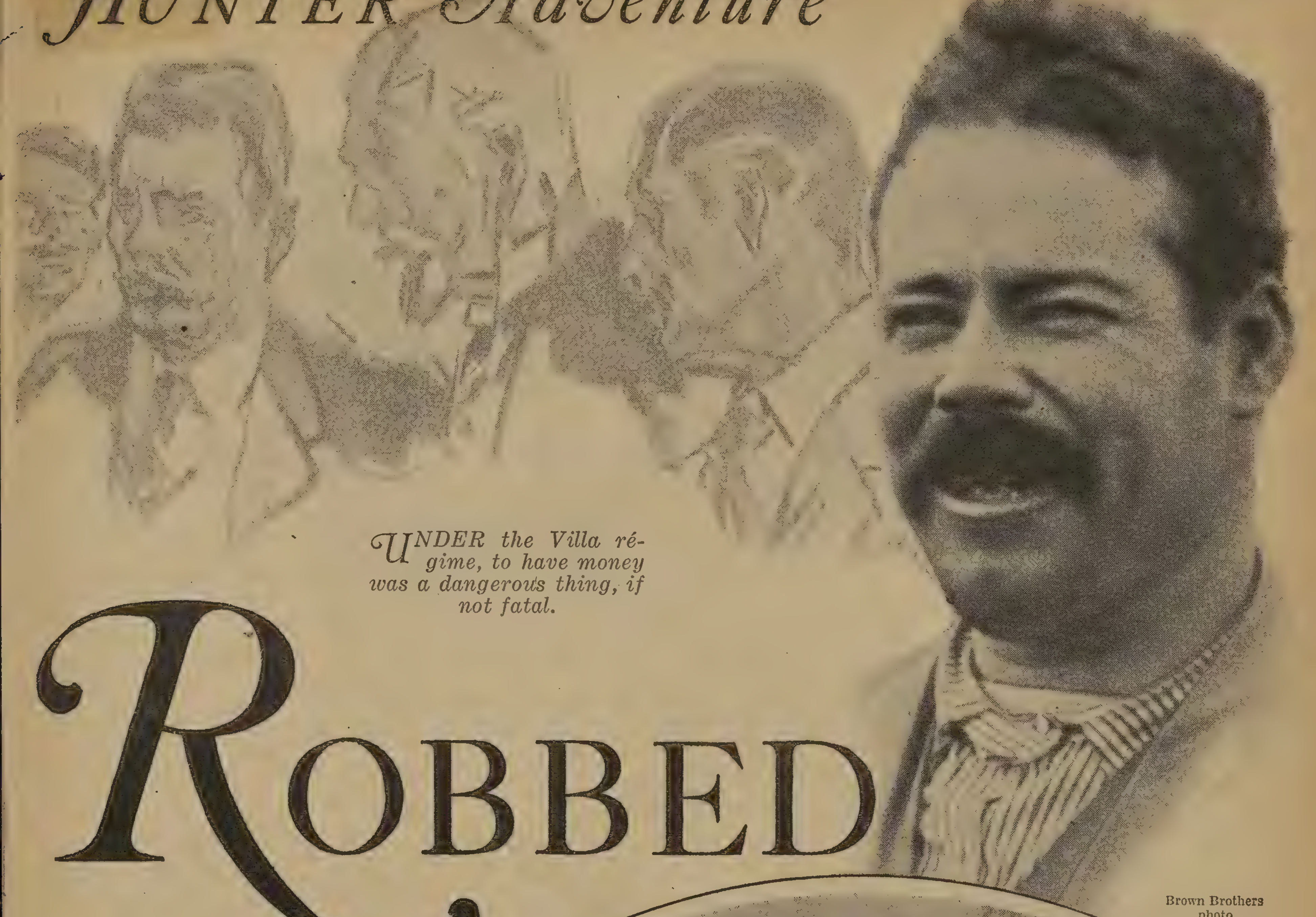
Those were tough days in Monterey for anybody that had money. I was present on the day that Pancho Villa himself lifted a cool million pesos out of the pockets of the merchants of Monterey. It was a rare privilege to witness the strange and direct manner with which the bandit leader introduced himself to the business men of the city.

The introduction was marked with the same flourish, the same feverish energy, that he displayed in battle. This energy won for him many victories on the field, and it gained for him the support of the poor of the city.

The 175 members of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce were notified that General Villa would receive them at the governor's palace. At intervals in the previous three years they had received similar invitations from leaders of opposing factions who had taken and retaken Monterey, which proudly calls itself the Chicago of Mexico. The town's many smelters, railroad shops, steel plants, and manufacturing industries account for the adopted name.

Villa's consultation—if it could be called that—with the members of the Chamber of Commerce was held in the grand reception room of the governor's palace. The room was 150 feet long by 40 feet wide. Its walls were draped with heavy tapestries and adorned by large mirrors. The floor was covered with a deep, fluffy, yellow carpet. The furniture was of hand-carved

HUNTER Adventure



UNDER the Villa régime, to have money was a dangerous thing, if not fatal.

ROBBED

Brown Brothers photo

wood, upholstered in silk.

About a hundred members of the Chamber of Commerce entered the room at ten o'clock. General Villa stood at one end in front of a large mirror. He wore a heavy sweater of gray wool, brown khaki trousers, and yellow boots which he wore under the trousers.

On his right stood General Raul Madero, governor of the state of Nuevo León, of which Monterey is the capital. On General Villa's left stood Señor Carlos Garza Cantu, president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Villistas gathered to extract pesos from a small town's bank.

To all appearances the reception was to be a repetition of the formal cordial affairs that had been held on all state occasions in the palace. Then the Villa surprise was sprung.

"My name is Villa," was the general's blunt opening for his remarks.

"I would first like to ask you to separate yourselves into two parties. Let the foreigners take the left side, the Mexicans the right."

When the movement was completed, he continued:

"The poor people of this town are starving. They have no corn or beans. There is no wood that they can buy. They are blaming me for this. I know that I am not to blame for it. You know that I am not.

"You know who is to blame for it. You are. You have placed the prices for food high up and out of the reach of the poor. They are starving while you thieves and robbers are reaping the profits.

"You are thieves. You are taking advantage of the poor people. They are starving on your account. There is no reason for the prices you are demanding for food-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A Tonic Food
Prepared in Laboratories of Northwestern Yeast Co. Chicago
2 tablets 3 times daily

HOW VILLA ROBBED
Continued from page thirty-three

stuffs. I have investigated. I know that you have stores of food in your cellars and that you are holding those stores only for those who can pay the exorbitant prices that you thieves are demanding.

"Thieves, listen! Don't think you will go home when you leave here. You will be escorted to the depot and I will send you on a private train to Chihuahua, where we will show what should be done to thieves who rob the poor."

As he spoke he pointed to the doors opening on the long, broad inner balcony of the patio. A company of soldiers was lined up at attention the whole length of the balcony.

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A street in Monterey, the Chicago of Mexico, with the municipal palace on the left, and the Plaza Taragoza ahead.

Señor Cantu, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, had recovered his composure by this time and took advantage of the pause.

"But, my general," he said, "much that you say is true. I wish to explain, however, that the better-class merchants are men who belong to the Chamber of Commerce and who have not been guilty of the extortion that has been practiced on the poor.

"ON account of the uncertainty of railroad transportation and the lack of guaranties on shipments these merchants have practically closed their shops and the high prices have been charged by the traveling peddlers, who learned of conditions here and shipped food in from other places and then charged the high prices that you—" The speech of the venerable president of the Chamber of Commerce was rudely interrupted.

"You have helped—you have been responsible!" shouted Villa, turning suddenly upon Cantu. "People of your kind should be shot. Get away from me. You are the biggest crook of all. You have permitted these things to go on in this city where the poor are starving. You have known it all the time and have done nothing to stop it.

"I did not come here without the facts. Yesterday I sent an orderly out to purchase underwear. Here it is," he said, unrolling a package which an aide handed to him. "Here is the underwear that you charged fifty dollars a suit for. Here is the receipt showing that we paid fifty dollars for it yesterday. How much were you charging before we came? That is robbery.

"That is what I think of when I call you thieves. I have often heard that the people of Monterey consider me a bandit. I have never been guilty of such robbery as this.

"I have changed my mind about sending you all to Chihuahua. I will insist upon you raising one million pesos for the poor of this city before you leave this room. I shall impose this assessment as a fine for your crookedness.

"AS for foreigners," he continued, turning and facing the twenty-five American, British, French, and German members on the one side of the room, "I have purposely separated you from the Mexicans to tell you that you are perfectly at liberty to stay here and that every courtesy will be extended to you; but you must understand that you must obey the laws of this country while you are here.

"If you don't care to do this I will put a special train at your disposal to take you safely out of the country and every accommodation will be accorded to you. Furthermore, if any of you wish to protest I will give you free use of this telegraph to wire to your governments."

Turning to General Madero, he said: "You see that the messages go." Once more facing the Mexican merchants, he said:

"You people who have plenty to eat and plenty to wear and have wood to burn, you people don't realize what it is to be hungry. You don't know what the poor of your city are suffering. You don't know what hunger will make men do.

"If you want to know I will call them in and tell them how you have been robbing them and starving them, and then you will see what they will do to you. Men fight and kill when they are hungry."

"My general," said a young Mexican merchant, stepping out from the crowd, "we agree with what you have said. We have no objections to the assessment. The condition of the poor is terrible. It should be relieved. We will do so. But it is not possible for us to raise the million pesos while we are detained in this room. If you will specify a time and allow us to go and raise the money, I will stand responsible that it is delivered."

"What will you guarantee the payment with?" Villa shot back.

"With my life, my general—with our lives," was the reply, accompanied by a wave of the hand which included the merchants.

"Your lives are no good to starving people. They must have food. It takes money to buy food. What other guaranty have you?"

"Our lives and our words," came the unanimous response from the Mexican merchants.

After a consultation with General Madero, General Villa said the Chamber of Commerce would be given eight days in which to turn over the million pesos to Governor Madero and that in return they would be shown that this sum would be given in food to the people of the city and by means of it the state government would undertake to regulate the prices from then on.

"I know that you people will not like me for talking as I am, but I don't care what you think of me. I am not a politician. I will never hold office in Mexico. I don't want to be president. When the people have secured the government for themselves and we have peace, I will retire to private life, happy.

"This only applies to the Chamber of Commerce. We will handle the other merchants separately and punish them twice as much, because all merchants should belong to the Chamber of Commerce to help build up their city. That is all—get out."

THAT incident was my first sight of General Francisco Villa in oratorical action. It was action every minute of the time. When he hurled the epithets at the Mexican merchants many of them were as unrepeatable as they were sincere. For emphasis he would clench his right hand and shake it violently at his listeners. His eyes at times would narrow and gleam with the intensity of his speech.

When speaking to the foreigners—and it did not appear that any of the violent remarks were addressed to them—his manner was mild, but none the less firm and frank. With his last remark his auditors smiled themselves out without reply.

And I, who had been looking forward to a private interview, decided that the general's mood was not favorable and postponed the pleasure.

It was my good fortune to attend a dinner one evening in Monterey that was given at the United States Consulate in honor of General Villa. Some twenty of us were present and all eyes were on the bandit leader, who was accompanied by a well armed guard.

Although he smiled throughout the meal, he looked worried. He wore an immaculate cream silk shirt with the collar attached. In view of the fact that it was a diplomatic dinner, the collar was buttoned at the neck, but the general wore no necktie. In its place he wore a ten-carat diamond stud in the front of the soft silk shirt about where the second button from the top should have been.

He shook hands all around and was most amiable—rejected the cigars and coffee, but ate four plates of vanilla ice cream and a double hand-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"NICE ENOUGH, but notice her teeth *they look as if they were never brushed*"

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Easily and quickly this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique whitens teeth, keeps them sound and clean, and helps to firm up gums.

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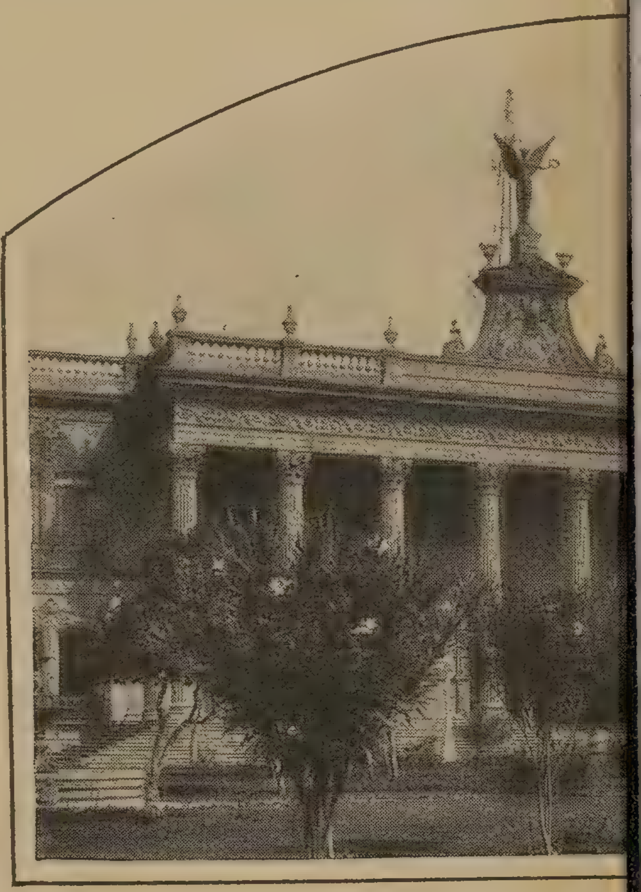
[HOW VILLA ROBBED
Continued from page thirty-five]

ful of chocolate-cream candies. Wine was served, but he refused to touch it. Standing to talk with the consul, he frequently hitched up his trousers, revealing the cartridge belt and the ever-present six-shooter hanging on his right hip.

The source of Villa's worry was the sudden change in the military situation in Mexico. It was in 1915, and Carranza and his most capable general, Alvaro Obregon, were in occupation and command generally of the south of the republic, including Mexico City. The great city of Guadalajara remained in Villa's hands. Obregon suddenly shifted the weight of his forces to the west of Mexico City and advanced along the railroad line. He was fast approaching the important railroad junction city of Irapuato. That town was on the direct line of communication that Villa held with his far distant forces in Guadalajara. It was essential that Villa relinquish the three campaigns he had started south and eastward from Monterey, and withdraw his army westward along the railroad lines through Torreon and then southward again along the west-coast country to stop the advance of the Carranzistas under General Obregon.



The federal palace at Montere
Robin Hood drama

Villa invited me to go with him and I made that twelve- or fifteen-hundred-mile circuitous trip by railroad. It was almost a week before any considerable number of the troop trains could arrive at Irapuato. The actual front ranged about the town of Celaya, thirty miles south of Irapuato, and from the opening shot the loss of life was heavy on both sides.

Villa's artillery rained shrapnel into the towns with terrific effect. The Carranzistas, intrenched behind moats and barbed wire barriers, had been able, with their machine guns and rifle fire, to stop the fierce cavalry onslaughts which were directed against the fortifications.

About 40,000 men were engaged in the battle. Villa had 15,000, with reënforcements arriving daily, while Obregon had 25,000 in the town.

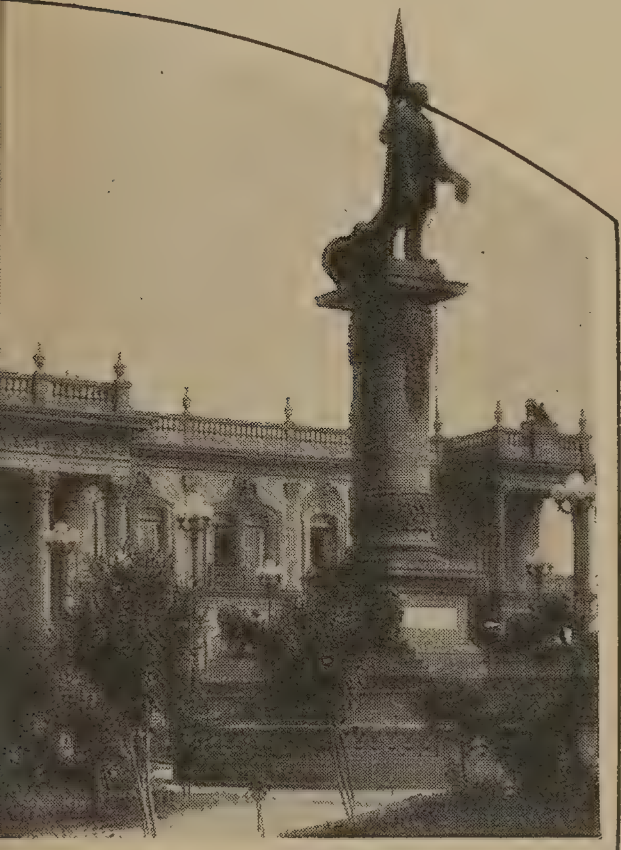
THE actual front-line habitation occupied by Villa's forces was the little town of Salamanca. I was with Villa on the short fifteen-mile trip down the railroad track to that point. Our train was composed of cattle cars, with horses inside and men and officers on top. Villa himself occupied the small red caboose which was the first private car he had ever captured in the revolution.

The train was rushed through the darkness without lights on account of marauding bands of the enemy which had been reported in the vicinity. At the same time, the danger of a wreck through a destroyed track or bridge or a field mine planted under the track was ever present.

It was after midnight when we reached Salamanca. On the station platform, in the public square, and up every street leading from the station, infantrymen were sleeping on the ground, their guns beside them. The cavalry was encamped beyond the town in the direction of the enemy.

At four o'clock the bugles began sounding from every quarter of the town. By seven the entire army was on the move toward Celaya, fifteen miles away. Unable to obtain a horse, I attached myself to General Manuel Banda, who was in command of the military trains that were ordered to follow the advance immediately. Preceded by a work train carrying materials for repairs of destroyed track and bridges, we reached the station of Sarabia and learned that Villa, at the head of his cavalry, had encountered the Carranzistas there.

There were ten wounded Villistas in a ranch house by the tracks. The women ran up from the trains following and poured into the ranch house, looking at each wounded man in search of a familiar face. We moved on to allow the hospital train to pick up the wounded.



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here Pancho Villa staged his
fting a million pesos.

BEYOND Sarabia we came upon the scene of the first encounter. It was a hundred-acre field to the south of the track and bounded by two irrigation ditches, twelve feet deep and dry.

There were twenty bodies stretched out on the field. A dozen or more dead horses and broken telegraph wires dangling from the poles completed the scene.

The train stopped while the linemen began repairing the wires. A large bay horse with a hip broken by a bullet was sitting on its haunches in the center of the field and whinnying. It was the only sign of life in the field. To relieve the wounded animal of its suffering, Banda picked up a rifle and, standing in the door of his car, sent a bullet through the animal's head.

Again the women poured out of the trains and rushed from one body to another. A woman held in her fingers a saint's medal attached to a red wet cord. She had removed it from the neck of a dead man.

Cannon fire could be heard ahead as Banda stopped his train at the station of Guaje for telegraph orders. More than twenty bodies were on the ground in front of the station and in the road on either side. Two crumpled bodies at the base of a corral wall told of a surrender and an execution.

The pursuers had left five men guarding the station, which was otherwise deserted. The guards held out their left arms showing the purple calico bands which had been distributed in the morning as mark of recognition by the Villistas. Their alacrity in displaying the symbol was explained later, when they told us that six of their own men who had neglected to wear the band had been shot and killed by mistake as they emerged from a house.

It was growing dusk when the train stopped beside the hacienda Crespo, on the outskirts of Celaya. The sinking sun, through lateral bars of red and purple, was tinting the white domes of the churches in the besieged town of Celaya.

There had been fighting until an hour before around the hacienda. The bodies of horses and men were strewn on the ground and around the large stone ranch house. The general said that the trains would remain there for the night. The cannon fire from the town sounded like the boom of ice cracking on a lake on an extra cold day. The staccato of the machine guns resembled the noise of a battery of energetic carpet beaters.

With Major Sosa, the English-speaking chief of Gen-

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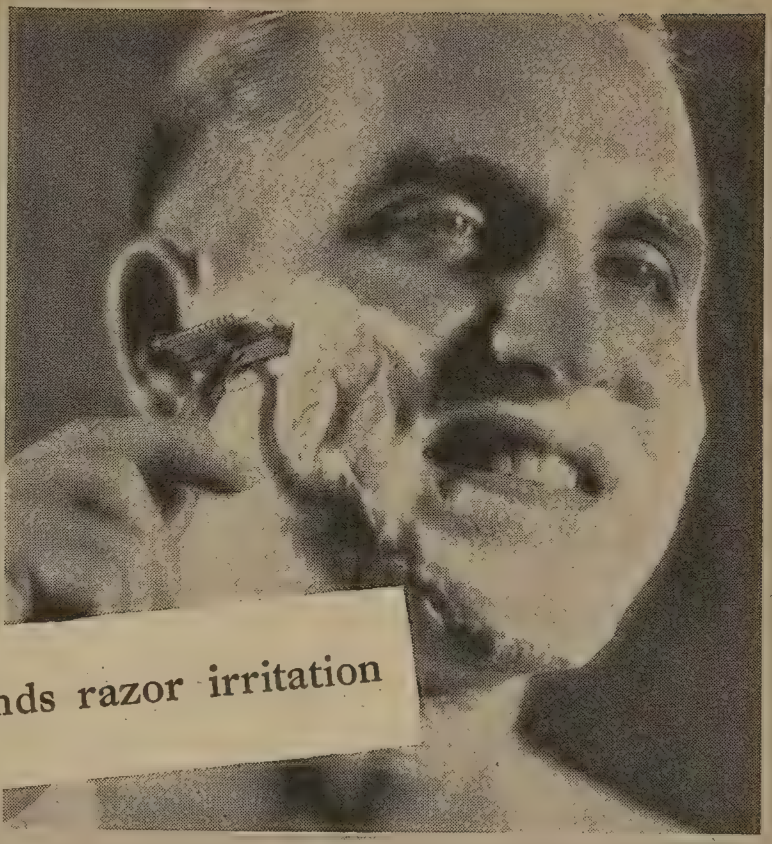

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WE believe you will be interested in why Palmolive Shaving Cream is by far the greatest selling on the market. It's an achievement to get millions of men to change their shaving habits —but that's what has happened. So we hope to gain another user by inviting you to find out why.

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129 times they rejected their own formulas. The 130th time they were successful. Their idea was to make a shaving cream in which olive oil would play a prominent part in easing the action of the blade.

We undertake to win you, in 7 test shaves. A fair trial, we believe, will do it. So won't you mail the coupon, please?

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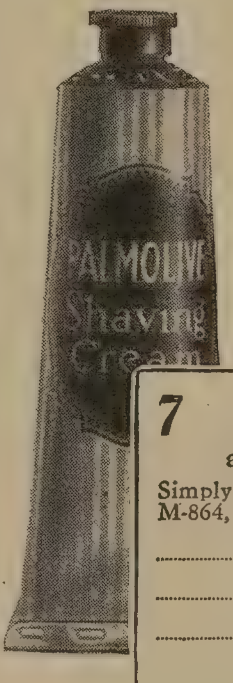

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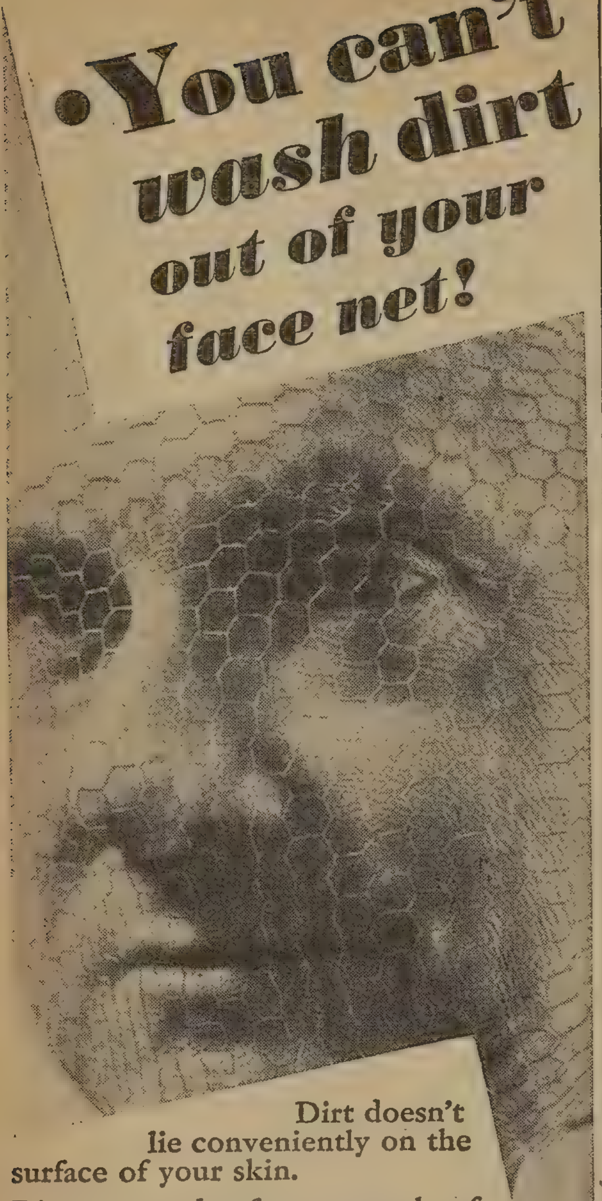

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Try an experiment. Wash your face in your usual way—wash it again. It looks clean—BUT—

Rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin—around the nose—the chin—the forehead. Rub some more—in a few seconds out comes the cream. Pink? No—a dingy, dirty gray.

Now look in the mirror. The dirt is gone! Your skin is not only clean—*pore-clean*—but it's ruddy with a natural, healthy glow!

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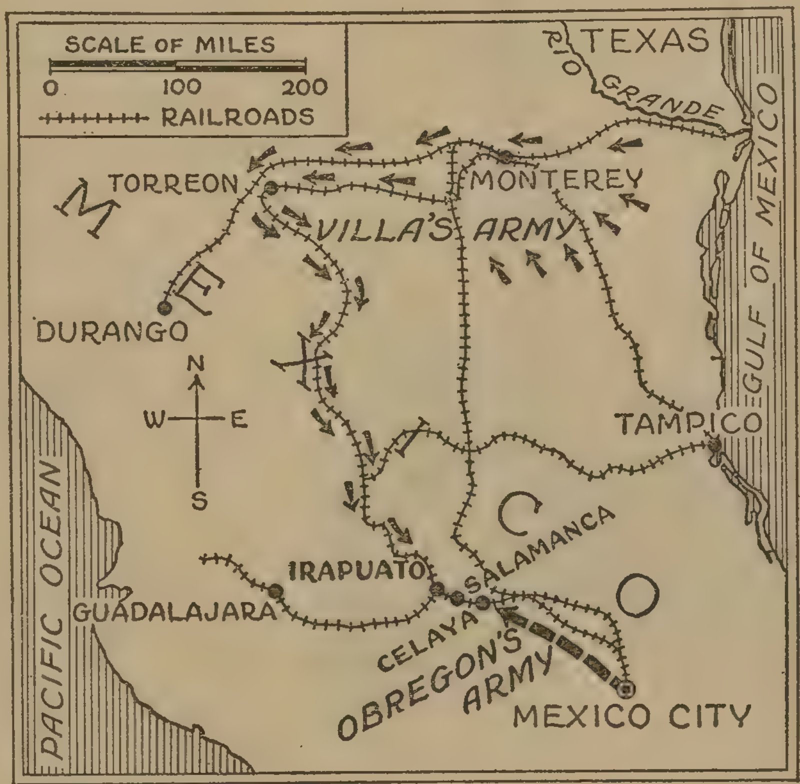
HOW VILLA ROBBED
Continued from page thirty-seven

eral Banda's staff, I started walking down the track in the dark in the direction of the firing. A battery of Villa's field pieces was busy near a farmhouse a mile south.

The flash of the exploding shrapnel could be seen over the town. We passed the work train and left the track for the better walking we expected to find on the road beside it. After stumbling over the bodies of dead horses and stepping on soft flesh, we returned to the track. We stepped aside to give way to a bulky form that was plodding along slowly in the darkness. It was a soldier carrying a wounded boy on his back. He asked to be directed to the hospital train. Farther on four men were resting beside the track. Between them was a litter made of rifles, on which lay a colonel shot through the breast. Sosa sent two of the men back to the front and we took their places at the litter.



How the federal troops advanced from the capital and how Villa's men streamed southward to meet them is shown on this map.

THAT night we slept on boxes of ammunition in General Banda's box car. By daybreak the rattle of the fire had increased to a roar. Automobiles began to pull up on the road beside the car.

Their begrimed drivers cried out for ammunition. Soldiers and trainmen pitched in and transferred box after box of cartridges to the waiting cars, which as soon as loaded swirled away in the cloud of dust. At intervals cannon limbers and caissons would dash up, drawn on the gallop by six mules.

I walked through the courtyard of the hacienda, a hundred yards from the track. Dead men and horses on the ground were in sufficient number to show that the advance of the day before had been stoutly contested here.

An officer and two guards stood at the door of the large concrete granary. I learned that the hacienda had long been deserted. The officer did not know the owners of the hacienda, but said that the army needed the grain for the horses and would leave a receipt for it.

Squatting by the farm machinery under the farm shed, women were busy baking tortillas over the coals of small fires. At one end an officer had set up his table and his servants were serving him tortillas made from flour instead of corn.

There was now a stream of wounded returning from the firing line. Soldiers came by carrying blankets containing inert masses from which blood dripped into the dust. They were left in the grass beside the hospital cars to await their turn on the operating tables.

There was little groaning. These Villa children knew well how to suffer in silence.

Four men approached the car bearing a stretcher on which was a figure covered with a blanket. It was the body of General Agustin Estrada, who had been killed while inspecting his troops on the firing line. General Villa had ordered that General Estrada's body be taken back to Salamanca immediately.

Lieutenant Colonel Dario Silva, one of General Villa's secretaries, approached.

"There is hot fighting going on ahead," he said. "The Carranzistas have turned water into the deep irrigation ditches and are behind them; the horses drown in the water. The trains are full of wounded now. I am going back to General Villa. Adios!" He wheeled his horse and galloped off.

I RODE back on the engine of the hospital train. Just outside of Salamanca, when the train slowed down, the women who had been left behind rushed out and pulled open the doors, looking for familiar faces among the wounded men who were stretched out in the bunks or lying on the floor. Those wounded and able to talk were besieged with questions about the fight, about the dear ones, about their wounds.

"For the love of the Virgin, señor, tell me that my man José is safe!" cried one woman.

There were tears and sobs and sometimes curses when the answers were received. Some of the women cried for the dead, some for their sisters that were crying, and others cried for the excitement of the moment as they handed oranges and water and eggs to the soldiers.

That night Villa ordered his cavalry withdrawn. The men had been fighting two days with little food and no rest. The infantry and artillery were left to maintain the positions.

About eight o'clock Villa himself arrived in Salamanca. His gray suit was grayer still from the dust of the road. Dust-tinged were his black eyebrows, his mustache, and his hair.

For fifteen minutes he consulted with his chiefs in the telegraph office, then left with his staff for Irapuato. I accompanied. He returned to direct organization of reënforcements. This was the biggest campaign in the career of Pancho Villa, yet he kept constantly in a good humor—at least his idea of good humor.

THE next day, as I sat typing some dispatches, I looked up to see Villa watching me at the machine.

"*Como le vai, mi amigo?*" he asked with a smile.

"*Muy bien, mi general,*" I answered by way of displaying my entire Spanish vocabulary. Through one of the young telegraphers, he asked me what I thought of the fight. I replied that I was greatly impressed with the fighting spirit of his men. He spoke four or five words in Spanish and then paused and looked upward in thought. Then I heard the words, "*Cuatros dias.*"

"He says that he will take the city within four days," said the interpreter. "We will advance tomorrow for that purpose."

But for once General Francisco Villa was badly mistaken. There wasn't any four days about it. He got one of the most awful lickings of his life the very next morning, and by the following night his army was in full retreat, and I was trying to keep up with the retreat. We had a long run—almost 300 miles—and for speed I'll say that was one of the notable retreats in history.

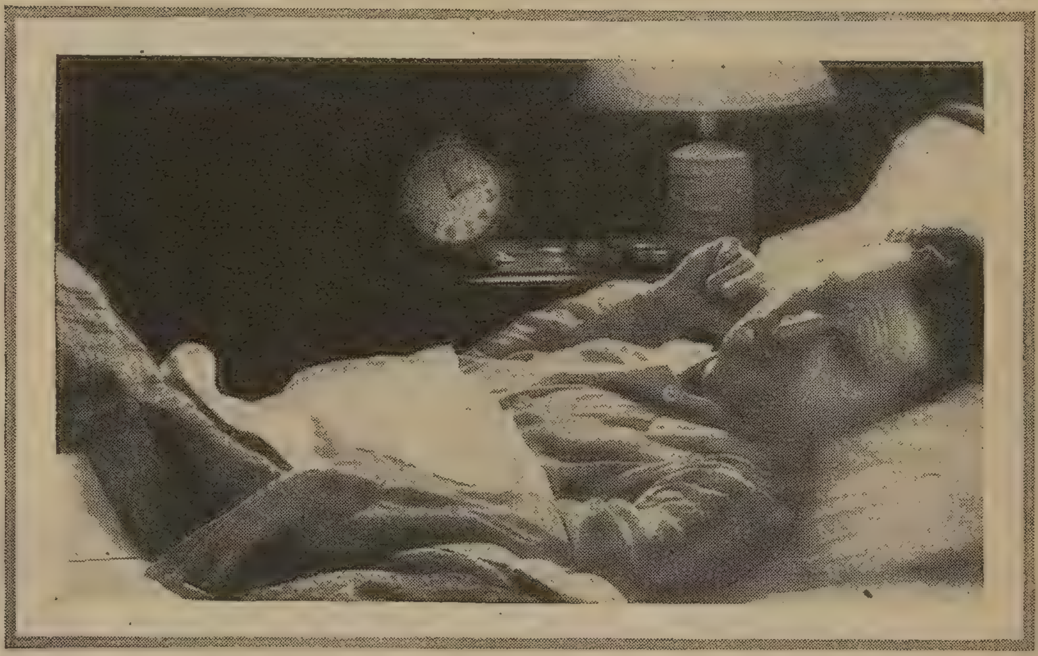
Mr. Gibbons will tell next week of the federals' onslaught and the rout of the Villa army.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 13

1—England and France.
2—One hundred and twenty-eight.
3—Mother-of-pearl.
4—A whirling or turning on the toes.
5—A hound that pursues by sight rather than by scent.
6—Gladiators.
7—The last book of the New Testament.
8—Sought out with care; choice.
9—Act of turning, or state of being turned, inside out.
10—1 Peter iv. 8.
11—A people inhabiting southern Belgium.
12—Binnacle.
13—Frozen dew or vapor.
14—The Battle of New Orleans.
15—Polaris.
16—Cessation; end.
17—Bathsheba.
18—A form of government in which the power is in the hands of a few.
19—One which has two sides equal.
20—Six.

When You Go To Bed

Can You Go To Sleep?



Now there's a way without drugs

—that not only brings instant sleep; but builds *new energy while you sleep!*

WHEN you go to bed do you have trouble going to sleep? Do you wake up in the morning feeling dragged out—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your vitality drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, keeps thousands of people below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern medical science has found a natural way to combat this. A way without drugs. A way that usually brings instant, restful sleep and creates new vitality in mind and body while you sleep!

Morning finds you a new man—fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the vitality to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A remarkable Swiss food-drink does this for you, as it has for thousands already. A simple food concentrate that you mix with milk. A super-delicious drink that's making a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people.

What It Is

This scientific food-concentrate is called Ovaltine. You simply take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime, it brings you both sleep and vitality in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the vitality lost during the busy day. For it contains in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to vital energy. And thus you not only enjoy sleep as soon as you go to bed; you get the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
if unable to secure locally

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J-23,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name..........
(Print name and address clearly)
Address..........
City.......... State..........
(One package to a person) 720R

CANTOR, JOLSON, et AL.

Chuckles Predominate in This Potpourri of Pictures

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Still the gangster pictures come: witness The Squealer. This shows how Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier look in it.

Al Jolson, in Big Boy, keeps right on making you merry and sad.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ WHOOPEE

CAST

Henry Williams	Eddie Cantor
Sally Morgan	Eleanor Hunt
Wanenis	Paul Gregory
Sheriff Bob Wells	John Rutherford
Mary Custer	Ethel Shutta
Jerome Underwood	Spencer Charters
Chester Underwood	Albert Hackett
Black Eagle	Chief Caupolican

Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by Thornton Freeland.

THIS is Eddie Cantor's show. Everything else could be cut out and it would still be a swell show as far as I'm concerned. You've all heard of Whoopee—I mean the Ziegfeld brand, which gave New Yorkers and visitors to New York such a good time last year. It has been transferred to the screen under the combined supervision of an expert stage showman and film producer. Cantor plus Ziegfeld plus Goldwyn equals a successful show.

It is a musical comedy written by William Anthony McGuire from the play by Owen Davis known as The Nervous Wreck. It is all in Technicolor and it has beautiful chorus girls and handsome cowboys and George Olsen's orchestra to give it rhythm. Some of the old score of Whoopee is retained. The Whoopee chorus and the Stetson Song sung by Ethel Shutta will be remembered from the show. Of the new songs the hit is My Baby Just Cares for Me.

If all the musical picture shows were done with the speed and fun of Whoopee they wouldn't be a drug on the film market now.

★ ★ ★ SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

CAST

Kitty Bellairs	Claudia Dell
Sir Jasper Standish	Ernest Torrence
Lord Verney	Walter Pidgeon
Captain O'Hara	Perry Askam
Julia Standish	June Collyer
Colonel Villiers	Lionel Belmore
Captain Spicer	Arthur Edmund Carewe

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Alfred E. Green.

A generation ago Egerton Castle wrote a charming comedy about one of the lovely belles of Bath when that famous watering place was the favorite recreation spot of England.

David Belasco made the story into a play and now it is presented on the screen entirely in Technicolor. It is light and gay and well performed by an excellent cast.

Claudia Dell is a beautiful blonde who has come to the screen via the Ziegfeld route and she makes Kitty a fascinatin flirt. June Collyer is lovely as th neglected wife. Walter Pidgeon is a attractive Lord Verney. Pidgeon's voic is beautifully adapted to the microphone The settings are lovely, and never have seen lovelier color effects in pictures The comedy is outmoded but the pictur has undeniable charm.

★ ★ ★ THE SQUEALER

CAST

Charles Hart	Jack Holt
Georgia Hart	Dorothy Revier
Bunny Hart	Davey Lee
John Sheridan	Matt Moore
Bella	Zasu Pitts
Valletti	Robert Ellis
Mitter Davis	Arthur Housman

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

Mark Linder wrote the story of Th Squealer and Jo Swerling dialogued i

Ethel Shutta and Eddie Cantor put on a hilarious scene in Whoopee. On the left: Dorothy Knapp in the same film.

for the screen. It might have been just another gangster picture if it had been given mediocre direction and incompetent acting. But it got into clever hands and the story is logically worked out and effectively acted. Jack Holt and Arthur Housman are particularly good in their rôles and little Davey Lee adds his appealing note to the domestic drama.

★ ★ BIG BOY

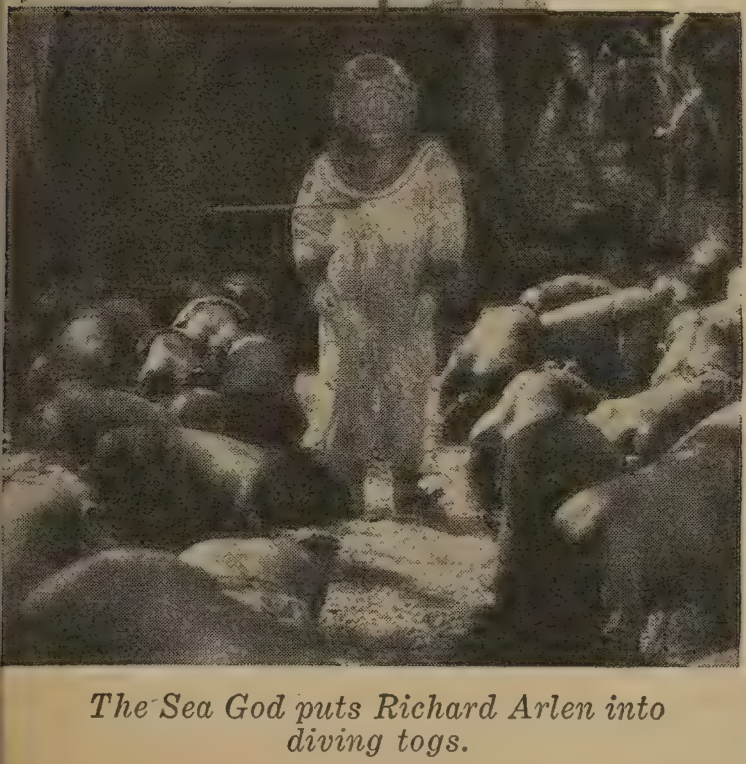
CAST

Gus	Al Jolson
Annabel Bedford	Claudia Dell
Mrs. Bedford	Louise Closser Hale
Jack Bedford	Lloyd Hughes
Coley Reed	Eddie Phillips
Joe	John Harron

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Alan Crosland.

Jolson's latest great stage success is the basis for his new picture. In it the comedian appears throughout in black-face. Jolson has three or four new songs and he sings them all effectively, but not one of them is marked as a hit. My Baby and Me, which he sings in the restaurant scene, is bluer than blue. He is funny and pathetic by turns and his comedy, for the most part, will make you laugh.

There is a trick ending with Jolson turning his back on the audience and appearing a moment later as himself, minus make-up.



The Sea God puts Richard Arlen into diving togs.

Walter Pidgeon and Claudia Dell in the light comedy Sweet Kitty Bellairs.

★ ★ THE SEA GOD

CAST

Philip "Pink" Barker	Richard Arlen
Daisy	Fay Wray
"Square Deal" McCarthy	Eugene Pallette
Schultz	Robert Gleckler
Pearly Nick	Ivan Simpson

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by George Abbott.

Since the advent of the talkies there have been too few pictures of the type of The Sea God. It is good old-time adventure stuff, and it ought to be a boon to the older youngsters for whom pictures have grown too sophisticated.

There is a race of two sailing ships for a mysterious pearl harbor; some interesting underseas pictures of Arlen in a diving suit; cannibals intent on making a meal of the luscious heroine and the roly-poly McCarthy; and fist-to-fist encounters between the hero and as slick a villain as I've seen in many a picture.

Do you know that—

Lawrence Tibbett once punched cows on his uncle's ranch in Antelope Valley, California?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

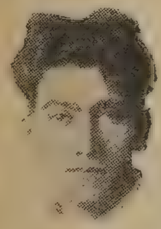
★★★—Love in the Rough, Monte Carlo, The Sea Wolf, Old English, Call of the Flesh, Moby Dick, Hell's Angels, Dancing Sweeties, Anybody's Woman.

The President's

The Story of a Lesson in Love

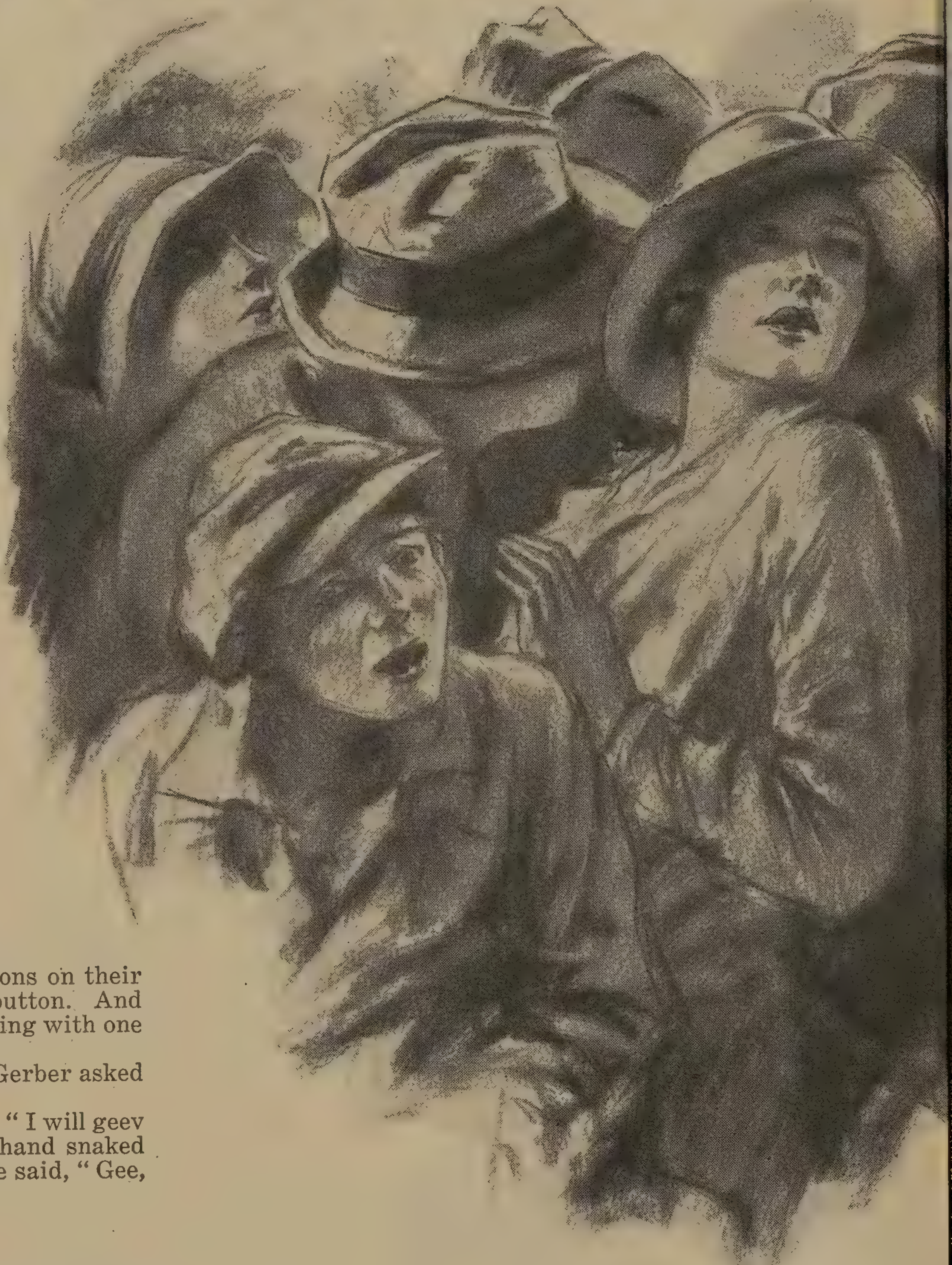
By

MacKinlay Kantor



who, when he was out of a newspaper job, began to write fiction, and has published two successful novels of Chicago life—Diversey and El Goes South. He is twenty-six years old and married.

Pictures by Ernest Fuhr



AN uncontrollable fleshy wedge tore them apart. Bodies, crushed and matted together, pressing like a wall on rollers.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE President of the United States would do the trick. No one was quite certain how it was to be managed. Over telegraph or telephone wires, perhaps. Or maybe they were running a special wire all the way from Washington. Anyway, he would use his finger; probably he'd be standing among a group of foreign diplomats—great big guys with red uniforms and dress suits and ribbons on their chests—and he'd reach down and press the button. And in Chicago all the lights would leap into burning with one wild, white lunge.

"How far is it to Washington?" Martha Gerber asked Gladys Gallarno.

Gladys said, into the round cup before her, "I will geev you the adjustment burrrreau." Her soft hand snaked a plug from glistening rows. To Martha she said, "Gee, I don't know. Awful long ways."

"Far as New York?"

"Lot farther."

Their switches clicked simultaneously.

Just before lunch hour, Mr. Frank called everybody into the tracers' office next door. He urged them all to stay downtown for dinner.

"Is Hirschfield's putting up the dinner?" someone sneered. But they all listened.

"There's going to be a parade," Mr. Frank went on. "I think it's to start at State and Lake, and go south. Now, the store wants everybody to stay down. This is gonna be quite a celebration. Hirschfield Brothers expect their employees to make the best showing of any retail store which is participating in this observance—"

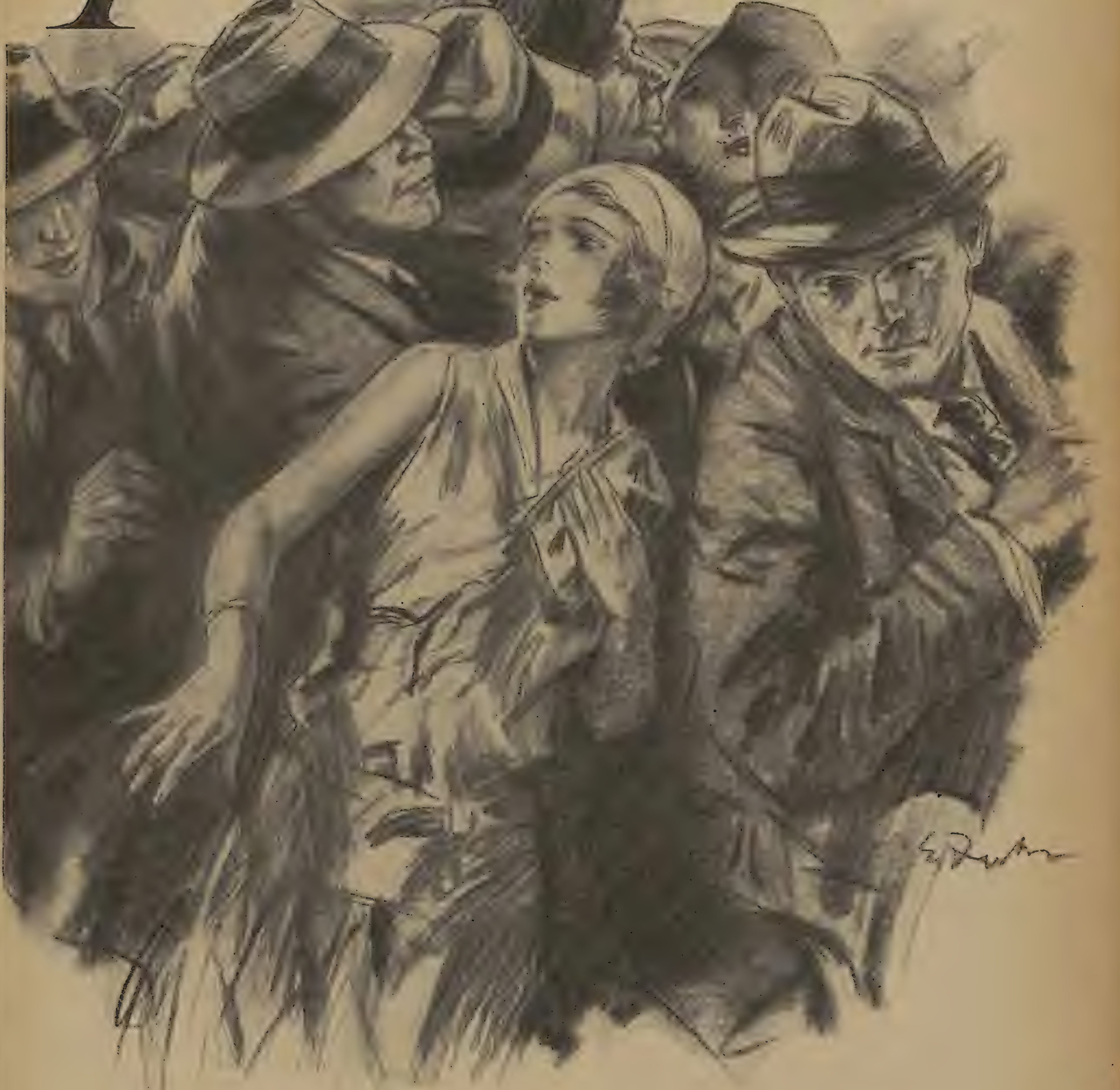
Gladys snickered. "He learned that upstairs."

"Maybe you people don't realize what this is gonna cost," Mr. Frank continued, impaling Gladys with a cold stare. "Putting those great big lights on thirty-foot posts all the way from Lake to Van Buren! That costs dough. State Street is gonna look like daylight in comparison to what it has looked like. An employee's value to his store can be largely determined by the sincerity which he evinces in matters pertaining to the general welfare—"

"And that one, too," whispered Gladys.

Martha Gerber looked across the slick heads of the young tracers who lounged on desks beside her. Mr. Dance was standing in the doorway; he had some folded claims in his hand; he had just come in from upstairs. His brown eyes were regarding Mr. Frank seriously, and he put up one slender hand to touch his crisp mustache. Dimly she heard Frank's words: ". . . Interest and general efficiency . . . determine value in future years."

THUMB



Maybe that was all right for the rest of those dumb klucks. But not for Dance. Nobody needed to tell him that. His place would be behind a polished desk; there'd be a vase of flowers on it, and a bronze plate: "Ogden F. Dance." Martha remembered how she had sneaked out to the time clock to look at Mr. Dance's card the week he first came to the store. Even then, before he had kissed her, she felt that electric passion shuddering within her whenever she looked at him.

Office rumor had it straight. He was going to succeed Frank as manager of the subway adjustments after he had learned the ropes. Everybody said that he had come from a big job in New York. And a sour individual named Fetter had come with him; he would be Dance's assistant in the new work. Nobody liked Mr. Fetter very well. He was short and thin-lipped, his glasses were thick, and he walked with a nervous, important switch of the hips.

There were some stories about Mr. Fetter, too. Gladys Gallarno had heard one:

"He's got a wife. She just about supports him, too.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PRESIDENT'S THUMB
Continued from page forty-three

She's a manicurist in a hotel and she makes pretty good money, but he gambles like anything. That's a fact, honey. And he runs around with women."

Martha's face reflected her incredulity.

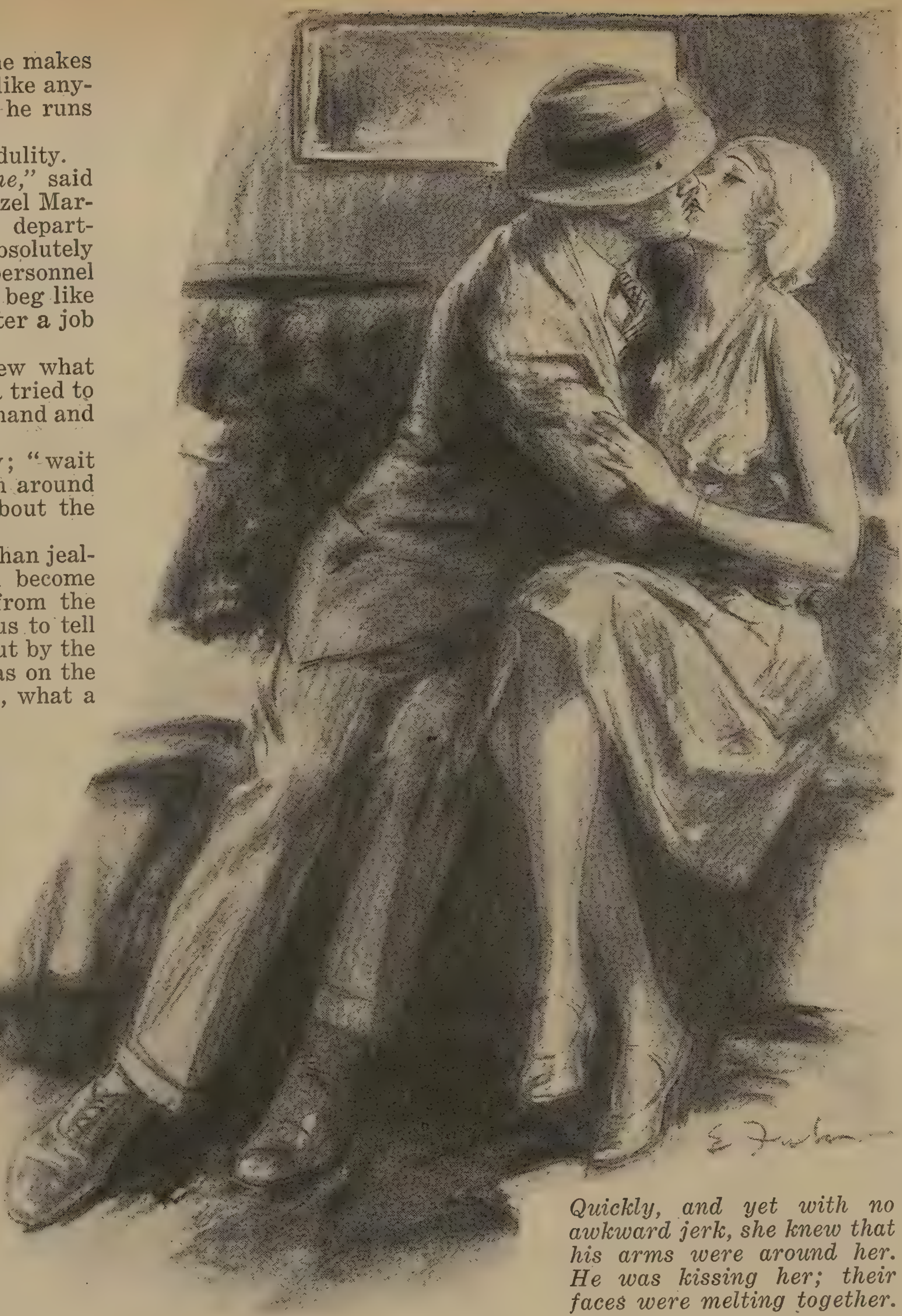
"Oh, you don't need to believe *me*," said Gladys. "But it's so, anyway. Hazel Marwalter—up in the correspondence department—she told me. She got it absolutely straight from Wilkins in the personnel office. She said that Dance had to beg like everything to get them to give Fetter a job here."

"Fetter doesn't look like he knew what girls or poker chips were." Martha tried to picture Mr. Fetter with aces in his hand and a very painted lady on his knee.

"All right," Gladys tolled darkly; "wait and see. But if I was going to run around with a guy, I would be careful about the kind of men that guy went with."

Of course, she was more envious than jealous of Martha because Dance had become interested in her. She'd run in from the rest room or the time clock, anxious to tell Martha: "Kid! I just met him out by the delivery aisles!" or "Hon! He was on the escalator when I came down! God, what a voice when he says hello; he ought to go into the talkies!"

Martha wished that Gladys wouldn't say anything about Dance. She wished that nobody would say anything. Just leave her alone in silky silence, where she could press the thought of him very close to her.



Quickly, and yet with no awkward jerk, she knew that his arms were around her. He was kissing her; their faces were melting together.

NOBODY had ever made her feel that way before. She guessed that she was just an average girl, before Dance came. Spent Sunday with her mother over at Aunt Cora's on Byron Street. Went out with boys from the store to the Oriental and McVicker's. She had been to a few cabarets, too, but had never really fallen for anybody.

This guy. . . . He stood out from everybody else. As if he were a titled person, or a rich doctor or writer or something, just mixing up with the common herd to get experience. Martha had seen a movie like that one time.

The first time he approached the switchboard, he came directly to Martha. (She thought, black hair—and mine's sort of gold—I wonder—) There were five other girls handling calls for the adjustment bureau, but he came to her.

"Did you have a call from this customer in the last hour?" He gave her a slip of paper—and she noticed his hands—they— Wonderfully enough, she had that call on her own file. She gave him the data, and hoped her voice didn't tremble too much. . . .

After that, whenever he wanted help of that sort, he came to Martha. The other girls made self-conscious gestures, and looked wisely at each other. Gladys Gallarno even winked openly at Martha all the time she was talking to Dance. Dance didn't seem to notice the others.

It had come so suddenly, just the previous Thursday. She had been using a shopping pass, and was hurrying back to the third subway. As she turned from the stairway to the long ramp, she saw Dance walking ahead of her. Seemed as if he knew intuitively that she was coming. He idled along slowly, and kept looking back; tall and slender, beside those rows of bright green lockers.

Her feet went *chap chap chap* on the concrete. And then she was beside him.

"Oh, Martha," he said. The name came easily—he made a caress out of the syllables. "Would you have dinner with me tonight?"

She stammered—dinner—she usually—usually didn't stay down. She—

"I'll have to explain," he said. "There's an important business engagement I have to keep, early in the evening. But, you see, I've been wanting to talk to you. . . . Won't you stay down? Then I'll send you home in a taxi. You won't mind, will you?"

Gladys Gallarno might have said, to any other man, how did he get that way? If he wanted to take her to dinner, he might at least take her home afterward! . . . And even Martha Gerber might have said that—to any other man.

They ate at the Russian Tea Room. The first time Martha had ever been there. In her memory it was just one swirl of hammered brass and red fringes and gold samovars. And in it all the dark face of Ogden Dance, the quiet voice, the level brown eyes.

Beside him she stood, unreal and exalted, when they were at the curb in front of the building. Michigan

Avenue hummed and sighed around them, but even the broad shafts of spinning light could not burst into her dream.

"You live north?"

And she was repeating the address, her words sounding wretched and grotesque after his rounded speech. His long fingers fumbled for a watch. Thin watch—white gold. "You know, this man I'm to see is in the London Guarantee Building, right by the bridge. I'll ride up that far with you, if I may."

He didn't try to put his arms around her in the cab. Just kept on talking about—about something. . . . Martha lost the sense of his words, drugged by their harmony. . . . He didn't even try to hold her hand. In the restaurant he hadn't tried to flatter her, or feed her a line, or make any wise cracks, or— Talked about Hirschfield's, and New York, and the plans for the World's Fair.

Subconsciously, she was checking their advance: "Randolph—one block less, one block less to be with him. Lake—only two more blocks. Only—" She saw the flash of the Wrigley Building, all white, all intense. "That red light's swinging, up there —now it's green, now it's—"

Quickly, and yet with no awkward jerk, she knew that his arms were around her. He was kissing her; their faces were melting together. She must put her whole being upon her lips, and press tightly. . . .

THEN the door was closing. The driver's hand was reaching out for money. And that tall figure, standing there on the curb, lifting his hat. Martha put her fingers to her lips, and held them there, and closed her eyes.

The girls tried to question her the next morning. But she stalled them off. She said, sure, they had a good time. Went to the Russian Tea Room. "Then home in a cab. That was all."

"I *bet*," finished Gladys. And everybody laughed.

It was that same morning when Gladys told Martha the gossip she had heard about Mr. Fetter. The notion of it preyed viciously. If Fetter was that kind of a man, and he was a friend of Ogden, why— She shrank from the idea of ever mentioning it to him. And yet she did want to know whether it was true. If for no other reason, to close the mouths of those whispering girls.

Dance didn't ask her to go out again until Monday. She stayed home on Sunday—told her mother she had a headache. And so she had the telephone and the house all to herself. But it was an awfully dumb telephone. It rang only once, and then it was the landlord wanting to talk to Mrs. Gerber about storm windows. Martha lay on the davenport most of the afternoon and hummed drearily:

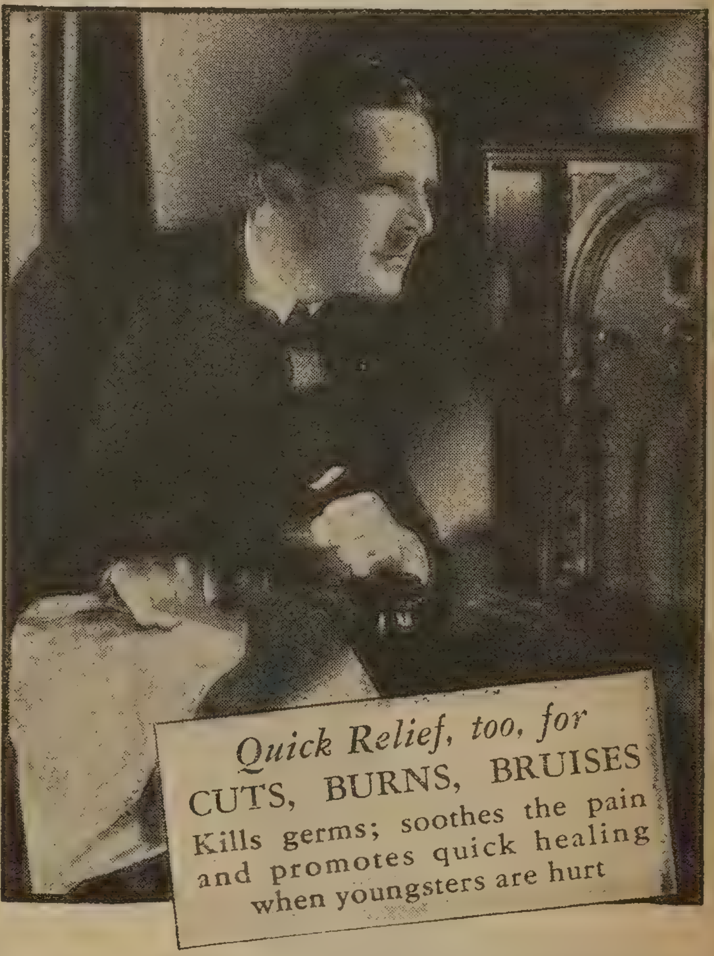
The moon was new, and so was
love . . . lover, come back to me.

Later she went out and bought a new kind of vanishing cream.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

▼

He's only a radio rooter
. . . *yet he has*
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"


Quick Relief, too, for
CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES
Kills germs; soothes the pain
and promotes quick healing
when youngsters are hurt

BACK in '09 he *did* try out for the Varsity, only to be sent back to the cheering section before the first week of regular practice. Since then he has never indulged in exercise more strenuous than an occasional game of billiards at one of his clubs, or an occasional plunge in the pool.

How surprised he will be to learn that those itchy little blisters between his lesser toes*—thought of which has haunted him so of late—are due to the very common infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot"!

For while it hasn't bothered him much *physically* as yet (it's not far enough advanced for that) the thought of it has followed him, and an uncertain "I wonder what it is?" has set his mind to wandering at most inopportune times....

But *you* probably know how it is, for almost *everybody*, it seems, suffers at some time from the ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"!

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—*
So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr.
Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

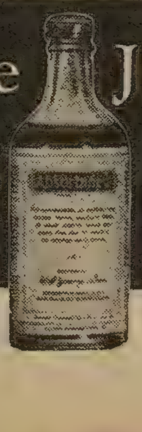
Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.



FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

believe it or not
THERE'S
ONE
DRY
THING
In America

No. 07
Thorn
$4
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE
YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK from a DRINKLESS-KAYWOODIE

Until you smoke Drinkless Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!*

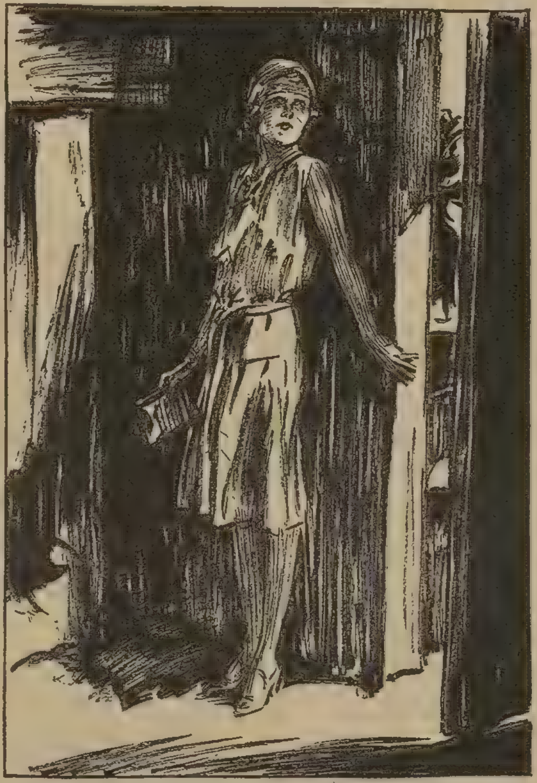
100 Shapes and Styles—Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4, Premier $5, Relief $7

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. *Est. 1851*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

[THE PRESIDENT'S THUMB
Continued from page forty-five]

Probably he was very busy working into his new job. A lot of the men who really took their work seriously went down to the store on Sundays and looked through records and—and things.

But Monday noon Dance waited for her by the time clock when she came back from lunch. They'd eat downtown, he suggested, and go to a regular show that night on Randolph Street. He whispered the last: "This time, I'll take you home—all the way home."



She wanted to force herself through the doorway, back into that twisting crowd.

MARTHA was glad she had worn that black transparent velvet. She ran upstairs and bought some new hose, and left the old ones in her locker wrapped in an envelope marked "Special Requisitions Form D78."

And between the second and third acts of Midnight Sons the unexpected thing occurred. She told Ogden Dance about Mr. Fetter.

The name was mentioned casually. Dance had said, "Fetter and I" or "When Fetter and I were working in New York—"

"I heard something about him," said Martha. And as the words left her mouth, she was ashamed.

Dance raised his eyebrows quizzically. "Good or bad? Fetter's a rather quiet sort."

"Bad," said Martha, very faintly.

His hand pressed down on hers tightly—too tightly. Suddenly she realized that Fetter, in spite of his sour voice and thin mouth, was more than a business associate of Ogden Dance. He was his friend, his close friend.

But she told him. She didn't say who had told her. Just the girls in the office. He was loose, they said. He spent his wife's money—

Thin lines creased down between Dance's even brows. "That's the oddest thing I ever heard," he said presently. "Why, Ralph Fetter stays home with his wife every evening of the world. He's as sober as a fish."

"Honestly?" Martha asked him. Well, she'd have plenty to say to Gladys Gallarno about Hazel Marwalter and her—

"Honestly." His eyes were very serious now.

That was all about Fetter. . . . When they went home from the show, Martha forgot there had ever been such a man as Fetter. She forgot that there had ever been anybody except Dance—Dance and herself, close together, alone, propelled softly through dark space. . . . And her mother had gone to bed in the back bedroom, when they got home. Dance came in with Martha. He stayed late.

. . . . .

THIS moment, this trite second of eternity, standing there in the tracers' room beside Gladys, listening to Mr. Frank and his talk about the new lights on State Street, the grand gift of Chicago and Chicago merchants—this quick space of time which left no echo in its passing—she could only look across at Ogden Dance and think, "It'll be a bronze plate on a big desk, and it'll have his name on it, and there'll be flowers. Oh, God, I'm crazy about him! I'm afraid to have him know how crazy I am about him."

When they went herding back into the switchboard room, Martha drifted behind, and in one quick moment Dance was beside her.

"Are you staying down tonight?"

She nodded.

"I have to see a fellow. I'll get through with him about nine o'clock, about the time the lights go on."

She said, "I'm staying down with Gladys. I mean for dinner—we don't go home together. And—the lights—we thought we'd watch the crowd."

They arranged to meet in a drug store at Randolph and State at nine thirty. That would be, according to schedule, half an hour after the lights went on. They were to go on at nine o'clock, Central Standard Time. All at once, in a quick breath, they were to come alive—huge bulbs of white on enormous black pillars. In Washington, the President of the United States would turn them on. He would press a button with his finger, or his thumb.

. . . . .

THAT parade died before it was born. The few fervent paraders were jumbled apart by many elbows and many buttocks. People talked and laughed when you were near them, but the concerted echo of their voices went up to the sky in a howling whine; walls on each side rebuffed it into the broken murmur all about. Seven blocks long, and the mere width of a street. It was surprising how many folks stayed or came downtown on purpose to see the lights go on.

At first they kept on the sidewalks, but boys and men began scurrying back and forth between the fumbling street cars, and in ten minutes the road was blocked, a solid breadth of shoulders and heads. Automobiles were isolated in the jamming, tumbling ocean; someone boosted a girl to the top of a car, and in another moment each car top was a little platform above the staring faces—a platform whereon someone sat or sprawled, singing, waving.

"Nothing like it since Armistice Day," said Gladys with conviction.

"My mother wouldn't let me come downtown then," Martha told her.

"I came," said Gladys, "with my father. It sure was some mob. But this is almost as bad. . . . *Say,* you big ham! Yes, you! You certainly don't have to shove like—"

They found a temporary shelter in the dark doorway of a jewelry store. Didn't seem to be any special reason for folks to swarm and laugh and gabble like that. It wasn't as if the big lights would make any difference to them, or their jobs. But people were having a good time.

Martha wondered where Dance could be. In an office, probably, talking business. And she wondered if it was true that Fetter sat quietly at home each evening. If it weren't true, maybe he was out in that mob, with a girl on his arm. But Dance had told her—it must be the truth—

A man beside them was estimating: "At least a hundred thousand. A hundred thousand people in these seven blocks."

"Everybody look out for pickpockets; guard your family jewels," chortled Gladys. The man turned, and laughed.

WHITE faces, yellowed by light, staring at the tall pillars which lined the curb at wide intervals. The old electroliers were gleaming valiantly, but this radiance would be dwarfed, a mere candle gleam, beside those new bulbs. Newspapers had said that the aura would lift as high as the taller buildings. And all at the touch of a President's finger, or thumb.

The man beside them was looking at his wrist watch. "Two minutes to nine. Two minutes more—" The mighty talking, talking began to swell. Somewhere a window cracked and went down in a clatter of spangled glass, shattered under the force of pushing bodies. A watchman ordered Gladys and Martha out of their doorway. "Go on! First thing you know these windows'll bust, too. Move on! Keep moving!" His star glistened officially.

They were caught in a growing current; it wracked them along with laughter, moving faster and faster. Somebody had started it—boys pushing and falling; now people were angry—some of them were. Up at the next corner, photographers clustered like strange, roosting birds on a heavy canopy. Their flashlights boomed—a muffled *whoof* in the vast chuckle.

Out toward the center of the struggling herd, a girl was screaming, "Halp! *Halp!* Get offa me—" The crowd swept on in widening, idiotic whirlpools.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PUNCTUAL APPOINTMENT

"Your appointment was for 2-o'clock."

"And it is 2-o'clock exactly."

SURELY, nothing is quite so important as an accurate time-piece. Every day, more and more people depend upon Elaine-Goering watches for accurate time because "The Wonder Watch of the World" offers such remarkable value.

The cases are very beautiful. There is a wide choice from which to make a selection and into each case has been built a marvelous precision movement.

Here, indeed, is a watch far above the ordinary . . . a watch you can be proud to own and wear.

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A very popular gentleman's watch, engraved chromium case, flexible bracelet and guaranteed 15 Jewels "Goering" movement.

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PIPE TOBACCO

Brothers of the Briar ...attention!

If ever a pipe tobacco was made especially for you, Brothers of the Briar, this is it! Every flake of Granger is good for one life membership — paid up in full! Cut *especially* for pipes—big shaggy flakes to fire *cool* and burn *dry*. Aged and mellowed by our own exclusive Wellman's Method — to smoke sweet, rich and "pipey." Step up, all you pipe lovers — sign up now!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

THE PRESIDENT'S THUMB
Continued from page forty-seven

"This is bad," said Gladys. Her face was very white. "Let's try and get out of—"

An uncontrollable fleshy wedge tore them apart. Bodies, crushed and matted together, pressing like a wall on rollers. Martha felt Gladys wrench at her fingers; then she was gone; she could not see her face.

Up over a curb. They were taking her forward. She could not fight; she could not resist. A horrid, tightening squeeze took her breath. Then the current had surged on a new tack. A space widened about her. Martha was brushed into sudden darkness; the pressure was relaxed. She leaned weakly against something wooden. After a moment, after she had caught her breath, Martha realized where she was. A building was being remodeled and the wooden façade over the front had a door in it. She was standing inside the door. A smell of wet plaster was all around her.

It was dark in there. The old electroliers seemed waning and feeble outside; only a dim shaft of murky yellow came past her, and she was standing in deeper shadow.

A woman's voice. Not more than five feet away in the blackness. Someone else was there.

"Well, you might at least say something."

A man cleared his throat.

"Go ahead. Say something."

A foot shuffled in brick dust. Martha did not move.

"If you won't say anything, I will. If you hadn't lied so much to me, I—" Her voice caught huskily. "Blackjack. I don't mind that so much. But women, too. And all the time I thought, when you came from New York and got that job at Hirschfield's, you'd—"

And Ogden Dance had lied to her. Fetter. *Fetter.* At Hirschfield's, and his wife—

"I know you look innocent. Oh, sure. People fall for that. Two different girls lately. I know. You don't need to ask me how I know. But I've got it all straight." The woman's voice broke again. The man said nothing.

"And you've got a friend that'd do anything for you. Lie for you, if he had to. And I guess he had to, to get you that job. But you're nothing but a dirty double-crosser. Take my money—to in*vest*—after I've worked for it, and then spend it on some cheap little broad—"

IN her aching, foggy brain, Martha Gerber said to herself: "That's it. It's true. And I believed him. If he'd lie to me once, he'd—" She wanted to shriek at them; to tell them she was there, listening. She wanted to force herself through the doorway, back into that twisting crowd. But she couldn't move . . . *a good friend—lie for you* . . .

But Dance was Fetter's friend. His— He did have a right to lie for him. Maybe it was a fine thing to do.

All right. She'd tell him about this. About being hurled into that dark aperture, and hearing Fetter's wife talking to him, not knowing that Martha was anywhere around. And she'd tell him that it was all right—only he must never lie to her again. But it was—sort of courageous of him to lie for his friend—

In Washington, five minutes late, the President of the United States pressed a button. On State Street, in Chicago, the white lamps blazed up like giant torches. The wave of light tore out from them with physical violence. A hundred thousand people sighed and roared. . . . Ahhhh!

The lights swept in, past the wooden façade, like a broad sword. Past Martha Gerber. Full on the face of the other woman, and full on the face of her husband, Ogden Dance.

. . . . .

In a doorway forty feet away, Martha found Gladys Gallarno hedged in, peering anxiously over the tossing froth of faces. "Why, you little devil! I thought you were lost for sure. . . . Well, the lights are on—"

"They sure are," said Martha.

"The President exercised his thumb, all right. He—"

"He sure did," said Martha. "So bright. . . . After that old light, it sort of hurts your eyes to look at them."

THE END

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

WE'VE changed our minds! In selecting the prize winners for Liberty's "problems of conduct" offer, we find so many interesting and diverse answers to the problems we have printed that we have decided to pay $200 for answers each week instead of $100 as previously announced—the $200 to be divided among the senders of the answers we publish. The total offer for each week therefore is $300—$100 for a suggested problem of conduct similar to the one which appears on this page, and $200 for the best answers to each problem as it is published. If you are not already familiar with the terms of this invitation to readers of Liberty, read the rules below.

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

LETA PIERCE, 3522½ Altura Street,
El Paso, Texas.

What would you do if you were a woman, and shortly before your marriage to a man who loved and wanted children you had to have an operation, and the doctor told you that you could never have a child? Would you—

1. Give a flimsy excuse and break the engagement, or
2. Marry and say nothing, or
3. Tell him the truth and allow his reactions to decide the matter?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, November 1. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

For the Best Answers

to the problem which appeared in Liberty for September 20, this week's $200 has been divided between

MRS. B. LOUDUN, 203 Daniels Street, Colmar Manor,
Brentwood, Maryland, and

WILL THOMAS WITHROW, 159 Plymouth Avenue, N.,
Rochester, New York.

The problem was:

What would you do if

You had a ten-year-old boy, healthy, bright, and good, whom you dearly loved, and you suddenly discovered that he had been substituted at birth for your real son who was being raised by poorer but fine people who loved him devotedly? He is as bright and good as the child you have known as you own but not quite as strong. To raise him with your foster son would not be possible. The other parents would have to be told the truth, in which case an exchange would be the only arrangement to which they would consent. They might refuse to exchange even if you told them, with a resulting lawsuit leading to newspaper notoriety for the children as well as their parents.

Here Is Mrs. Loudun's Answer—

I'D have my own—absolutely. If a king had him, he is mine—my heart fed him; my love gave him birth—my travail!

A stranger's child? To develop characteristics I'd not understand? Traits for which I had no immediate ancestry as background for fostering—or correction? I'd but love him the more, for the stolen years another woman had in him; in his baby lispings; in his head in her bosom. Love him! A year's heartbeats in a day, catching up. And he would love me —never doubt that.

Lawsuit? to get what was mine? Surely—I'd fight a nation; for the babe of my body!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

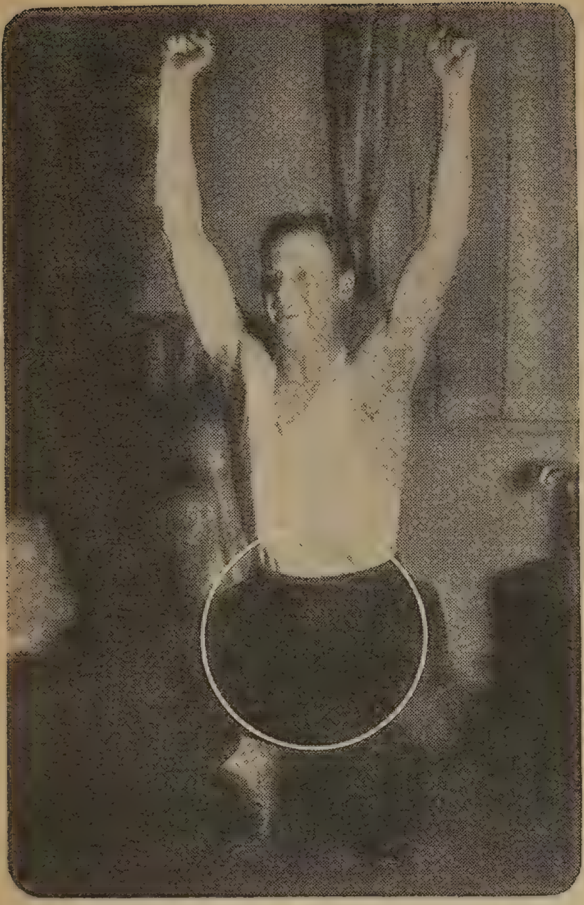
2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.



"Keeping fit" you can keep safe

In no major school or college sport would a student be allowed to compete . . . or even practice . . . without an athletic supporter. In your own casual exercise or play . . . either in youth or after-life . . . how much more urgent the protection which trained athletes require!

Whatever physical activity keeps you fit . . . bowling, handball, swimming, skating, squash, "gym" work or "daily dozen" . . . you can depend on *Pal* to keep you safe. It adds to your ease, poise, confidence, by guarding the vital zone . . . but least rugged . . . against painful wrenches and sudden strains.

Pal's light, porous-knit pouch is reinforced by stout ribs of live rubber, giving super-support and super-comfort. A dollar buys it . . . and it will outwear two or three average supporters.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Not "notoriety"; that is an ugly word. Publicity, yes; and every woman to whom it was ever said above her anguish, "It's a boy!" — every man-child mothering woman would stand beside me and with me when I fought for the right to have my own—my man-child that I mothered from the sacred months of living for him, praying prayers and dreaming dreams into him, down to the hour we met face to face where the Angel of Life and the Angel of Death clasped—and loosed—hands above us twain.

Have my own? Aye! Have my own!

And Here Is Mr. Withrow's Answer—

I PREFER to answer this question sanely rather than emotionally. The boys' own welfare is more important than anybody's emotions!

Their highest possibilities are more likely to be realized if they are left to develop naturally, in the soil where they have already taken root.

Who knows but my boy, reared by the fine, decent poor people who believe him their son, may become another Lincoln, while their son, under my love and care, may burgeon into an Edison or a Marconi?

But a sudden, forced change of environment at their most impressionable age, placing them in a strange environment, with parents who are in reality strangers to them, would require on their part a violent emotional readjustment that would probably be impossible and might well be ruinous.

It would be like transplanting a thriving plant from its native soil to an alien soil to which it could not adjust itself; to wither and die.

But the love of each pair of parents for the child whom fate has committed to their keeping can make him as truly their own as natural birth could do!

I would leave both boys where they are!

Liberty is offering $100 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Answers to the question in Liberty for September 27 will be published next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Happy Sympathy

Earl, who was sent home owing to indisposition of the schoolmistress, was being questioned by his mother.

"But I hope you were sorry poor Miss Pringle was ill," said mother.

"Oh, I was, mother, but I couldn't help clapping my hands under my breath."—Mrs. E. Eschinger, 1929 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Wary of the Law

Peter became lost at a school picnic. He told the policeman who found him that he lived near the Brook School and that he could find his way from there.

When the boy appeared home alone, his frantic family inquired how he got there. When told that a policeman had brought him, they asked why he hadn't invited him in so they could thank him.

"Because I didn't do anything naughty this time, but I might be naughty sometime, and I didn't want him to know where I lived," replied five-year-old Peter.—Mrs. Rudolph Johnson, 428 Highland Ave., Boulder, Colo.

* * *

The Great Reality

My four-year-old daughter Mary and I enjoyed a trip through a park where wild animals were kept. When we came to the elephant, Mary took one good look at it, then remarked:

"I never saw anything *real* before."—Mrs. Zourie M. Briggs, 372 S. Ritter Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Old STUFF

A Short Short Story

By

CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE

a newspaper man with a Chicago background and twenty-five years' experience in New York, where, he says, he has worked on "about every morning paper."

(Reading time: 4 min. 36 sec.)

IT'S happening every day now—this business of putting a man on the spot and cooling him off with a machine-gun spray. Commonplace enough, yet, like Babe Ruth's diurnal home run, it always causes talk.

"They didn't get away with it so easy before prohibition," remarked a casual customer as the bar clerk kicked the damper for a fifty-cent sale. "Those bozos who knocked off Rosenthal fifteen years ago took a burning for that job."

"Their work was coarse—grits in it," commented the bar clerk, drawing a shell of needle beer for a shoddy-looking regular. "But don't hang any medals on prohibition fer puttin' efficiency in the murder racket."

"Yet," insisted the casual customer, "the last hundred times out, the lads who put their men on the spot got away with it. They build their killings on the Ford plan, if you get me. Quantity production on a moving platform with an expert on every detail. The guy who's to be knocked off is placed in nomination by a big shot, whose name is John Doe when the Grand Jury sticks its beak into the case. This bird passes a blueprint to his lieutenant, who slips it to his mechanics in the form of a cut-out puzzle. Each one gets his part without knowing what his fellow craftsmen are to do. There may be as many as twenty operations before the truant officer of some cemetery notifies the victim that he's broken his parole."

"Old stuff," grunted the bar clerk.

"I'll say it is," contributed the man with the needle beer. "The big shot is so far away from the front that he just gets back in time to pay for the funeral."

"Wise, both of you!" sneered the casual customer. "But did you ever hear of a job with all these ball-bearing and shock-absorbing gadgets before they took ninety-nine and a half per cent out of the brew?"

"I did," asserted the bar clerk readily. "And I heard it f'm my grandmother."

"Spill it," said the casual customer briefly. "Maybe I've been kidding myself."

"OH, you ain't bein' needled," soothed the bar clerk. "I'm tellin' you about a guy that was put on the spot long before they let the water into the Hudson River. The job had all them efficiency gadgets you're yodelin' about, and nobody took the rap fer it. Y'see, there was a bunch of racketeers who had oiled their way into a rich graft and sewed it up. It was bigger than beer or booze or dope. The graft worked like the tariff and taxes, only the government wasn't gettin' its bit. Everybody had to pay at the turnstile, but nobody had enough sand in his craw to holler."

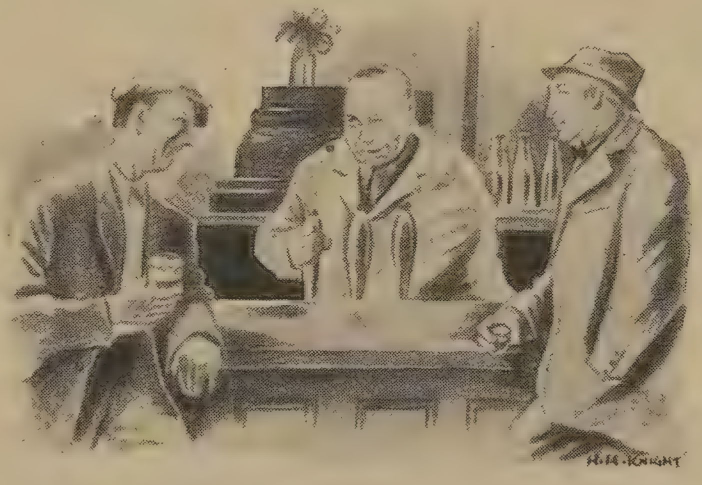
"Well, who made the belch finally?" demanded the casual customer.

"I'm tellin' you. One day a kid who lived in the suburbs blew into town and gave them racketeers the once-over. He told 'em that he didn't like their stuff and that if he had time he'd make a chore of puttin' 'em on the bum. Just like that. They thought he was an amusin' little cuss and gave him quite a hand. Just a joke—get me? Anyway, the kid went back home and began to figger the thing out. He had a good job in the buildin' line and he stuck to it fer quite a while before he came back ready to shoot the works."

The bar clerk paused to suppress the needle-beer man, who had shown symptoms of butting in again. "This kid," he resumed, "began to make speeches f'm a soap box. He told the boobs just what the racketeers were doin' to 'em. Then the gang decided to put the bee on him. No rough stuff, mind you! They just tipped off the gendarmes to give him the bum's rush fer obstructin' the highways. They did it plenty.

"The kid saw the hook-up between the gang and the cops right off the reel. He was cagy. Instead of allowin' his own little bunch to take a pastin' with nightsticks, he gave the office fer secret meetin's to a dozen of 'em."

"Desperate dozen, hey?" put in the casual customer jocularly.



"Don't hang any medals on prohibition fer puttin' efficiency in the murder racket."

"JUST twelve ag'in' the world, you might say," the bar clerk answered. "New York has seven million people, but it ain't likely that you could find as game a bunch here today as the kid had around him in that old burg. Exceptin' two. One guy (he was in the fish business) had a streak of yellow in him, and the other turned out to be a spotter fer the racketeers. The quitter's name was Pete, if I remember what my grandmother told me. The kid was wise to them both, and he made a few cracks about 'em at a meetin' one night. Funny how these things go. The quitter and the spotter were the only ones to take offense at the insinuations. The stool pigeon—"

"What was the stool's name? You called the quitter 'Pete.'"

"Name? I forgot, although the old lady gave me his moniker when she told me the story. Anyway, the grafters promised him some coin if he put the kid on the spot. Well, the skunk turned the trick fer 'em, and when the muscle men put the basket over the kid, Pete quit cold. Denied he ever knew the kid and said he was just hangin' around to get an eyeful."

"Did the strong-arm boys take the kid for a ride?"

"I'll say they did—crowned him first."

"Say, you didn't tell me his name, either."

The needle-beer man set his glass down and made for the locked exit, an unlicensed expletive escaping from his lips. Nothing strange, perhaps, in a speakeasy, where the Lord's name is taken in vain many times every day. As he dropped the chain and opened the door a brilliant shaft of sunshine flooded the sordid old deadfall.

"That was his name," he said, "and the guy who put Him on the spot was Judas Iscariot."

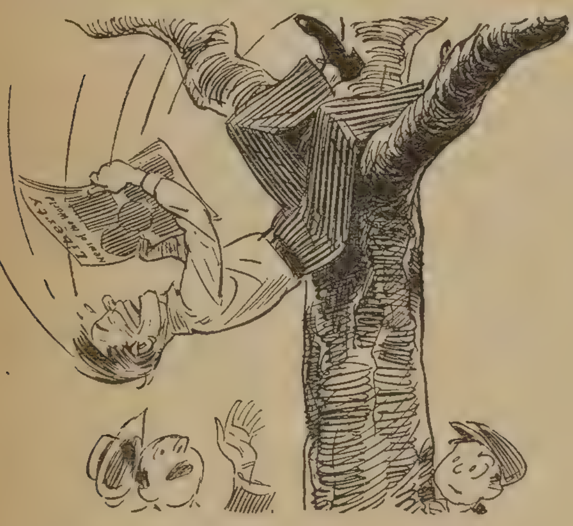
THE END

Vox

What Did You Say the Tree Sitter Broke?

CENTRAL ISLIP, N. Y.—Hi there, Lib! Another page of Ralph Barton's " News of the World " like that you've been handing out, and you will lose two perfectly good customers.

The missus swallowed her gum laughing, and I'll be damned if I didn't upset the only quart I had in the house.



I sent one of those pages to our local tree sitter, and he laughed so hearty he fell out of the tree and broke another record. That feature, the way Barton handles it, is just too darn dangerous.—*And How.*

We're Mostly Wrong, Says Mr. Pike, but He Agrees with Us

TROY, N. Y.—The writer has read with interest your remarks concerning thermometers in your editorial, " From Freezing to Boiling."

We do not see just why you have given this such prominence albeit the information is mostly correct, particularly when you say that the Fahrenheit scale is ridiculous.

The first sentence of your editorial, however, is wrong, because there is nothing new about thermometers with both Centigrade and Fahrenheit scales on the same plate. Not only have they been made this way for years but a third scale is also being used, called Reaumur. An instrument used in breweries is supplied with two scales, Fahrenheit and Reaumur.

It occurs to the writer that probably you are in favor of the movement to use the metric system throughout our system of measurement and possibly the idea you have hit on is one to educate the public. As thermometer manufacturers it would be a very easy matter for us to change to the Centigrade scale, but there are many problems confronting other manufacturers who have been using different forms of measurement than the metric.

We occasionally have requests for double-scale instruments to be used for special purposes but doubt that a line of thermometers of the two scales would be readily salable to the trade. As an educational proposition it is fine but to the ordinary person buying thermometers the double row of figures would be confusing.

We write merely to agree with your article in general and, incidentally, would be pleased to know what reactions you may have to it.—*S. M. Pike, The Wilder-Pike Thermometer Co., Inc.*

Too Much; She Probably Wants Something

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Let us have some more of Lawrence Saunders' stories. They are the best possible, and possibly better. Why, my wife said she liked " Sly Puss! " even after I said I liked it. Isn't that saying enough?—*" Bad " Nellson.*

The Picture Is Too Hard

BOSTON, MASS.—Re " Grover Fished on Sunday," by Edward Doherty. If you lived in Boston, New York, or one of the other Eastern cities that have large Roman Catholic populations you could easily pick out the species Homo Soreheadicus that originated in the fall of 1928.

Mr. Doherty sounds like one of these to me.

It's not the love of Cleveland (he would probably go unnoticed otherwise) but the dislike of Hoover (known to them only as the man who beat Al Smith) that caused them to act this way. Why don't they take it on the chin like Smith did?

He is more of a man than 90 per cent of his followers.

If you want a picture for this letter in your Vox Pop just show Doherty on his back with a fish pole in one hand, a bottle in the other, a balloon representing a dream of Al Smith as president—and he is singing: " I'm fishing with tears in my eyes, 'cause the man in the chair isn't you."—*American Citizen.*

From Our Loving Friends

LINCOLN, NEB.—The artist made thirteen mistakes instead of twelve in the " What's Wrong Here? " picture in Liberty dated September 27. The picture showed the living room of a refined-looking home, and in that room a man was reading Liberty, and holding it reversed.

No man in such a home would be reading Liberty, even upside down.—*I. N. Spectum.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Some day, some time, somewhere, I hope to meet someone who has met someone who has met someone who has known someone who actually received a cash prize in one of your contests.—*Ben Sykes Woodhead.*

Shucks. Now the Puzzle Editor Will Be Asking for a Raise

SPARROWBUSH, N. Y.—Just a little boost for a feature that deserves one.

It's a matter of common comment among the fans that Liberty's puzzles, from the start, have been the best in the field. Your puzzlemakers use the clearest, cleanest definitions to be found anywhere in the puzzle line.

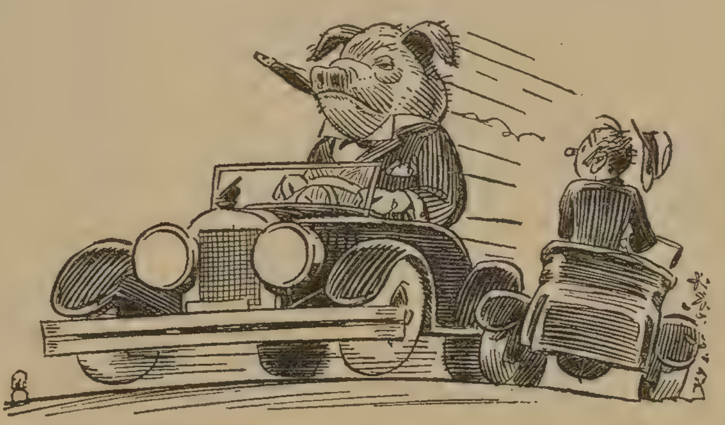
That is as it should be, but not all the makers understand the psychology of the true puzzle. The game is not to instruct already jaded readers in unfamiliar words, but to give them an opportunity to brush up on words already stored in memory. Yes, Liberty is the brightest beacon in the cross-word field.—*C. A. Van Fredenberg.*

How Interesting

TEAGUE, TEXAS—I have to scratch myself in the ribs to see anything " bright " in " Bright Sayings of Children."—*A Square-Shooting Texan.*

How About a Slight Piece on the Editor Who Tried to Please Everybody?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—If you want to make a lot of people in this country purr with contentment over their lot in life, publish a series of biographies of the world's worst failures. I'll start the ball rolling by sending in a detailed account of the life of a man who has tried for twenty years to break the habit of laying over for a road hog, but who still flinches at the last moment, and pulls over in a ditch—a flat failure at forty.



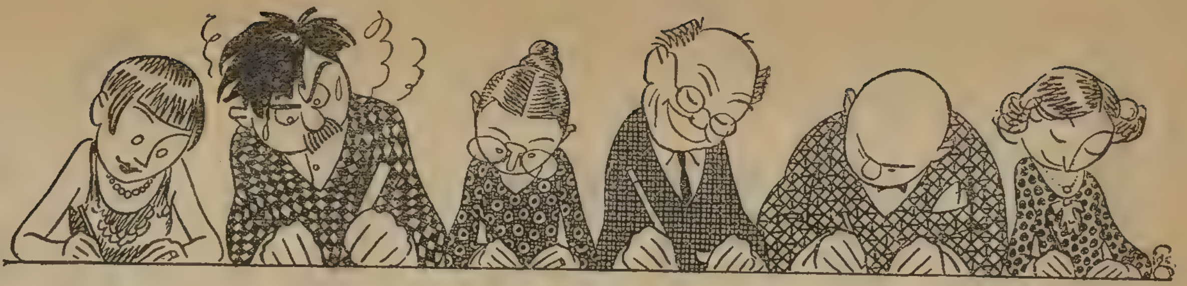
Such a program might go a long way toward consoling others who have lived to see repeated efforts along a certain line crowned with failure, and should be quite a boon to those who are fed up on success stories.—*Ding Dong Dell.*

What 100 Per Cent Test?

CHICAGO, ILL.—In view of Liberty's jingoistic attitude toward Russia, one wonders how George Bernard Shaw was permitted to spread his " vicious " propaganda by advocating abolition of capitalism and private property.

I don't see how such an article ever passed the 100 per cent test.—*One Who Ought to Be Deported.*

Pop



Seems Like a Fair Offer

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Say wats the big idee. Hoo sed this magaseen is a weakly for everybody huh? It aint. You havent got eny storys in it for kids like me.

I have a alowense every weak and I by Liberty now but if you doant start writeing some storys for kids soon youle lose a awfle good kostimer.

Shure you put Sandys littel boy on the cover wonse in a while but hees to littel for me to bothur about.

Wy doant you leve out all the mush about love and drinking and give us kids sum Indian and cowboy storys or sumthing like Penrod and Sam only yood haf to leve out the big werds cus I aint big enuf to yoose the dicshnery yet.

Say I bet cha I cud write yow sum good wuns.

Im the champeen story teller in our nayberhood.

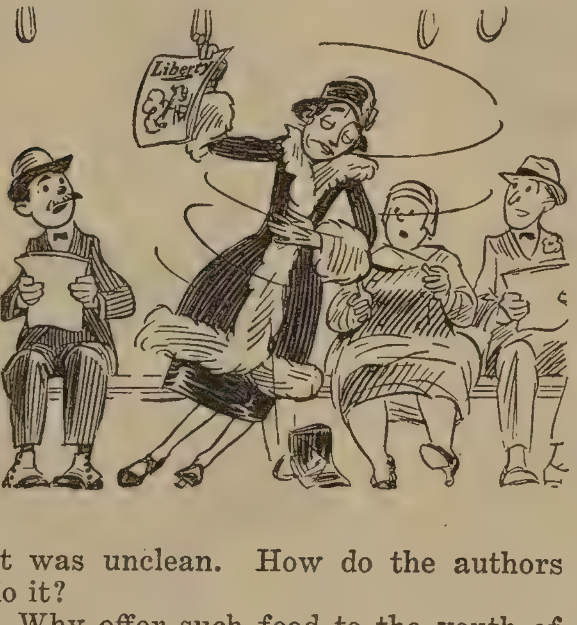
I write storys for my gang and thay are keen on them and if thay are why woodent all the other guys in the U. S. P. C. the p. c. stands for pos crip.

Wood you print sum if I cent them in. I woodent charge much cus Im a littel boy yet and doant need a lot of money til I grow up and take the gerls out. My name is *Wiley.*

Distressing Effect of Lifting a Liberty

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your short short story, "Ten Minutes," by Ednah Aiken, swept over my mind and soul as a devastating storm.

It tossed me beyond the pale of safety.



It was unclean. How do the authors do it?

Why offer such food to the youth of today?

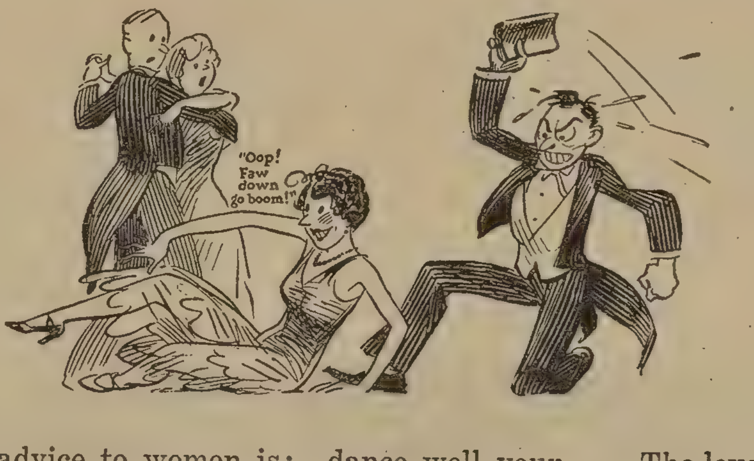
What Christian woman, man, or youth cares to lift a Liberty from the news stand and swoon from nausea in a street car, or even at the news stand where he was seen to purchase it, or even in the safety of his home?

A blow is a blow, wherever it be dealt. *—Mrs. Dorothy Proffitt, Revealer of Truth.*

Heh heh

CHICAGO, ILL.—Brenda Ueland sure does know her stags and their line. She proved it in that witty article of hers, "Extra Men."

But I got a great big snicker out of one of the lines in that write-up. Brenda quotes a "black-haired, sinewy Argentine who gives exhibitions at fashionable New York hotels" as saying: "So, my advice to women is: dance well yourself, no matter what your partner is doing."


"Oop! Faw down go boom!"

Yeah? Well, if I'm dancing a waltz and my black-haired, sinewy partner insists on dancing a fox trot, however well, there's going to be plenty trouble.—*Dancing Man.*

An Old, Old Lady in a Short, Short Story

ATLANTA, GA.—The old, old lady in "Just an Old, Old Story" created one of the greatest surprises Liberty fans have ever experienced.

There was the old, old lady, on the verge of drinking a bottle of poison (usual event in Liberty stories)—and she didn't drink it!

I believe this sets an all-time record for Liberty.—*A Reader.*

GREAT NECK, L. I.—Have just finished reading the short short story by Juliette Kay, "Just an Old, Old Story." I hasten to haul out the Corona to offer my congratulations to both Liberty and the authoress.

Juliette has crammed more life, pathos, and genuine interest in one brief page than anything that has ever come to my attention before.

And that's that!—*R. L. Bryant.*

A Word for the Goose

ASTORIA, ORE.—Hollywood seems to think it can get away with murder and everything else! Why so self-enamored of its charms?

Is there no one there who would (at least at times) like to be regarded as an honest-to-goodness human being, instead of a degenerate moron bent on cruelty?

In the movies they seem to use, directly and indirectly, about every sort of animal, and what those animals have to endure in the way of fear, broken spirit, and broken body, is nothing short of a sin!

Take Part Three of your Mabel Normand story, for example. Mabel was making a picture, "Joan of Plattsburg," and the scenario called for a goose—"a savage brute"—made so, doubtless, by much abuse—but to make sure it would bite Mabel it was teased just before she came on.

When Mabel and the goose fell off the roof, she knocked it senseless. "Then she leaped to her feet, grabbed it by the neck, stormed furiously into the office, and hurled it on the desk."

She also called it a "damned man-eating duck"—a profanity which did not harm the dying goose any, but certainly showed no humane instincts on Mabel's part.

The lovely wild goose holds her beauty and grace to the last, is highly intelligent, mates once only and for life, and lives to be 100 years old.

Can Hollywood humans match that? *—L. M. Clarke.*

From Florida to Canada

TAMPA, FLA.—Roy Brown's story on Bishop was the best war-bird yarn you have ever printed. The Canadians did epic combat work in the air.

Clayton Knight's illustrations of these stories are marvelous.—*C. M. McLennan.*

The Kind of Story the "Girl" Was

WOLFE CITY, TEX.—Once in a blue moon or a coon's age do you publish a grand, good story like "The Girl Went Over the Mountain," by MacKinlay Kantor. Don't misjudge me, now—I'm not knocking—I know you would if you could get 'em. They're scarce.

Ones like the "Girl" are scarce—wherein the hero, a big he-man and apparent son of the soil, turns out to be a highly sophisticated writer—who throws rocks at the villain—and who comes out point-blank and tells the heroine he'd like to kiss her many times over—and right in the presence of the "menace," who sits sulky and beaten in a corner—

And before it's half over you're visualizing yourself as the hero—and the heroine as the wistful little girl with copper-colored hair who lives in the west part of town across the railroad tracks, and who looks like Janet Gaynor—and the villain as the guy who cut in on your dance with her last week, and whom you saw taking her to the talkies last evening—

That's the kind of story the "Girl" was, so let's have some more of Mr. Kantor. *Please.—Boyd Sinclair.*

King Carol II

The Playboy of the Balkans

By DOROTHY M. RUSSELL

(Reading time: 30 minutes 25 seconds.)

LAST week's opening installment of this narrative left Jon Bratianu at the start of his career as prime minister, in 1922, with his two brothers and his brother-in-law, Prince Stirbey, sharing his political power.

Part Two—Lover and Outcast

WITHIN four short years the Bratianus controlled the army, the gendarmerie, and the governmental machine. They also set about getting the financial and economic control of the country in their grasp, thereby becoming enormously wealthy themselves. To this end, they manipulated a law nationalizing Roumania's vast natural resources to prevent their exploitation by foreign capital. At first, this looked like a courageous patriotic act, until they proceeded to centralize those resources to the benefit of themselves and the Liberals whose support was valuable to them.

The state petroleum lands were divided or distributed to companies under Liberal control. The natural gas of Transylvania was monopolized by Liberal interests. The railroads were made autonomous under a board composed of Liberals.

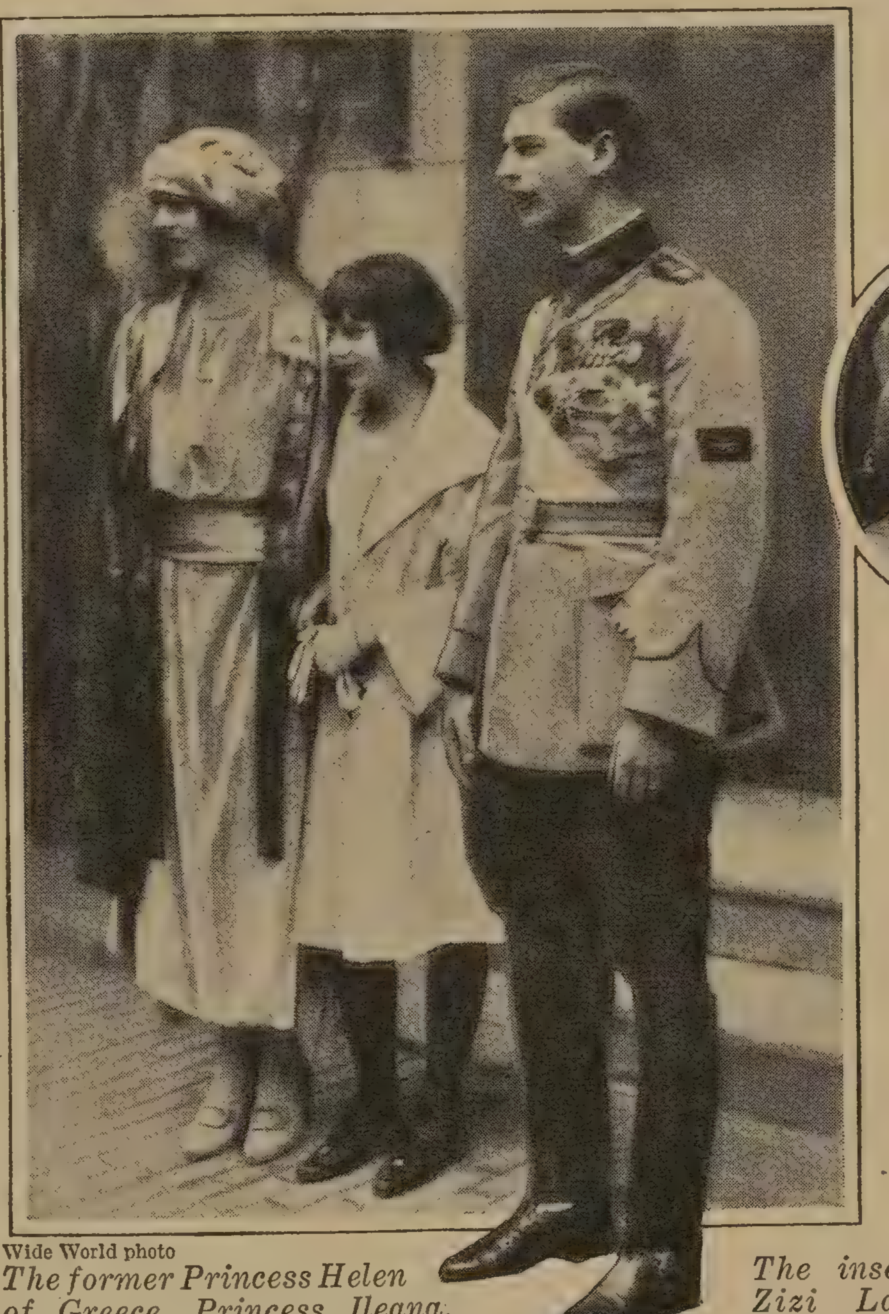
Through the Credit Industrial, a banking institution supported by the state, the Liberals worked their way into many other industries because of their power to impose any conditions they chose upon which the bank would grant loans.

Prince Stirbey shared in the Liberal loot. He was president of the Steuea Romana Oil Company, vice president of the General Bank, and vice president of the Resita Mining Company, which in alliance with Vickers had branched into the manufacture of munitions.

He was a director in many other important companies and holdings. Although postwar land reform legislation had limited estates to 500 acres, Stirbey owned 20,000 acres, including rich vineyards which yielded most of Roumania's wine, orchards, canary farms, and apiaries housing hundreds of swarms of bees. He was reputed to be the wealthiest man in Roumania.

Of course, Jon Bratianu and Stirbey did not forget their liege lord and good friend, the king. They induced Ferdinand to invest his money in their enterprises and the king discovered that their advice was good. His investments increased and multiplied, and Prime Minister Bratianu soon had a large part of the king's fortune under his control. While King Ferdinand lived, the Bratianu-Stirbey-Liberal régime had nothing to fear.

To the American mind, the



Wide World photo

The former Princess Helen of Greece, Princess Ileana, and Carol, then crown prince, shortly after Carol and Helen were wed in 1921.

P. & A. photo

The inset shows Zizi Lambrino, who eloped with Carol in war days.

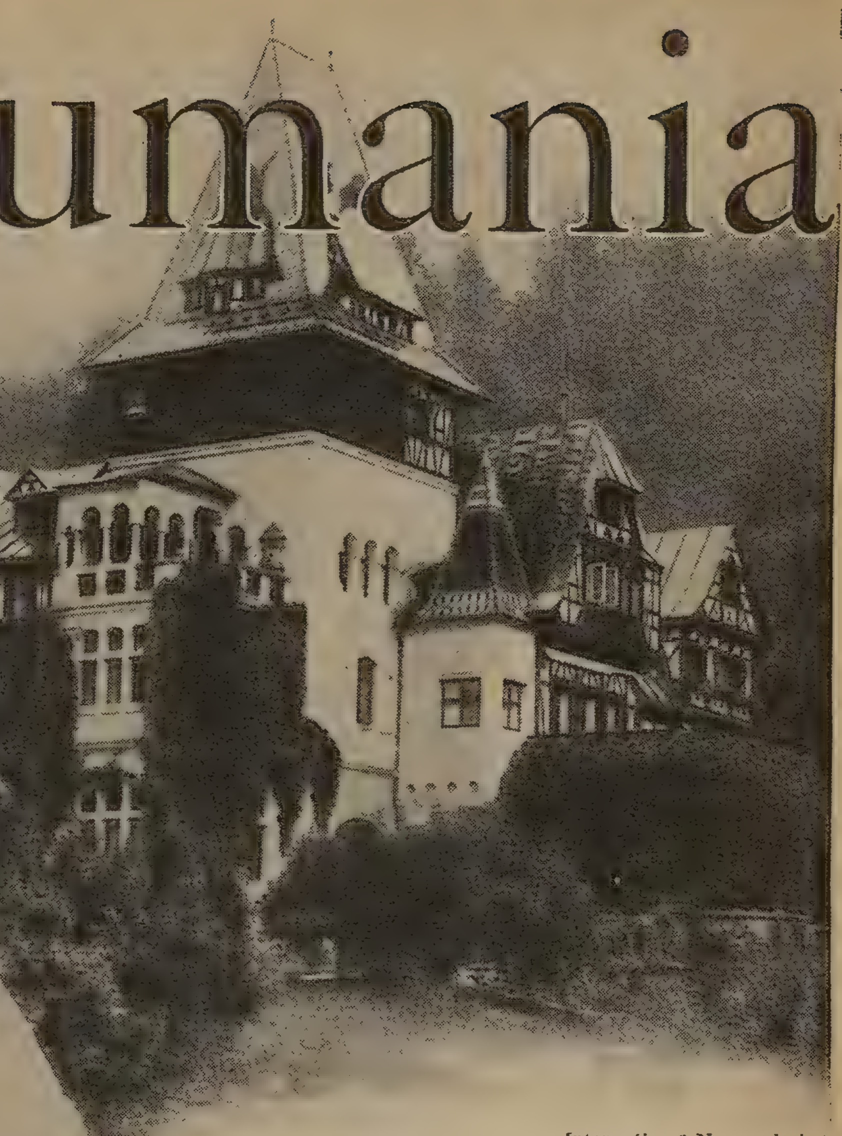
Mircea, son of Carol and Zizi Lambrino.

P. & A. photo

# of Roumania

Photo Sport & General

King Carol in an informal mood. An adept at tennis, he takes his sport like an Englishman—as well he may, since his mother was an English princess and he attended Oxford.



International Newsreel photo

The summer palace of the Roumanian royal family at Sinaia, in the Carpathians.

question at once arises, why did not the Roumanian people rise up in protest? In a population of more than 16,000,000 only a few thousands are educated. The great peasant majority are still in a state of misery and illiteracy unequaled in Europe. The social system is as feudal as that of the Middle Ages. For years, the land was held by fewer than 2,000 persons. The rest worked for them. The boyars, or landowners, have always lorded it over the peasantry while they themselves spent the income from the fertile lands.

After the World War and the acquisition of Transylvania and Bessarabia, Prime Minister Bratianu found it expedient to make some concessions to the people. The new provinces were inclined to be critical of the old Roumanian régime. Many of the king's new subjects had lived for a time in the United States as immigrants, and had returned to their fatherland during the war. They had western notions of rights and independence, even of republicanism. Then, too, the annexed territories considered the culture of the old kingdom inferior to their own and were not at all worshipful of the sacrosanct Liberals in Bucharest. And the Liberals remembered that these people comprised 60 per cent of the population.

AS a fine gesture, the Liberals joined the opposition for once and in Parliament voted universal direct suffrage. They also passed a land reform bill under the terms of which the boyars' big estates were divided, and land was given to the peasants. The poor peasants were at first overwhelmed with gratitude. But they soon found that the great land reform of the Bratianus was no more than a gigantic bribery scheme. The peasant owned his own bit of land, it was true, but he had no money to buy the things he needed with which to cultivate it, and he had to pay the Liberal-controlled state banks 30, 40, and 50 per cent interest on loans. Then, when he had raised his grain, he must pay the government an enormous tax

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page fifty-five

per wagon for exporting it. Bribes entered into every business calculation. His last condition was worse than his first.

The Roumanian peasant is patient, stoical, slow to move, because he is ignorant. But new life had been infused into his class with the addition of the new provinces and with his freshly acquired vote and his increased self-respect as a landowner, a political consciousness began slowly to dawn upon him. It took form in the organization of the National Peasant party under the leadership of an educated man of the people, Julius Maniu. Encouraged and welcomed by the cultured economist and historian, Nicolas Jorga, leader of the radical Nationalist party in the old kingdom, the new Peasant party soon gained a sizable representation among the opposition in Parliament.

The Liberals viewed this boomerang of their reforms with disgust, then with growing apprehension. Although the untutored peasants lacked strong leaders, the introduction of new forces among them foreshadowed a possible shift in the political and economic gravity of the country, should ever the Liberals lose their hold. As a timely precaution, Prime Minister Bratianu redoubled his vigilance at the polls. Whenever there was an election, the opposition voters were terrorized. They were fired at on the public highways as they went to vote. In mountainous regions, barricades were raised across the passes, against their approach.

Their villages were set afire on polling day, so that they would have to stay at home to fight the flames for their possessions. Those who did reach the polls were coached by the police on guard to name the government candidate when they cast their votes, and the peasants were so ignorant that in most cases they did not know the difference between the candidates anyhow. Finally, if the government's majority was not sufficiently large to satisfy the leaders, there would be a day or two delay in announcing the results, to permit a " recount " which would meet with their satisfaction.

THERE seemed no way to break the Liberal power, for so firm a hold did Bratianu and Stirbey have over the king and queen that at the end of each term of office, Bratianu would be reappointed prime minister, and as usual, his party would be returned to power in Parliament.

Crown Prince Carol was the one weak point in the Liberal armor. He was young, impulsive and headstrong, with opinions of his own, and he showed no such plasticity in the Bratianu mold as did his father and mother. Bratianu could not endure him. He was a philanderer, with apparently no conception of the responsibilities and dignity befitting a prince, with a head filled with ridiculous democratic notions, and with a determination to have his own way that the prime minister found little short of impudent.

P. & A. photo

Carol and Mme. Lupescu, left and center, dining at the Grand Palace in Nice, France.

Carol returned Bratianu's feelings with interest. He was openly defiant of him and his régime and refused to conform to any of the policies laid out for him. As for Prince Stirbey, the crown prince had a deep-rooted dislike for him that he made no attempt to conceal. He made no secret of the fact that he intended to oust both of them whenever he came to the throne. What political ideas Carol had, veered to those of the Nationalists, the minority party of his friend and tutor, Jorga. In Carol, Bratianu and Stirbey saw a future danger to themselves.

ASIDE from idle threats, however, Carol did not take his position as heir apparent too seriously. He was pleasure bent, and he found the acme of all his ambitions realized by playing Prince Charming to whatever attractive young woman struck his fancy, in or out of society. He frequented the music halls and the cabarets of Bucharest and was a familiar figure in the night life of the capital.

There was no haunt, no walk of life into which a love adventure could not lure him. Dashing, good-looking, and gay, his conquests of the fair sex were easy, and legion. A tzigane, or gypsy singer, an actress, a woman of the people, or a lady of the court—what difference in love, if the face be pretty, the ankle trim, and the form divinely fair?

Practically all society folk in the capital shared his predilection for the primrose path. The code of sex morals is as easy in Roumanian upper classes as it is rigidly severe among the religious peasantry. And in the court in which Carol grew up, love intrigues cast a romantic glamour over the head of his own mother, Queen Marie.

But polite society believed in the propriety of discretion; whereas the crown prince's enthusiasm was unrestrained. When peppy stories of his amours with chorus girls of the National Theater in Bucharest became public property, King Ferdinand decided it was time to curb his exuberance. He sent him away to join a regiment of Prussian Guards in the hope that German discipline might teach him to sow his oats a little less wildly. The Prussians are not noted for monastic restraint, however, nor could their strict military discipline temper in the least the flaming ardor of Roumania's heir.

When Carol returned home, six months before the outbreak of the World War, and was sent to Transylvania as an ambassador of good will to the then Hungarian province, his capacity for feminine distraction proved to be as great as ever.

It was during the war that Crown Prince Carol experienced his first serious love affair. As a colonel in the Roumanian army, he served at the front under Roumania's war hero, General Averescu. The prince was rated a good fellow, and democratic; he became extremely popular with his fellow officers and with the troops. One day when he was on leave, an officer of his acquaintance presented his charming daughter, Zizi, to the prince, and at the sight of her Carol fell deeply in love. Zizi was not beautiful, but she was a type the prince liked, large, Junoesque, and distinguished, and she had great dark limpid eyes with the allure of the Orient in them. They saw each other thereafter as frequently as wartime regulations and a prince's privileges would permit, and soon Zizi Lambrino became the absorbing passion of Crown Prince Carol's life.

At that time—it was late summer, 1918—the Germans dominated Roumania through military conquest and a humiliating treaty of peace. Then, if ever, the presence of the crown prince was needed to strengthen the morale of the nation. But Carol, in the throes of love, threw all consideration of the army, his country, and the dynasty to the winds. He deserted his command, met Zizi secretly, and eloped with her across the border into Russia. They were married in the cathedral at Odessa with the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church, which is also the state church of Roumania.

THE news burst like a bombshell in the royal palace at Bucharest. The crown prince had contracted marriage with a commoner! If King Ferdinand reflected on the coincidence between his son's act and the course he himself had been prevented from following with Hélène Vacarescu many years before, he also understood at last the feelings of King Carol I. In the eyes of Prince Carol's royal parents and of the state, his mésalliance threatened the security of the dynasty, and at an especially awkward time when dynasties were crumbling fast, too.

As commander in chief of the army, Ferdinand ordered his son brought back to Roumania under military escort. Carol was charged with desertion from the army and sentenced to seventy-five days' close confinement for "transgression of military regulations."

The sudden termination of the war brought about his release from prison and he sped to the waiting arms of Zizi. Despite family pressure, Carol refused to give up his wife. He lived with her in a little apartment in Bucharest, apparently in the seventh heaven of connubial bliss. Adored by her husband, secure in the belief that his passionate embraces were those of a protector as well as a lover, what matter to Zizi that she and Carol defied the world? Those early days of married rapture with him were the happiest in Zizi's tragic life.

The royal family offered the young wife enormous sums of money to leave Carol, but she refused. It was equally useless to reason with the crown prince. To successive threats, entreaties, arguments, he retorted that he preferred to surrender his rights to the succession rather than be separated from his wife.

"I prefer the bride of my choice to a throne, which is so uncertain nowadays, anyway," he declared airily.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To...
WOMEN
Who Want
to Stay
YOUNG

Never Neglect Your "NERVES"

"NERVES" cause more lines and wrinkles in the face than age. "NERVES" help to ruin the fairest complexions. Beauty and charm soon fade if you don't control your "NERVES." Here's a pleasant, harmless Effervescent Drink that soothes and relaxes tense "NERVES." Read about it. Try it—you'll welcome the effective relief it gives for most nervous troubles.

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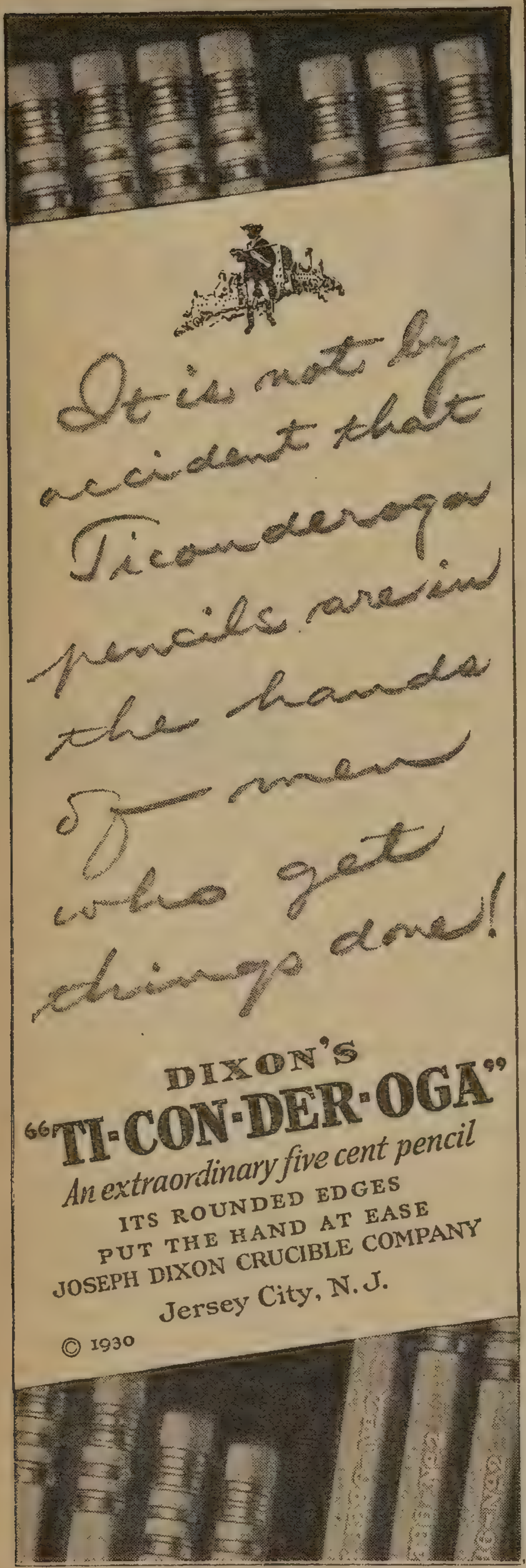

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KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page fifty-seven

King Ferdinand was alarmed. His son's words sounded like far-off familiar phrases echoing from the days of his own young manhood. He would not even listen to an offer of abdication from Carol. But Prime Minister Bratianu stored an idea away in his fertile mind for future reference.

The capital hummed with gossip. Queen Marie, whose influence the Allies had to thank for getting Roumania on their side in the war with Germany, blamed the Germans for the trouble Carol had got himself into.

"It was German agents who maneuvered and brought about the marriage of my son Carol," she flared. As for Zizi, the queen summed up her unwelcome daughter-in-law in a few biting words:

"She is not pretty, but intelligent and ambitious." Poor harassed Marie could not help but admit that a girl whom she looked on as an adventuress must be intelligent to capture a son of hers and the heir to the throne as well.

WHEN even royalty was unable to buy off Zizi, and when, to everyone's surprise, Carol's devotion to her showed no signs of waning, the king and queen, in consultation with Bratianu and Stirbey, called in the law to see what could be done about it. Great statute books were dusted off and pondered. Learned heads pooled their knowledge over conference tables. Finally, the regrettable but nevertheless lawful opinion was returned that since the royal family in Roumania had the same legal status as any other family, Carol's marriage might be considered legitimate and the children of such a marriage could claim full rights of succession.

The sovereigns were distracted. Then somebody had a bright idea. If Carol and Zizi would not break up their marriage of their own accord, like so many sensible couples, the state should do it for them. Carol's marriage was annulled by both church and state on the grounds that it was illegal under the laws of Roumania and of old Russia because no banns had been published. By the time the decree was made public the king and queen had learned that Zizi was to have a child.

Prince Carol was indignant. His parents' attitude estranged and embittered him. He quarreled violently with them. In reply to their criticisms of his conduct, he denounced Bratianu's influence over his father as "evil," and described Prince Stirbey's relations with his mother as "scandalous."

Concerning the annulment, he wrote Queen Marie:

> Dear Mama,
>
> I cannot have Zizi left in this ridiculous and equivocal position, and never could I admit that the child to be born out of our marriage should be considered illegitimate.

His protest was futile. When Carol's son was born, his birth certificate made him out a bastard. The prince named the baby Mircea, after his younger brother who had died. He refused to accept the dissolution of his marriage as a reason for separation, and when he was ordered off to Hungary with his regiment he wrote Zizi an ardent farewell which concluded as follows:

© P. & A.

King Carol chatting with Marshal Averescu at a review of troops.

> I want this letter to be recognition on my part of my fatherhood of your son and an avowal that despite the annulment of our marriage, I have never ceased to consider myself your husband.
>
> I embrace you. CAROL.

In Hungary, Carol was welcomed by a group of politicians who wanted to make him king of their country, which was at that time in a state of postwar chaos without a stable government of any kind. Fired by his hatred of Bratianu and a desire to be free of his dominance, the prince entertained the idea, with a view to a future union between Hungary and Roumania when he should succeed to his father's throne. A Roumanian diplomat, M. Diamandi, whom Carol had unwisely taken into his confidence, betrayed the prince to Bratianu. The prime minister was enraged. He bade King Ferdinand recall his son at once. The crown prince, discovered, tried to avert being delivered into the hands of his enemy. He shot himself, inflicting a wound in the leg. Reports stated that it was an attempt at suicide, motivated by his parents' attempts to part him from Zizi, but other versions maintained that the wound was only an excuse for him to remain among friends until he could checkmate his foes.

Thereafter the prime minister, alert and grim, had Carol watched. He humiliated him whenever he could, omitting him from all crown councils, and from the regency which ruled for the sovereigns while Ferdinand and Marie were in England on a visit.

Proud and infuriated, Carol flung down the gauntlet. He proffered to King Ferdinand his renunciation of the throne for himself and his heirs, asked for a subordinate position in the army, and took Zizi with him to live at Monastirea, in the district of Lifov.

Bratianu lost no time in profiting from Carol's impetuosity. He introduced a bill in the chamber providing that members of the dynasty on losing quality through renunciation should lose their political rights and military rank. The Liberals passed it!

Queen Marie tried to make the best of her failure to separate the lovers.

"Youth and love will have their way in spite of kings and queens," she said. But she began looking around Europe for a royal bride with whom to anchor Carol.

KING FERDINAND again refused to allow his son to abdicate. He had a sneaking sympathy for Carol, for he remembered his own love story and the heavy price he had paid for his crown. There was, he felt confident, a happier solution to the situation. His prime minister tried bullying tactics with Carol, who, with growing hatred, resisted.

"Do you think I am a puppet and do not know what I want?" he wrote to Bratianu in 1919.

"You make a mistake. I renounced the throne only as a last resort. You believe that time will temper everything. Whatever obstacles you place in my path, I will not give up my wife, Zizi Lambrino."

In a man of stronger character than Carol's, the deadlock between the two might have brought about a more immediate issue. Carol had sympathizers who shared his hatred of Bratianu. But the prince spent his energies in angry words and in love-making.

Zizi's life at Monastirea could not have been altogether happy. Her position was uncertain, she was cut off from relatives and friends, and as time went on, her royal husband showed none of the firm stability that his fiery declarations indicated. Even in her love, which he had chosen, he seemed unable to rest content. During the months they lived there, Carol made another unsuccessful attempt at suicide. He was torn by conflicting desires and a vague restlessness for the life and gayety to which he was accustomed.

The Nationalists were awake to their chance of making political capital out of the situation. Alexander Vaida-Voevod, leader of the party in Transylvania, induced King Ferdinand to permit him to mediate between sovereign and son. With the help of Professor Jorga, Nationalist leader in the old kingdom, he initiated negotiations with Carol leading to a reconciliation with his family.

The prince's old friend and tutor, Professor Jorga, exerted his great influence with his former pupil to bring him into line with his parents' point of view. Carol was the hope of the opposition parties in their long and seemingly fruitless struggle against the Liberals. Jorga lashed the prince's vanity and his ambition. He pointed out that by retiring into obscurity with Zizi, the prince was playing into Bratianu's hands.

Carol was a ready listener. Probably domestic life in a small place bored him. At any rate, in the spring of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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$5

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the Wrist Watch Must Run in All Positions . . . so the Mite is given the 4-Position Test

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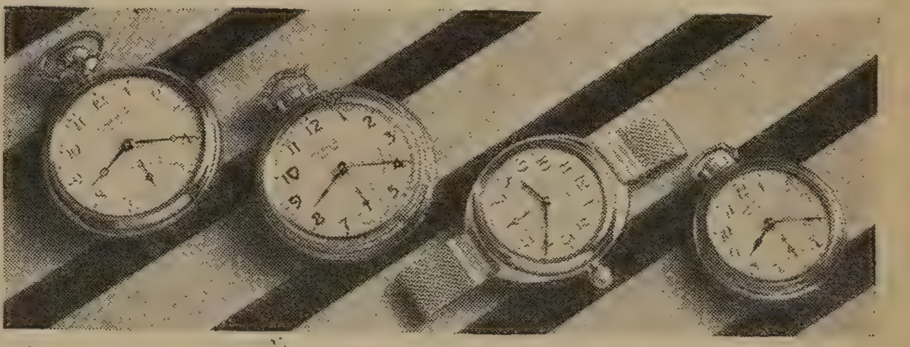

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The world's most famous watch.
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GRAY hair is a business and social handicap that you can now overcome without taking chances with uncertain methods or fussing with messy, sticky preparations. Now science has discovered a liquid as colorless as water itself—yet it actually imparts color to Gray Hair—no matter what your age—no matter how gray you are — no matter what the cause of your Gray Hair. It is called Kolor-Bak. It is as easy to use as combing your hair. You simply comb Kolor-Bak into your hair and the Gray goes so gradually that even your friends cannot tell that you are using anything. The beautiful sheen of your hair is left unchanged. Strange as it sounds, the very same bottle of this colorless liquid does for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Already hundreds of thousands of bottles have been used. So sure are its amazing results that it is sold on a guarantee that if it doesn't make you look 10 years younger your money will be refunded any time you ask. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today.

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TRY IT TODAY!

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page fifty-nine

1920, less than two years after his romantic marriage, he left Zizi and agreed to marry the princess whom his mother had chosen for him. Queen Marie had selected Princess Helen of Greece, sister of the Prince George on whom she had set her heart for her daughter Elizabeth. The dual marriages would have meant a fair exchange of a throne for a throne, had not Elizabeth lost hers when her husband was deposed later.

Carol wrote Zizi a final letter of rupture, lamely excusing his abandonment of her and their child with the plea of patriotism:

> I am vanquished. Love of my country has forced my hand. I resisted to the last, but circumstances beyond my control compel the decision.

THE royal family settled the equivalent of $5,000 a year on Zizi under the conditions that she create no disturbance and cause no notoriety. It was also understood that if Carol wanted to see her now and then, no objections would be raised.

Carol was reconciled to his parents, and the little escapade of a "bad boy," as Queen Marie had called her son in court circles, was forgiven and forgotten.

The crown prince was in no hurry to reënter matrimony. Instead, he embarked on a world tour and it was hoped that new scenes and fresh faces would help him to forget Zizi and his recent troubles. Carol was very interested in the prospect of fresh faces, especially feminine ones. He confided to a friend that he wanted to make a thorough personal investigation into the differences between women of various countries.

The pretext for the journey was a mission to Japan, to negotiate, if possible, a loan for Roumania's depleted treasury. The prince did not succeed in his mission, but he had a good time seeing the world. On his way home, he visited America and was extensively entertained here. Among his hosts were the former American ambassador to Germany, James W. Gerard, and Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, chairman of the Roumanian Relief Commission during the war.

Upon Carol's return to Roumania, his engagement to Princess Helen of Greece was officially announced and they were married at Athens on March 10, 1921. Carol brought his royal bride home for a honeymoon at Sinaia in the Carpathian Mountains. In October of the same year, an heir, Prince Mihai, or Michael, was born.

From the beginning, the marriage was unhappy. Helen was not the type of woman Carol cared for, in the first place. She was quiet, conventional, dignified, and domestic. He found her cold and unresponsive in comparison with other women more to his taste. Then, too, she was not at all complaisant with her husband's total disregard of marital fidelity. His gregarious habits were as strong as ever. Whenever he took a supposedly solitary holiday, stories of his wild life at Monte Carlo and in Paris reached her ears. Even at home she had cause for complaint. Carol's amours in and around Bucharest were common gossip.

Wide World photo

Roumanian peasants swinging along a rural path. It is people like these who have borne the brunt of bribery, intrigue, and struggles for power.

PRINCESS HELEN'S principal rival was a pretty red-haired typist, daughter of a Jewish merchant at Jassy who had changed his name from Wolfe to its Roumanian equivalent, Lupescu. Her name was Leah, but she changed that, too, for the less Semitic one of Magda. Jews are looked down upon in Roumania and are frequently victims of anti-Semitic riots fanned by race prejudice. Carol's choice of a Jewish mistress was considered particularly objectionable. Besides, Magda was the wife of a Roumanian military attaché when she became involved with Carol, and conventional Princess Helen thought the double wrong was shameful. Carol was quite unmoved, however. Magda was installed in a cozy house not far from the palace, and he spent many hours there.

When Helen realized that her protests against this and other affairs had no effect, she refused to live with Carol and carried her complaints direct to the king and queen. The crown prince highly resented her interference.

"She is just a greasy Greek who continually spied on the prince and then ran with tattling tales to Queen Marie," a close friend of Carol told the writer later, and apparently this view reflected his own. For a time there were rumors of an impending divorce.

Frustrated by Carol's marriage and reconciliation with his parents in taming the prince to his will, Bratianu had been waiting for an opportunity to renew the attack. He started a campaign of scurrilous gossip about the Roumanian heir and his siren, Magda, in the Liberal newspapers, until the matter became a public scandal. Queen Marie tried every means in her power to break the affair.

Finally, she commanded her son to give the Lupescu woman up. Another bitter wrangle ensued. Carol told his mother to look to her own liaisons, and when Prince Stirbey started to lecture him, the crown prince boxed his ears.

OTHER scandals, not of the heart, began to pile up around Carol's name. He was keenly interested in aviation, and had been made head of the military aviation, when he was reinstated in the good graces of his family. Now trouble broke out in that branch of the service. A number of bad accidents led to the discovery that some new airplanes bought from France were defective. The officers who had inspected and purchased them were court-martialed and demoted or dismissed. It looked as if there had been a conspiracy to embroil the allies, France and Roumania, in a quarrel which would have been extremely embarrassing for the pro-French prime minister and the government. Whether Prince Carol was personally implicated was never made known, but he stood behind his officers and demanded their reinstatement. His demands were refused.

Wide World

Julius Maniu, Peasant party leader.

International

Prof. Nicolas Jorga, tutor of Carol.

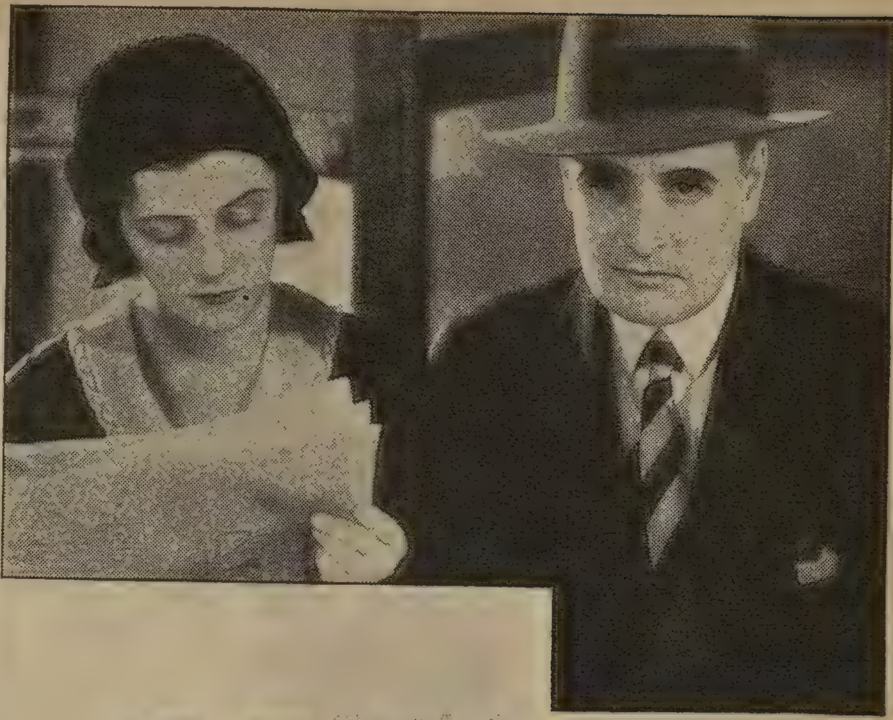
High words passed among him, the king, and the prime minister, and the crown prince took the occasion to reiterate with venom that when he succeeded to the throne, the rule of the Bratianu-Stirbey clique would be swiftly ended. This further antagonized Queen Marie. Not only was Carol obstreperous, but he showed political leanings opposed to her own interests. Moreover, he was said to be flirting with the Roumanian Fascisti and to favor German, Austrian, and Italian alliances, whereas her foreign policy coincided with that of Bratianu. Queen Marie was determined to wield the sceptered power; she did not intend to be thwarted by her son.

This was the disrupted situation in the royal family when in November, 1925, Queen Mother Alexandra of England died. Carol was sent to London to represent his father at the funeral. No sooner had he arrived than Magda Lupescu followed him. It is now being said that she was the Bratianus' spy and went at their instigation, and certain it is that when her passport was issued for the journey, the government knew of it. If she was the prime minister's bait, then Carol fell stupidly into the trap.

Instead of returning to Bucharest after the funeral, he and Magda spent a few days in Paris and then sped to Italy, visiting Milan, Venice, and Florence. Magda registered at the small hotels where they stopped as "Princess Lupescu."

When the Roumanian sovereigns located them, King Ferdinand commanded his son to leave for Bucharest at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



FEEL MEAN?

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Trade where you see the Nyal Emblem. Wherever that store may be located, it is the desire of the proprietor to see that you get your money's worth.

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WHEN YELLING FOR TOUCHDOWNS SPEEDS UP YOUR CIGARETTES AND DRIES UP YOUR THROAT . . . REMEMBER THAT GREAT HAPPY-MOUTH CIGARETTE . . . WHICH BRINGS CONTINUOUS, MOIST-COOL TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

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KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page sixty-one

once. Carol refused to budge in that direction unless his grievances were cleared up. In a letter to his father, he offered as an alternative his abdication.

The letter was a virtual challenge to the king to choose between his son and the Bratianus. On the chance of defeating his enemies, Carol staked his crown.

Bratianu determined that he would not let the crown prince get away with his threat for the third time. He convinced King Ferdinand that Carol's conduct was no longer tolerable, and that revolution at home and invasion from abroad threatened unless he was checked in a mad career. Ferdinand was angry at his son's defiance and deeply incensed at his treatment of Princess Helen, of whom the King was fond. Perhaps Bratianu is right, he thought; Carol should be taught a lesson.

Queen Marie and Prince Stirbey added their influence to the prime minister's persuasions. Against the still, inner voice of his better judgment, King Ferdinand consented to accept his heir's abdication.

Within twenty-four hours Bratianu had had formulated a legal document and rushed his messenger, General Hiott, marshal of the court, to Italy with it, to get the crown prince's signature before the king could change his mind. There were no witnesses to that interview, but on January 1, 1926, the following proclamation was issued from Bucharest:

" His Royal Highness Prince Carol, heir to the throne, having informed His Majesty in writing of his irrevocable renunciation of succession to the throne and of all prerogatives appertaining to that rank, including that of membership in the royal family, His Majesty felt compelled to accept his renunciation and to summon a council at the Castle of Pelesch today.

" In communicating his decision, His Majesty appealed to all the men of eminence in the country who were present to help him in its execution and in the proclamation of his grandson, Prince Michael, as heir to the throne. In view of the assurances to that effect received from all present, Parliament has been convened for Monday, January 4."

THE Parliament of January 4 was a stormy one. The opposition parties objected vigorously to acceptance of the abdication and pointed out the danger to the country in the event of the king's death, should a child monarch come to the throne.

Professor Jorga protested that the abdication was illegal and should not be ratified. Spurred by his courage, members of the Nationalist and Peasant parties refrained from voting; the Liberal majority would, they knew, override them.

The Liberals passed three bills: one ratifying acceptance of the crown prince's abdication, a second modifying the status of the royal family, and a third instituting a regency for the four-year-old heir, Michael.

By the terms of the formal abdication, Carol bound himself not to return to Roumania for ten years, and then, never without the permission of the king and Parliament. He retained the rights of citizenship, but all princely prerogatives were relinquished. Financially, he was cut off with the income from a few small holdings in Roumania and an inheritance from his great-uncle, Carol I, totaling about $30,000 a year. His name was struck from the army rolls, and from the membership lists of fashionable clubs, such as the aristocratic Jockey Club, of which he had been honorary president.

Since Carol was no longer legally a member of the royal family, he had to take a civilian name. He chose Scarlat Monastireanu and registered his residence as Monastirea, in the district of Lifov, Roumania, where he had once lived with Zizi. Later, he went by the name of Carol Caraiman. But all Europe knew him as the outcast Prince Carol.

How Carol and Magda Lupescu startled even Paris, how Queen Marie intrigued for power during the last days of King Ferdinand, and how the boy king, Michael, was crowned over his father's protest will be told by Miss Russell in next week's Liberty.

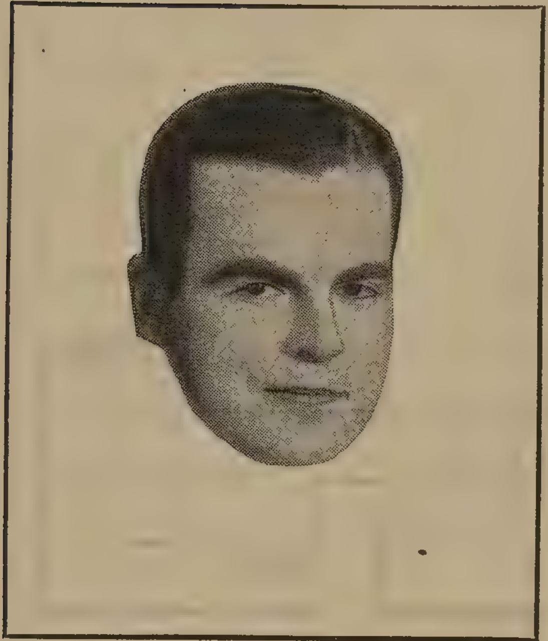
Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

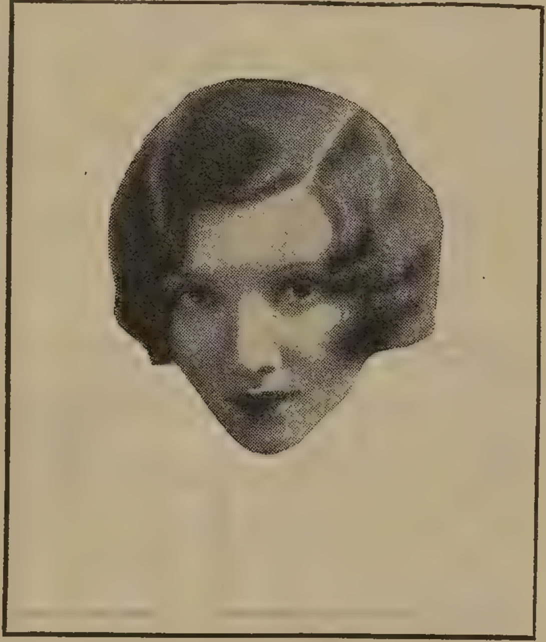
For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50

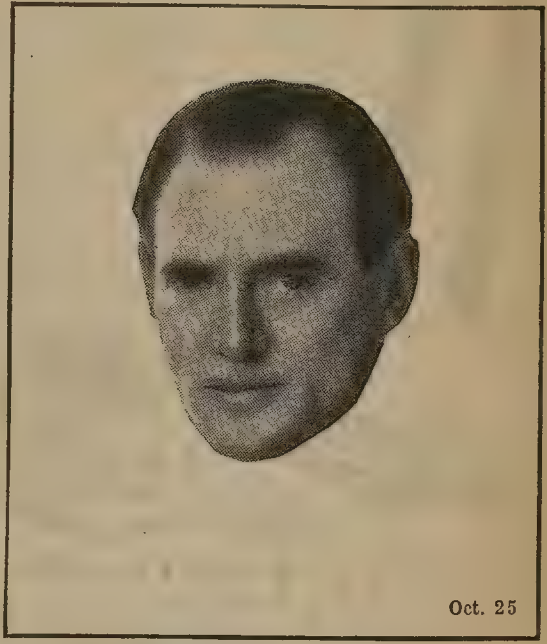
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



NEIL HAMILTON
known to movie fans everywhere



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
of the stage and screen

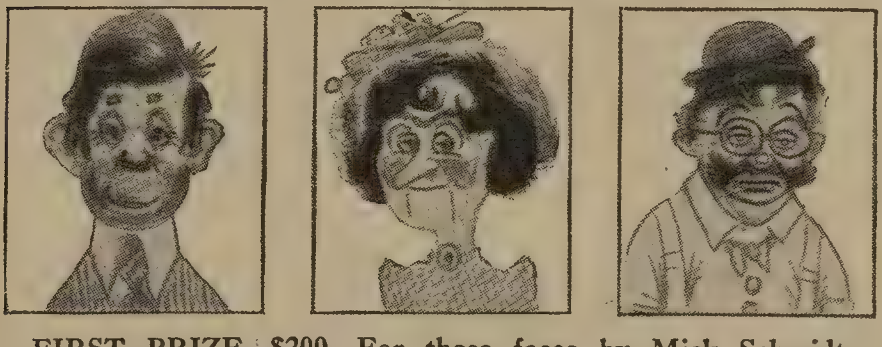


BERT GREEN
humorist

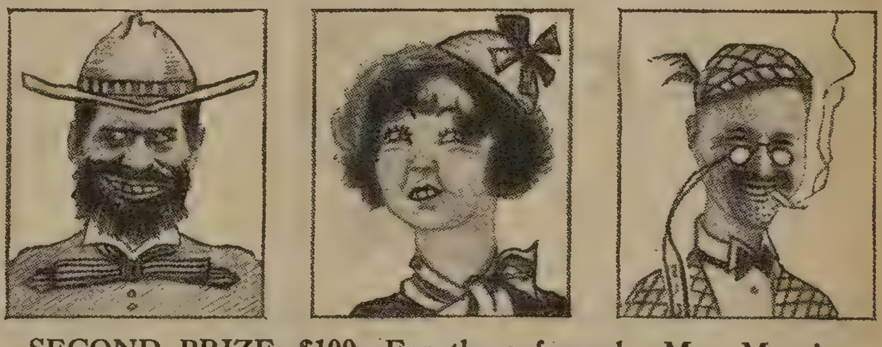
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, November 1. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of King Carol of Roumania, Alice White, and Jack Oakie, in our September 20 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Mick Schmidt, 414 Sinton Street, Portsmouth, Ohio



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Mrs. Maurice Washburn, 824 Park Lane Apartments, Washington, D. C.

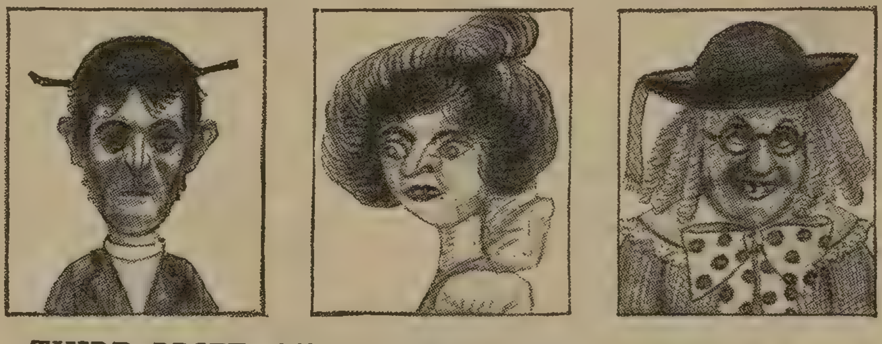
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these FUNNY FACES.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Emily M. Ford, 50 Pine Street, Bellows Falls, Vermont

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to A. M. Browne, Pascagoula, Miss.; Mac E. Clarke, Coffeyville, Kan.; Ethel Clyne, Seattle, Wash.; Mary Cullen, New Albany, Ind.; Bessie M. Dresler, Dallas, Tex.; Eleanor DuBois, Blue Ridge, Ga.; Mrs. Robert Harris, Baltimore, Md.; Vincent F. Hayden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lloyd La Verne Hill, Detroit, Mich.; Robert Keenan, Wilmette, Ill.; Emma Kennedy, Toronto, Can.; Robert A. Long, Middletown, O.; William A. MacDonald, University, Ala.; Frank J. Maiden, Los Angeles, Calif.; Emily A. Mainwaring, Elkins Park, Pa.; Frances McCardle, Manhattan Beach, Calif.; A. Milne, Berwyn, Ill.; Mrs. H. W. Moberley, Waxahachie, Tex.; Dorothy Norris, Minneapolis, Minn.; William A. O'Neill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. B. Rainey, Knoxville, Tenn.; E. L. Ramsden, Fitchburg, Mass.; Irving L. Rank, Winsted, Conn.; H. L. Roebuck, Excello, Mo.; L. R. Rosenberger, Stratford, Can.; Mrs. C. H. Russell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Gladys Schoenhals, Woodhaven, N. Y.; L. J. Turley, Wilkesboro, N. C.; Wood M. Wheetman, Ardmore, Okla.; C. S. Young, Little Rock, Ark.

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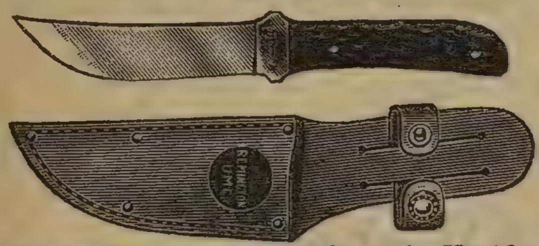
BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO



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HUNTING AND FISHING
5

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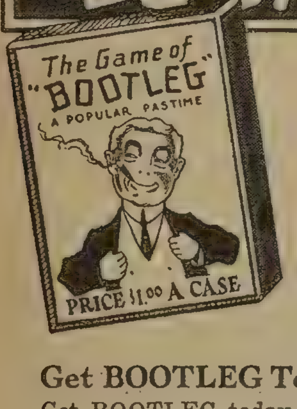
BOOTLEG



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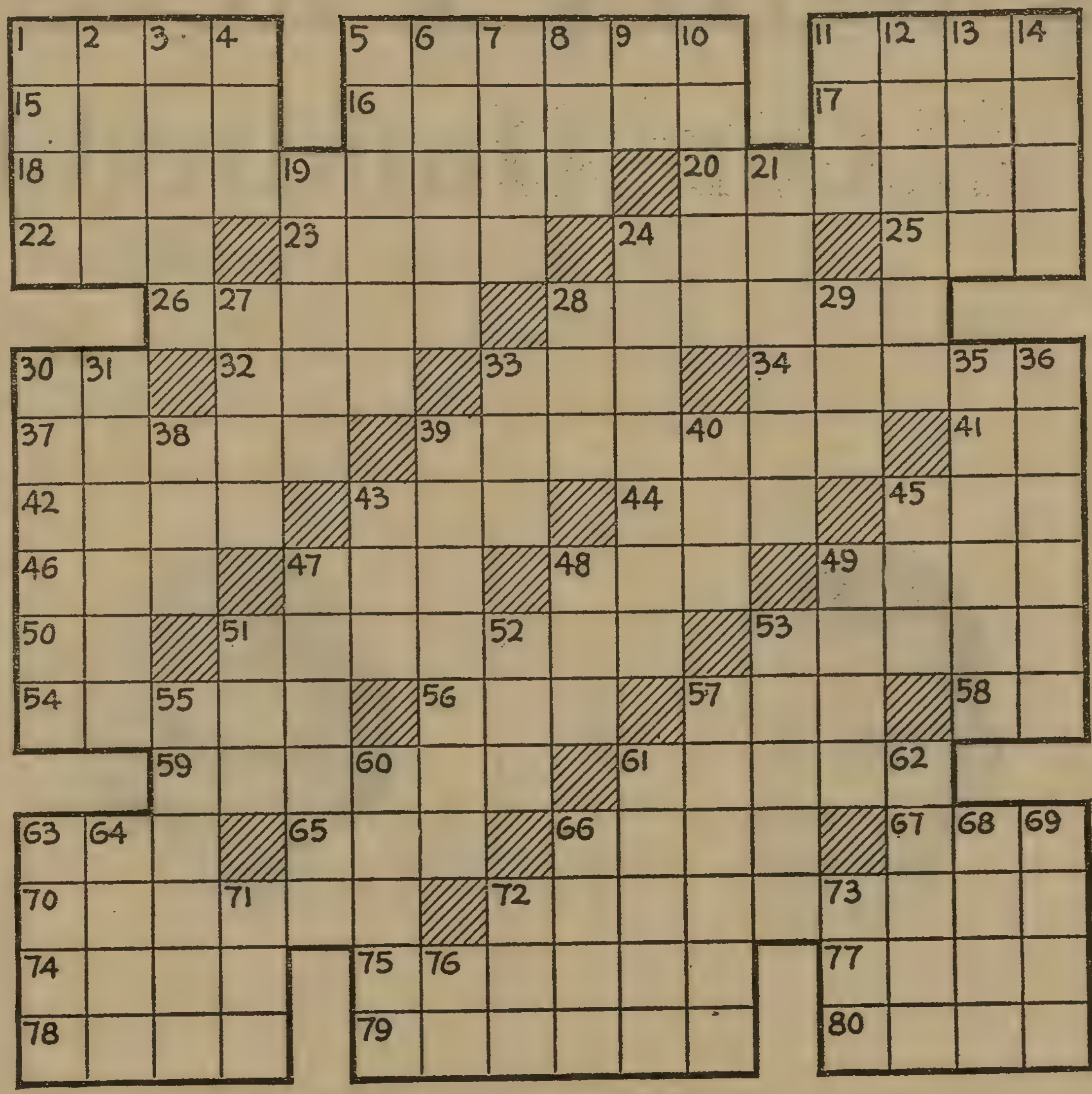


HORIZONTAL

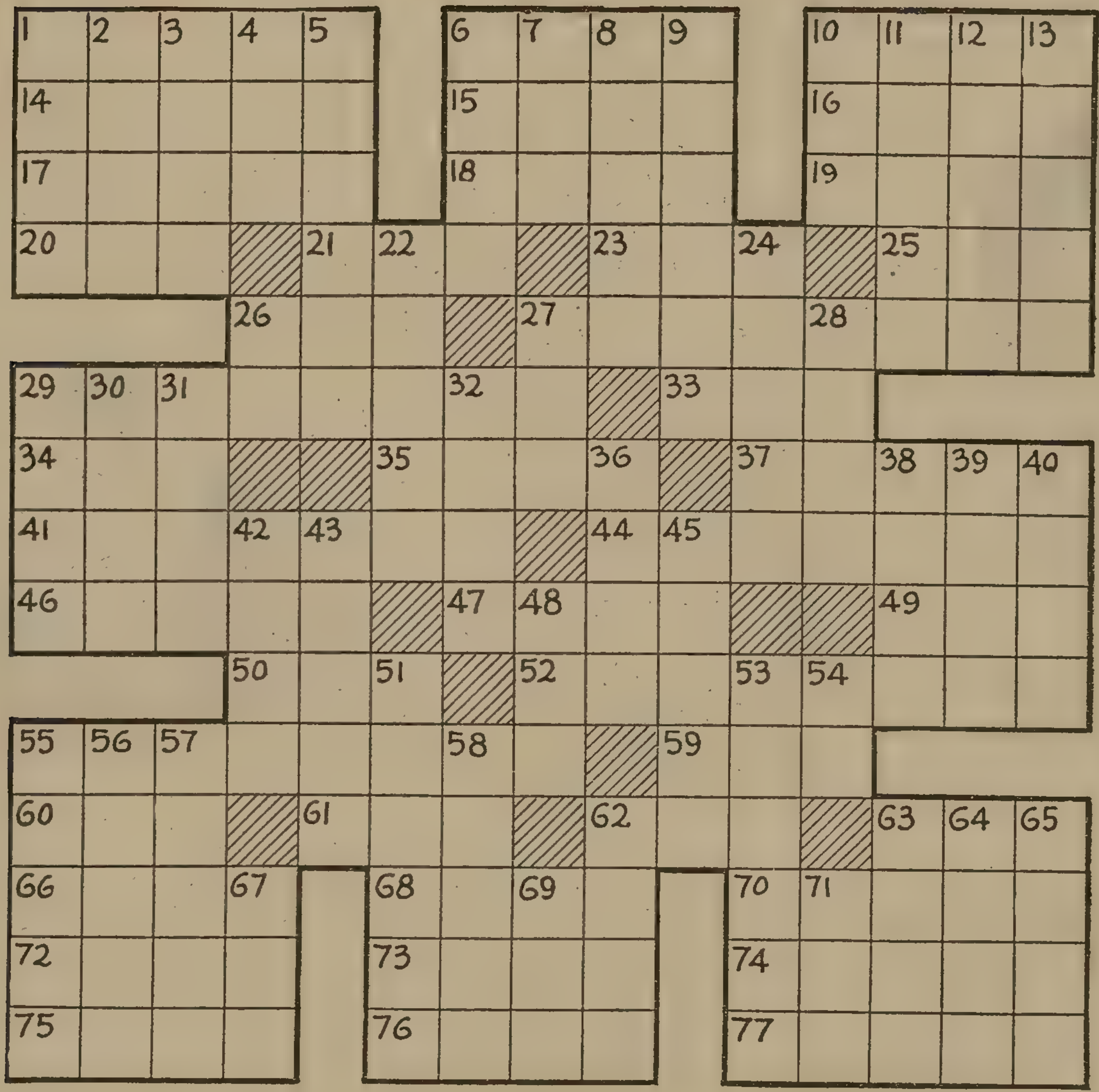
1 Mud
5 Mock
11 In bed
15 Notion
16 A vessel or tray on which something is carried
17 River in Russia
18 Detains again
20 Produced or gained as clear profit
22 A viper
23 Toward the sheltered side
24 Edible seed
25 Ill temper
26 Expertness
28 Went by
30 While
32 Those who are in political power
33 Ventilate
34 A ringlet
37 Reaches across
39 A guide
41 Above
42 Peel
43 Pronoun
44 Sailor
45 Anglo-Saxon money of account
46 Woman's name
47 Bind
48 Goods receptacle
49 Immature salmon
50 Note of the scale
51 Nonconformist
53 Telegraphs
54 City in Germany
56 Disencumber
57 Regard studiously
58 You
59 Barters
61 Undulating
63 Garment worn by Arabs
65 Mean, vulgar fellow
66 A weed
67 Measures of area
70 That of which any physical object is composed
72 Indispensable
74 Combining form meaning mountain
75 Condition of life
77 Gaelic
78 Cozy abode
79 Costlier
80 Watched narrowly

VERTICAL

1 Variable star in the constellation Cetus
2 A day of the ancient Roman month
3 Gathers, as a harvest or reward
4 Attention
5 Has one's residence or domicile
6 Artist's stand
7 Ceremony
8 Pronoun
9 Prefix; down
10 Birds of prey
11 An insect
12 Befall; happen
13 Always
14 County in Florida
19 Falls in drops
21 Religious festival
24 A person having paresis
27 Cows (poetic)
28 Pastry
29 Mistake
30 To desire with eagerness
31 Garden implements
33 Devoured
35 Four-wheeled pleasure carriage
36 Scanty
38 A constellation
39 Deviated from the proper course
40 Managed; conducted
43 Title of respect
45 Propeller
47 Best and third best cards of a suit
48 Offer to pay
49 A tree
51 Pronoun
52 It is
53 Interlaced into a fabric
55 Political subdivisions of a country
57 General course of action or conduct in life
60 Defied
61 Squander
62 Establishment concerned with milk and its products
63 Egyptian deity
64 Nude
66 An autocrat
68 Obliterate
69 A vehicle
71 Small child
72 Greek letter
73 A mound
76 Japanese measure of area

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page 78

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL
1 A kind of cap
6 Lessen the pressure or tension of
10 Monkeys
14 Superior in rank or power
15 Stringed instrument
16 Mold drier used in founding
17 Objects of great affection
18 A volcano in Sicily
19 A feminine personal name
20 River in England and Wales
21 Cardinal number
23 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
25 Confronted
26 Nourished
27 Divided into small spaces
29 Method used by banks for exchanging checks
33 Sauce made from fermented beans
34 Display ostentatiously, as an opinion
35 Actor who plays a leading rôle
37 That which is worthless; rubbish
41 The sovereign of a principality (plural)
44 Necessary constituent, or elemental substance
46 Spanish gentleman
47 Street railway car
49 To row
50 Large tub
52 Sustenance (plural)
55 Emitting vapor
59 Japanese measure of area
60 Ancient Chinese dynasty
61 Edible seed
62 Lair
63 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
66 Ardor; dash
68 Hoarfrost
70 Part of an animal's stomach used as food
72 Amends; satisfaction (law)
73 Talon
74 Vessel belonging to a regular line
75 Afresh
76 Descry
77 Ingress

VERTICAL
1 Destitute of ornament; unadorned
2 Central American tree whose seeds yield oil
3 Roam
4 Woman's name
5 Bed canopy
6 Free from inequality
7 Islet
8 Member of a Hindu caste of goldsmiths
9 Puffs up
10 Winglike process
11 An island of the Canary group
12 An insect
13 A waterspout
22 Roman city official
24 Short rapid blasts of a horn
26 Note of the diatonic scale
27 Turkish commander or chief officer
28 Stringed instrument
29 Topmost part of a column (plural)
30 Italian coins
31 The poetic name for Ireland
32 Series of boxes fitting one within another
36 Distribute
38 Soon
39 Begone!
40 A pronoun
42 A new star
43 To restrain from free action
45 Strike
48 Tatter
51 Large cask
53 An enveloping robe; cloak
54 Printer's measure
55 Ancient country mentioned in the Bible
56 Claw
57 Growing out
58 Fastening devices
62 Glistening, as with dew
63 Light variety of a color
64 Imitator
65 In a high degree; extremely
67 Unused
69 Plan
71 A Japanese money of account

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page 78

7 Hours in Bed and Not 7 Minutes Sleep!

The Toll Acidity Takes

When you go to bed dog-tired and still can't sleep and you rise in the morning more tired than when you went to bed, it's a sign you're "acid." Excess acid, formed in the stomach as a result of our unnatural eating habits, causes acid-indigestion with gas, sourness and burning and sets up poisonous putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal which saps our strength and vitality and so taxes our nerves that we can't sleep at night or work efficiently during the day.

Magnesia Oxoids, developed in Germany by a famous, 100-year-old pharmaceutical house, correct acidity in the right way! Upon contact with the acid in the stomach, Magnesia Oxoids generate nascent, or active, oxygen. The "live" oxygen stimulates the alkaline gastric mucus, checks putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal and stimulates the activities of the intestinal walls, which aids the natural movement of the bowels. All three effects are necessary to the true correction of acidity.

Make this Acidity Test

To ascertain just how "acid" you are, make this test. Get a package of Magnesia Oxoids from any good druggist. Take two after each meal and see how much better you feel—how much more soundly you sleep and how much more energy you have. If, after taking the contents of one bottle, you don't get more than amazing results, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund the purchase price promptly and in full. If your druggist is out of Oxoids, he can get them from his wholesaler or you can send 89¢ for full size bottle to Eton Products, Inc., 605 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

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Radio's amazing growth is opening hundreds of $50, $60, $75 and $100 a week jobs every year

Get one of these fine jobs for yourself. Broadcasting Stations, Commercial Land Stations, Manufacturers, Dealers, Jobbers, Ships, Aviation, Talking Movies are continually needing well-trained Radio men. I'll train you at home in your spare time to be a Radio Expert. My enlarged and improved course with 8 Outfits of Radio parts for Home Experimental Laboratory makes learning easy, fascinating.

Make extra money while learning

There is need in every neighborhood for men who really know how to locate troubles in sets and repair them. I'll show you how to do the jobs and how to get them. Many N. R. I. men make $200 to $1,000 in their spare time while learning. Mail the coupon below for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It tells you about Radio's spare-time and full time opportunities, my course and Lifetime Employment Service. You won't obligate yourself.

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Fat Folks are simply overburdened—**Not Lazy**

End the Cause

We used to think that fat folks were lazy or gluttonous. We now know that it isn't so. Their vitality is burdened, their hearts are over-taxed. Forcing blood through such a mass of tissue absorbs much of their energy.

If they eat too much, it is because their food is not converted into fuel and energy. Too much goes to fat.

Modern science has found a great cause in a defective gland—the thyroid. Its secretion largely affects nutrition. It also stimulates other vital glands.

After years of research and experiment, doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. And excess fat has disappeared by the millions of pounds since they did so.

Marmola prescription tablets embody the factor which they use. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case. The complete formula appears in each package, so your doctor can advise you on it, if you wish.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now the slim figures you see everywhere are due largely to Marmola.

Try it. Price $1.00. It offers what your doctor would probably prescribe. Watch the results—the fading fat. Then please tell your friends what we are telling you. Don't wait!

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Occupations of **Heads of Liberty Families:**

Great circulations have become common enough among magazines . . . But a circulation in the millions that assays high in class readership is still a rarity . . . Recent figures on the occupations of heads of Liberty families show that at least one major magazine—Liberty—answers this description!

	Per Cent	Liberty Circulation
Major Executives in Large Concerns	2.6	62,445
Proprietors and Partners in Smaller Concerns	14.4	345,848
Professional	13.3	319,429
Junior Executives	6.5	156,112
Outside Salesmen, Representatives, Real Estate and Insurance Agents	12.6	302,617
Office Workers and Inside Salesmen	14.2	341,045
Skilled Workmen	22.7	545,191

The remaining thirteen odd per cent of Liberty's 2,400,000 families are headed by men who include semi-skilled and unskilled workers . . . men who have retired, farmers, public officials and employes, etc.

Liberty's popularity thrives in the great, prosperous heart of America.

(Figures from Daniel Starch Survey)

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

GUM

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

"GOT a nickel?" Gwen yelled across the street between the front of a laundry wagon and the rear of a moving van. "I feel like being treated."

"Treated to what?" Red Hancock yelled back. He was sitting on a pile of planks in front of Dr. Horton's house. They had been there a week, but Dr. Horton knew that if he waited long enough he would have a new piazza floor to tell his patients about while he filled their teeth.

This week's cover picture.

"A strawberry-marshmallow-pecan-walnut sundae!" Gwen laughed. And she sat down on the curb of her side of the street. "I want whipped cream with it and two scoooooooooooooooooops of vanilla cream."

"Two what?" he asked, although he'd heard her the first time. He placed his fingers behind his right ear and bent it out like a wing.

"*Scoooooooooooooooooops!*" she answered. Then she giggled and added, "Rubbernecks!" in a high voice which sounded like the squeak of a gate. The rubbernecks were conscientious mothers peering from windows in order to see who had whooping cough.

"Got any cheaper ideas?" Red asked.

She stopped giggling and began to whistle, and a lazy horse pulling a junk cart pricked up his ears. She knew that she needn't come down in her expensive tastes. Red waited for her outside of school every day now, and he'd already given her a slingshot, an old China coin, and a gleaming coil of licorice shoestrings. Something told her that the sundae would soon be added to the list.

"I want a sundae," she said, "and I'll treat you."

"To what?" he wanted to know, kicking his rubber heels against the planks until his shoes bounced out in front of him. "Something that costs a nickel?"

"Never mind now," she said, walking over to him. "It'll be a surprise. Little boys love surprises. They're the only things which can keep 'em happy between Christmas of this year and Christmas of next year."

"We'll each eat a sundae," Red grinned foolishly. He slid down, walked along the sidewalk one inch from the fences, and Gwen did tight-rope stunts on the curb.

The drug store was just around the corner. It smelled of everything except medicines, and sick people were the last people that customers ever thought about. You could buy pills and wait for prescriptions, but you would probably buy a soda and carry home a box of candy.

"You order," Red told Gwen. "The sundae you said has such a long name I'd get stuck in the middle."

"You'd be stuck on a pecan, then," she laughed. Then she ordered a strawberry-marshmallow-pecan-walnut sundae with whipped cream and two scoooooooooooooooops of vanilla cream with cherries.

They ate in silence and stared at their faces in the mirror. Then Red jangled two quarters on the counter and they strolled toward the door.

"Don't treat me now," said Red. "I'm too full."

"Oh, my treat won't take up any room," she giggled, producing a nickel from her pocket. "It's gum!"

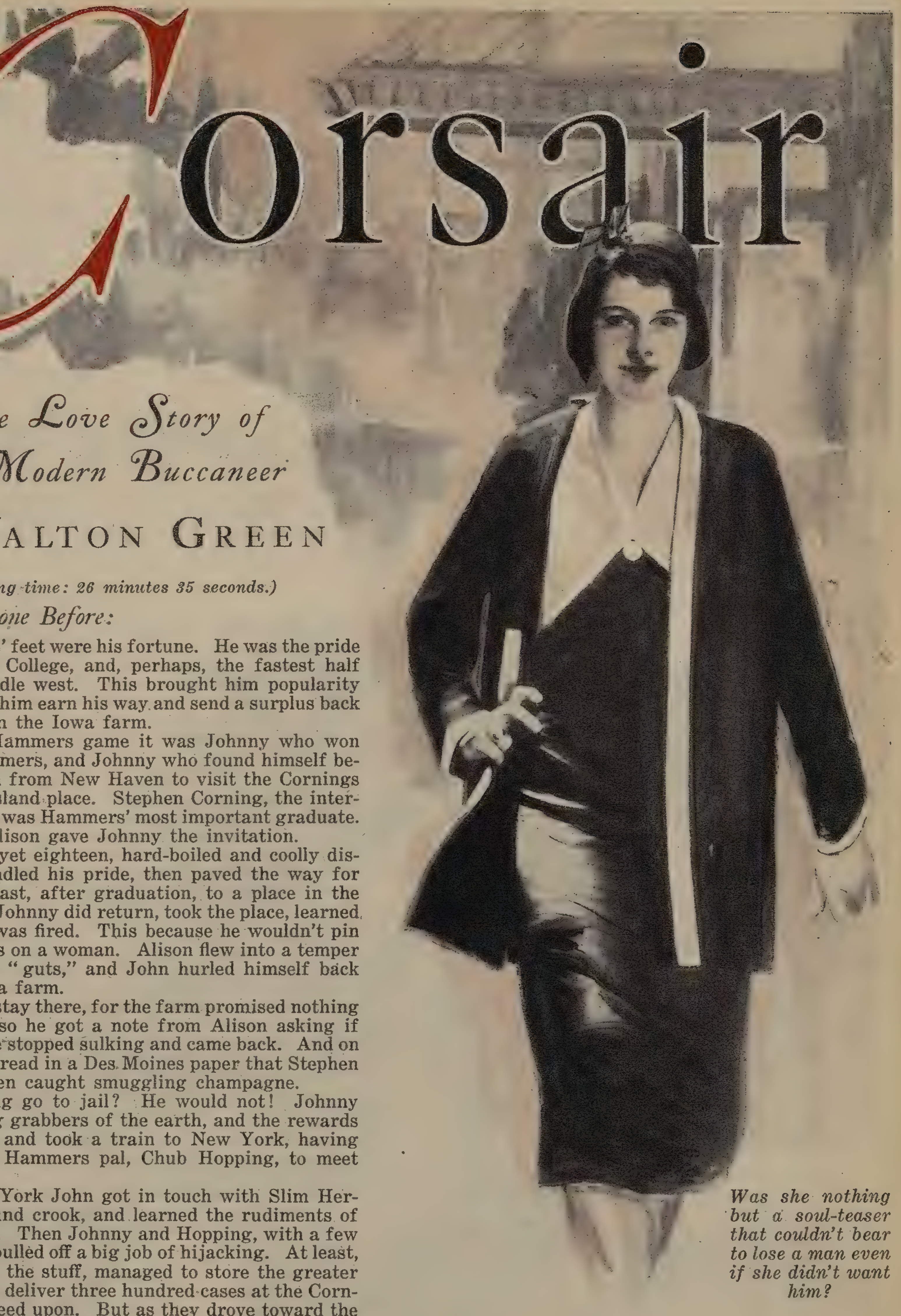
They wandered home to Gwen's, chewing like cows in a field. They draped the gum over their tongues.

"Watch!" she shouted as she kneeled on the sitting-room couch. And she stretched out her gum like an elastic band. "Let's have a contest."

"Watch me," he told her, lisping like a ventriloquist, "an' keep on watchin'. You'll see my gum reachin' from here to—to the North Pole!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Halloween)

Corsair



Was she nothing but a soul-teaser that couldn't bear to lose a man even if she didn't want him?

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

(Reading time: 26 minutes 35 seconds.)

What Has Gone Before:

JOHN HAWKS' feet were his fortune. He was the pride of Hammers College, and, perhaps, the fastest half back in the middle west. This brought him popularity and jobs, helped him earn his way and send a surplus back to his mother on the Iowa farm.

In the Yale-Hammers game it was Johnny who won victory for Hammers, and Johnny who found himself being driven down from New Haven to visit the Cornings on their Long Island place. Stephen Corning, the international banker, was Hammers' most important graduate. His daughter Alison gave Johnny the invitation.

The girl, not yet eighteen, hard-boiled and coolly disdainful, manhandled his pride, then paved the way for him to return east, after graduation, to a place in the Corning bank. Johnny did return, took the place, learned the work—and was fired. This because he wouldn't pin some weak bonds on a woman. Alison flew into a temper over his lack of "guts," and John hurled himself back west to the Iowa farm.

But he didn't stay there, for the farm promised nothing but failure. Also he got a note from Alison asking if it wasn't time he stopped sulking and came back. And on the same day he read in a Des Moines paper that Stephen Corning had been caught smuggling champagne.

Would Corning go to jail? He would not! Johnny pondered the big grabbers of the earth, and the rewards of ruthlessness, and took a train to New York, having telegraphed his Hammers pal, Chub Hopping, to meet him there.

Once in New York John got in touch with Slim Hermann, an all-round crook, and learned the rudiments of the booze racket. Then Johnny and Hopping, with a few able assistants, pulled off a big job of hijacking. At least, they got hold of the stuff, managed to store the greater part of it, and to deliver three hundred cases at the Corning home as agreed upon. But as they drove toward the gates they were halted and arrested by a mean-looking dry agent who dangled an automatic. Now go on with the story.

PART SIX—THE RACKET

THE Packard had covered perhaps ten miles on the road to New York. Johnny screwed his head around and looked at the prohibition agent in the back seat. The man was wedged uncomfortably among the champagne cases, but the automatic still rested handily in his lap, and he continued to be mean-looking.

Since leaving the village of Sandon no word had been spoken. Even the irrepressible Hopping, deeply offended at being handcuffed to the steering wheel, sulked in silence, and drove with detached and moody care.

Johnny, his face impassive, but his thoughts in a turmoil of self-disgust and chagrin, was trying to see a way out. Nothing came. He was pinched—pinched at his first venture; his slender capital gone—no money for bondsman or lawyers or anything else. But far worse than his personal predicament was the fact that he had hopelessly involved Mr. Corning, to say nothing of the fat and loyal youth at his side.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-seven]

As for what he had done to Corning—God!—it was unforgivable—a final proof of John's bungling ineffectiveness. No settling out of court for Corning this time. They'd prosecute for certain, because of the sheer effrontery of this second offense, so hard on the heels of the first.

They'd make an example of Corning. Try for a prison sentence perhaps—a test case against receiver as well as seller. The papers—John could see the headlines, see Alison reading them, her slow, cold smile of contempt. John withered to the marrow of his pride. A swell crook he was, pinched at his first job; not even the guts or the brains to get away with it. He—he who had thought it so simple to emulate the big hard grabbers of the business world. Bah! Back to the farm—if they ever let him get there—back to the farm, to shovel manure and tend sick sheep. That was all he was fit for.

A querulous voice came from beside him.

"Hey, officer, have I got to wear these beastly bracelets into town?"

"Well, what you guys want to do about it?" countered the officer mildly.

"Eh?" queried Chub, instantly alert to the significant change of tone. He looked over his shoulder and caught the mean-looking man's eye.

"Officer," he began sweetly, "are you a bad, bad man?"

"You said it," grinned the officer.

"You have a kind face," continued Chub in a gentle monotone. "Why couldn't we all be friends?"

John maintained an awed and slowly comprehending silence.

"It's up to you," offered the man impartially.

"How far up?" ventured Mr. Hopping blandly.

"About ten yards a case. Wouldn't have cost you no more'n five if you'd of come to me at first, like you'd orter. Wasn't you wise I had this here districk? Yes, sir, ten a case, what with me gettin' out of bed and all, and having to split two ways with the hick copper from Sandon."

CHUB turned to Johnny.

"What do you say, boss?"

"Him the boss!" ejaculated the astonished agent.

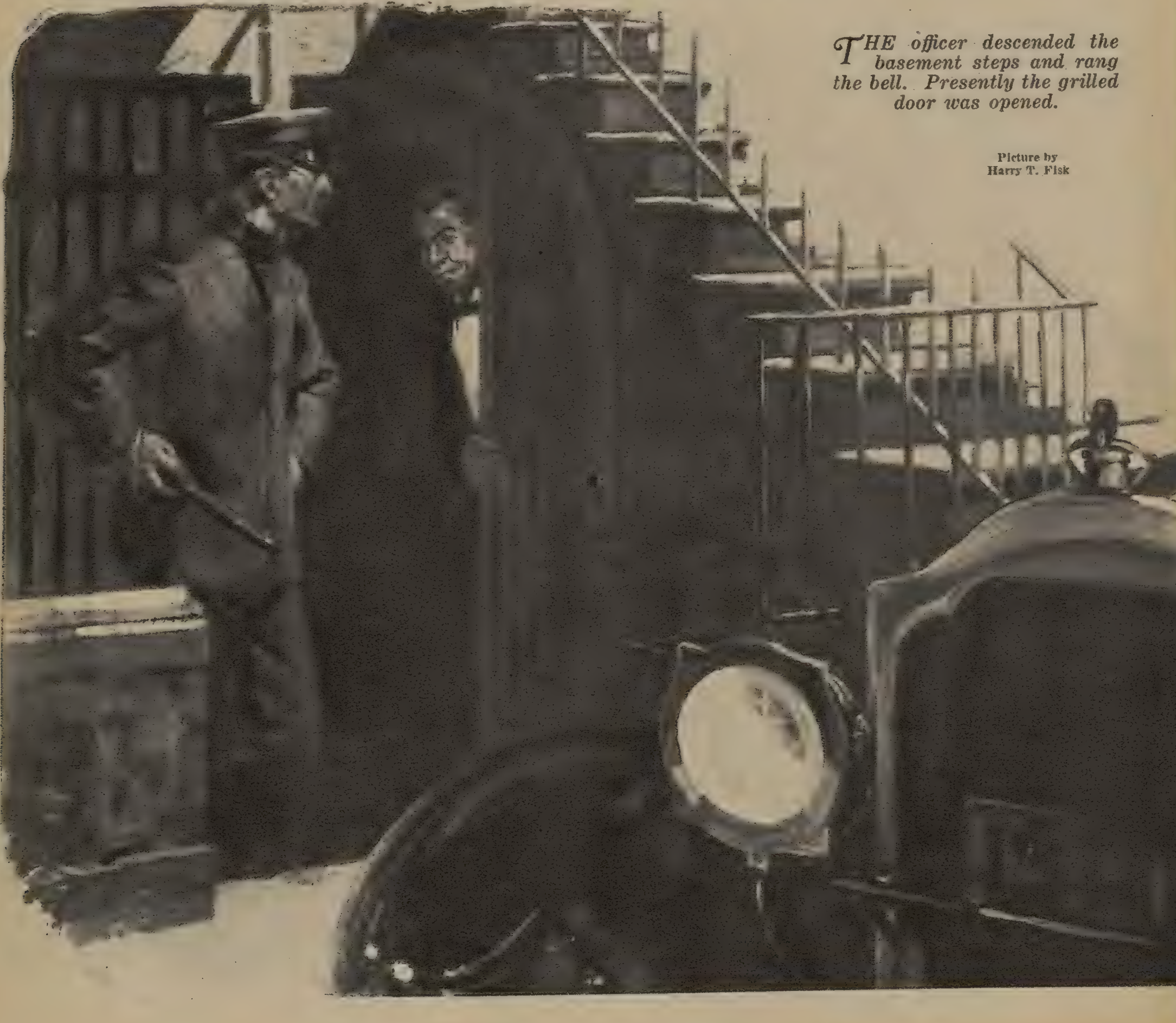
John, inwardly furious, answered slowly.

"We have no money—until—er—"

"Till you collect from Corning. Sure, I know that," the officer broke in. "We all gotta take a chance. I kin wait, when I hafter. But I gotta have a thoid cash—one grand this morning—Little Eva here can scare it up—balance of two grand when Corning settles. An', don't you forget it, youse guys, I'll know jest when that is."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Hopping pleasantly. "Is that O. K., John? Yes? All right, officer, we'll dig up your thousand after breakfast. And will you do us the honor of breakfasting with us?"

"An' then some, young feller—but I'm payin' for it,"



THE officer descended the basement steps and rang the bell. Presently the grilled door was opened.

Picture by
Harry T. Fisk

Lazarnick photo

he added with proper pride. "An', say—I counted the three hundert cases into the cellar, but how many you got here in the car?"

"Twenty," said John.

The officer figured a moment.

"I'm no hawg, gents—we'll jest drop a coupla cases off to my place before we eat, an' the rest is yours. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," agreed John with alacrity, an immense burden lifted from his spirits. It was very simple, after all.

They had reached the eastern outskirts of Flushing.

"Draw to the side of the road, young feller," commanded the agent, "and I'll take off them cuffs—seein' as we're all friends now."

"Couldn't we eat here?" asked Chub hopefully. "I'm awful hungry, driving all night."

The agent had climbed out from among the boxes and was standing on the running board by Hopping. He reflected before answering.

"No," he decided, "not with all this merchandise showing like a young mountain. In the city it'd be all right, but these hick

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-nine

towns is hell on the short shake. We better drive right through. An' jest one thing, gents, before I unlock them cuffs. What'd you say your names was?"

"Hawtray—Charles Hawtray," said Hopping with instant glibness.

"John Braughan," said Hawks with almost equal readiness.

"I'd orter have gone over you down there, but I didn't want the Sandon man making you, too. Jest lemme see what you got on you."

His hands went methodically through their pockets. But this, at least, Johnny had provided against. They carried no letters or papers. Even the tailor's label with his name on it had been torn from the breast pocket of Chub's coat. The search yielded nothing beyond some small bills of John's, Chub's bill fold with two hundred odd in it, and the well marked road map.

The small bills the officer returned with alacrity; the bill fold, and Chub's money, he parted from with more reluctance.

"Deal's a deal," he admitted, inspecting Chub's initials on the pigskin case. "C. C. H.—what's the other C stand for, Mr. Hawtray?"

"Chauncey," smiled Hopping.

"All right, boys. An' my name's Snyder—Tom Snyder. Y'can ask any of Big John O'Toole's bunch about me—they'll tell you I'm a right guy. Well, let's go. I'll keep this here map for a souvenir."

He unlocked the handcuffs, climbed back among the champagne cases, and pulled the lap robes carelessly over an exposed corner.

"This stuff looks like it come from Fort Pond Bay. Off'n Big John's steamer, ain't it?"

"No," said Johnny shortly.

"Bought it on the sand last night, didn't you?"

"No," still more shortly.

"Around forty-two to forty-five a case, wasn't it?" the man persisted.

"Maybe," said John tranquilly.

"Have it your own way, but I thought we was all friends now, like the little fellow said."

"That's the way we'll stay friends," observed Mr. Hopping pointedly.

Twenty minutes later they were crossing the Queensboro Bridge.

Several traffic officers waved genially to Agent Snyder and Agent Snyder waved genially back. In a traffic halt a handsome big Irish copper walked over to the car and slipped a loving hand under the lap robes.

"Say—I thought you was going to leave a case at my place some time."

"Sure, I am—next trip—s'elp me, Gawd. This here is for a special party, y'unnerstand."

THE officer waved them on gloomily.

"Where you goin' to drop this stuff?" asked Snyder.

"Why—I—we haven't quite decided," said Johnny lamely.

"I can get you sixty-five at half a dozen joints just off'n Madison Avenue. I'll let my two cases go 'long with it."

"Good," said Chub.

They drove west on Fifty-fifth Street.

"Stop about halfway to the avenue," directed the prohi. "I forget the number. Wait a minute, here comes a cop."

He leaned out of the tonneau and hailed the approaching officer.

"Hey, brother—which here is Pedro's place?"

The officer sauntered up, leaned his elbows on the door of the tonneau, and gave the outfit a leisurely once-over.

Agent Snyder frowned.

"Have I got to call up the house an' ask Lieutenant Durgin?" he demanded impatiently, at the same time turning back the lapel of his coat and flashing his U. S. shield.

"That's different," observed the officer. "Why didn't you say so to start with? Right here is Pedro's. Want I should call him?"

"Yeah," said Snyder, still unmollified.

The officer looked up and down the street. Then he descended the basement steps and rang the bell. Presently the grilled door was opened and he slipped inside.

Two minutes passed. The officer emerged, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his uniform.

"He'll be right out," he stated, and continued placidly on his way, the way of no law and much order.

The proprietor came out. They dickered for perhaps two minutes.

"A'right—take heem insite. Seexty-five I pay if he all like you say he iss."

"And breakfast for three," added Chub with much firmness, "a big breakfast for three."

They lingered over breakfast while Pedro sent around to his bank for currency. Chub, much refreshed by chicken giblets and omelet and several cups of bitter black coffee, constituted himself pay-off man.

"Eleven thirty we owe you," he said to the federal man, "one hundred and thirty for your two cases, and one grand for the pleasure of meeting you—that right?"

"Check," quoth Snyder, pocketing the bills. "An' two grand balance when you collect from the big fellow. Well, gents—I gotta be moseying along—I'm sure glad to have met you."

HE departed. The other two lingered over their coffee. Both were rather silent, John depressed by what he knew had been a lack of leadership on his own part, Chub in a reaction to his normal boredom after excitement. Finally John roused himself.

"I've got to hand it to you, Chub. You were fine—after I'd booted the ball all over the field. In the future—but we'll talk about that later. Just now we've got to work fast—before this rat of a Snyder gets wise to the fact that we hijacked—"

"He's not a rat," amended Chub in his normal and weary tone. "A rat is a thief who squawks on his pals. This chappie is just a wildcat shakedown artist, like about half the prohibition agents the country over."

"Well, whatever he is, I don't want him on our heels till we've disposed of the stuff in Halcyon Hall. He suspected that it was O'Toole's stuff, and when he hears that we hijacked it—and three more vanloads besides—all hell will be popping. He'll have something on us for fair."

"We've got two thousand minus on him right now," observed Chub sagely.

"Y-e-s," Johnny hesitated; "but I don't know. I'd like Hermann's dope on this. But I can't reach him till tonight. Meantime I'm going down to Fortieth Street to see O'Toole. You take the Packard and garage it. Call me at the club at lunch time and I'll tell you where to meet tonight."

"O'Toole!" Chub's eyes were pleasantly round. "You've certainly got a nerve."

"It's about time," said Johnny grimly, and went out alone.

He walked slowly down Park Avenue. He remembered the time—it was just about a year ago—when he had first walked down that avenue. He turned west and passed the snob-priced sweet shop where he had beggared himself to buy Alison a box of candy. Very long ago, that seemed.

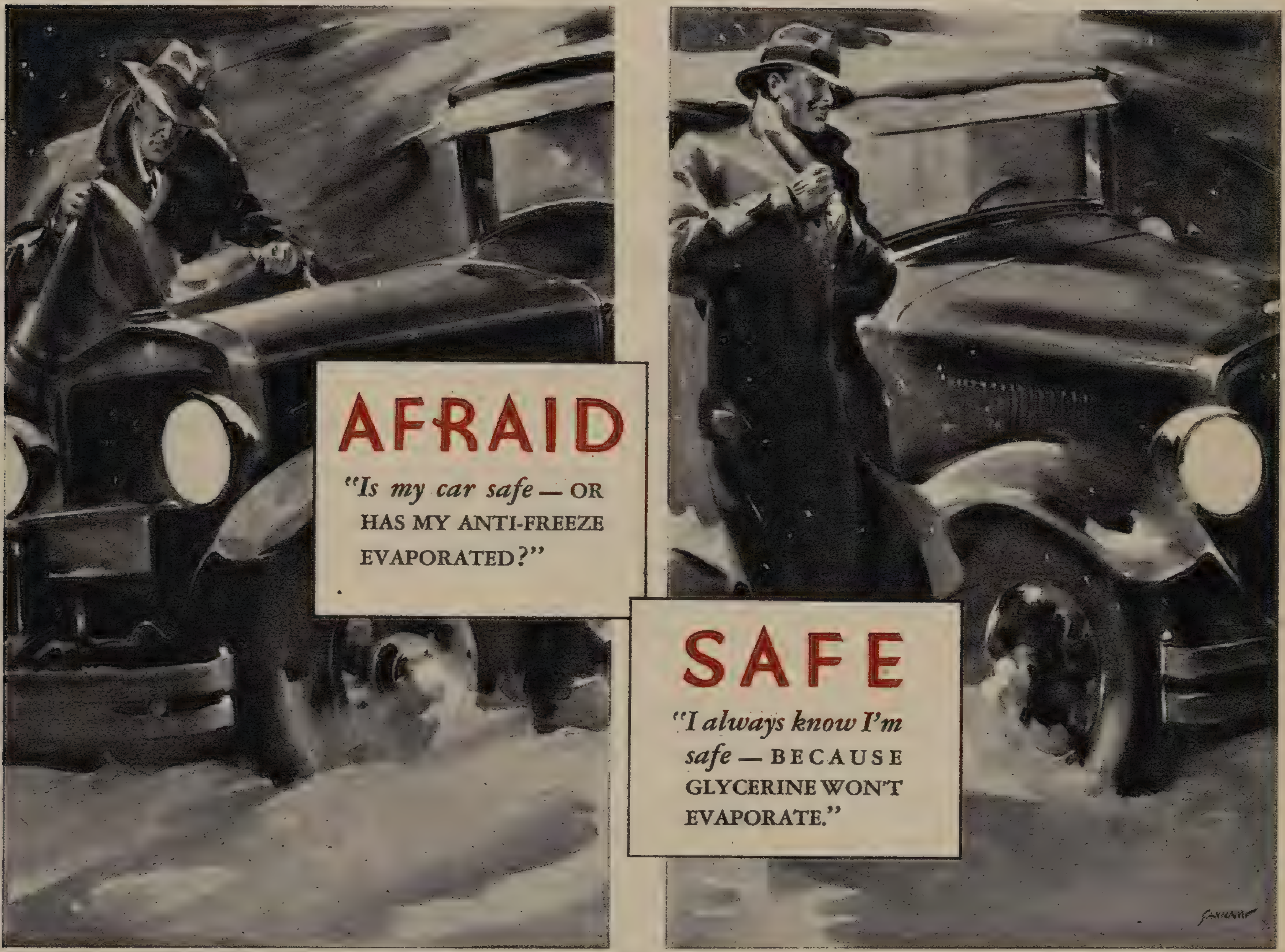
He quickened his pace past the shop, blushing a little to himself. No time to think of her now, no matter what her cryptic note had meant. Well, he had come back and taken up the white man's burden, all right. Confound her! Why should she rake up the past so provocatively? Was she really engaged, he wondered. Was she nothing but an insatiable flirt—a soul-teaser that couldn't bear to lose a man even if she didn't want him? To hell with her C. & L. H. olive-branch signatures. "Cold and lovely heiress" indeed. Cold and lovely come-on stuff—that's what it was. He'd show her—show her by being here—and ignoring her.

And then, of course, at the corner of Forty-fifth Street, he walked into her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

GLYCERINE

....the anti-freeze that won't evaporate!



AFRAID

"Is my car safe — OR HAS MY ANTI-FREEZE EVAPORATED?"

SAFE

"I always know I'm safe — BECAUSE GLYCERINE WON'T EVAPORATE."

1,600,000 *cars—permanently freeze-proof with one filling!*

WHAT is this *double* anti-freeze protection that glycerine gives? The 1,600,000 glycerine users of last year will tell you. It is protection against freeze-ups *plus* protection against worry.

Here's the way G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine saves your time and temper. Glycerine won't evaporate. You don't have to be constantly testing it, running for more, and worrying about its boiling off. The same solution that you put in your car today will be protecting it next April. You always know you're safe because you always know it's there.

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These things will all mean a lot to your comfort and happiness this winter. Make sure the cooling system of your car is tight, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, then enjoy your winter driving without further anti-freeze worry or expense.

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THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

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19 30

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy

“Hello,” she greeted him casually, with her inveterate affectation of having seen him the day before. “Where are you heading?”

John felt himself turning color again. But he had worked himself to a proper pitch of rebellion. If it would only last.

“Hello,” he answered with a casualness that almost met her own. “I was just thinking of you.”

“Pleasantly, I hope,” she said mechanically.

“Not very.”

This seemed to pass over her head.

“I'll walk back with you a few blocks, if you like,” she suggested.

“If *you* like, you mean.” He was still angry.

She smiled very slightly and fell in alongside him.

“I just happened to get your letter the morning I was starting east,” began John, determined to maintain the offensive.

“What letter? Oh, yes—of course—I'm so sorry.”

“I was coming, anyway.”

“Of course you were,” soothingly.

“Damn it all!” exploded John. “Why are you always laughing at me? Can't you be natural and let me be natural? You—you—”

“Oh, dear,” she mocked. “I thought being natural was my worst vice. Steve says—”

“You think you're old and wise and cynical and tired and grown-up,” he went on furiously, “but you're not. You're just half-baked and half-grown and half-educated and half bad, and—and half everything.”

She looked at him almost meekly.

“I wonder? Perhaps you understand me better than anyone else.” She watched the effect of this ages-old and universally effective appeal to the vanity of male understanding. “And I suppose you think I'm just a spoiled, hard little slut,” she finished tremulously, but with her eyes carefully veiled to hide their derision.

“No,” said John magnanimously, with the fatuousness of the male who seeks to be generous in his dominance, “no, not as bad as that. You've got lots of good in you, only—”

“Only it needs a simple, strong man like you to bring it out. I—I suppose you're right, John. I need someone like you to take care of me—someone to lean on.”

He looked at her in astonishment, caught the deep-lurking gleam in her eyes, and turned beet red. But his innate sportsmanship came to the rescue. The crooked smile widened his lips and he cocked his head on one side.

“STUNG again,” he laughed. And then, another thought crossing his mind:

“Tell me, are you really engaged, Miss Corning?”

She laughed, quite spontaneously this time.

“Really, John! To kiss a woman, and then a few weeks later to call her Miss Corning! If that doesn't show a versatile and Victorian spirit—”

John refused the red herring across the trail.

“Are you engaged?” he persisted.

“No,” she said slowly, “I don't think so.”

“Then why did you speak of ‘my fiancé’ the day—the time I—”

“The time you manhandled me?” she supplied calmly. “Well—if you want the truth for once—I suppose I was a little rattled. I said the first nasty thing that came into my head. You weren't very gentle, you know, John.”

“Humph,” observed John. “How do you mean you ‘don't think so’? Don't you know whether you're engaged or not?”

“It's a little hard to draw the line nowadays, isn't it?” she suggested. “Bentinck seems to think we are, and I think we're not. We're just heading for it,” she finished sardonically.

“I see,” said John stiffly. “Well, here's my street.”

“Good-by,” said Alison. And then, casually, “Come and see me some time.”

“Certainly not,” said John with an emphasis intense with flattery.

John lifted his hat and turned into the office building. Extraordinary girl, he pondered. Hadn't even asked him what he was doing. Had her father told her, he wondered. Well, the whole thing was ridiculous—must get her out of his mind again—quite contented when he wasn't seeing her—too upsetting when he did. Absolutely unfitted for each other—playing with him, anyway—perfectly obvious—last kind of woman in the world for him—couldn't stand being dominated by any woman—make his pile, he would—just to rub it into that old devil Corning—then pull out—

“Top floor—all out,” droned the elevator man.

“Eh?” demanded John. “Oh, I forgot my floor. Ride down with you again.”

Halfway down the elevator man turned his head. “Floor?” he demanded.

“Got to look at the directory again,” confessed John. He had forgotten to look at it at all. He pulled himself together and on the next trip succeeded in finding the offices of John O'Toole.

“John Braughan to see Mr. O'Toole,” he announced to the girl at the switchboard.

He waited ten minutes and then was admitted to the private office.

John O'Toole—broad, red-faced, broken-nosed, and phlegmatic—moved a fat and indicative finger toward the chair across his desk.

“My name is Braughan—John Braughan,” began Johnny confidently. “I want—”

“Set down, Mr. Hawks,” said O'Toole imperturbably.

JOHNNY, his heart pounding, but with the set impassiveness of football days on his face, sat down.

O'Toole waited. Johnny forced an opening smile.

“I'd like to sell you some champagne, Mr. O'Toole,” he began again. “Vintage stuff—Pol Roger 1911, Cliquot 1914.”

One deep-set gray eye flicked up; the other, curtained beneath a permanent lid droop, continued to regard the desk.

“You the guy that jacked my trucks last night?” he asked without heat.

“Yes, sir.” For the life of him Johnny could not keep the “sir” out of his answer.

“Twelve hunnert cases. How much you want?”

“Eight hundred and forty cases,” corrected Hawks. “I've disposed of the rest.”

“What you comin' to me for?”

“Well,” said Johnny simply, “I can't get rid of them easily, and I know you need them.”

“How much?”

“Twenty-five a case”—Johnny summoned his most disarming grin—“seeing it's in the nature of a surplus profits tax, and not exactly an original sale, Mr. O'Toole.”

The disarming grin fell quite flat.

“Fifteen grand I'll give you for the whole lot—if I can get the liquor today.”

“That's less than twenty a case,” objected John.

“Yeah—take it or leave it. If you leave it, I'll find the stuff meself.”

“Take you a long time and cost you a lot and you'll miss the holiday market,” urged John.

“Take it or leave it,” snapped O'Toole.

“Take it. But I want cash money.”

O'Toole grunted again, put on his overcoat, and moved to the door. John followed. They left the building.

John could scarcely have known that the man who walked two paces in front of them, and the two men who kept three paces behind them, were guerrillas of O'Toole's. Next to the man in the White House, the big shots of the underworld are the most carefully guarded men alive—while they are alive.

They walked around the corner to a bank in Forty-second Street. O'Toole lumbered to a wall desk, scratched a check, and led the way to a paying teller's window.

“Mornin', Mr. Phillips.” He shoved the check under the grille. “Fifteen in singles,” he growled, for all the world as though asking for so many dollars instead of so many thousands.

“Fifteen,” droned the teller, flicking a listless eye at the check without touching it, at the same time slapping down a made-up package of new bills, and halving a second package of the same denomination.

"All yours." O'Toole indicated the packets with a fat wave of the hand and turned from the window. Johnny slipped the money into his breast pocket and followed to the doorway.

"Two things I want to tell you, Hawks," said the big man. "First thing is, my word's good when I pass it, y'unnerstand? If I can trust you, you kin trust me. You got your money, ain't you?"

"Oh," said Johnny, really abashed. "I never thought! The stuff's at a place called Halcyon Hall—here's a map. I give you my word, Mr. O'Toole—"

"An' I'm taking it, son. There don't nobody double-cross John O'Toole more'n once—d'you get me? If it hadn't of been that you was a amachoor—but leave it lay at that."

"I will," said John. "And I'm sorry it happened to be your stuff."

O'Toole's good gray eye was focused absently across the street.

"An' the other thing I wanter tell yer is this: You've broke into the wrong end of the racket, young feller. 'Less you figure on pushing up daisies, you better lay off'n the hijackin'. You're gettin' away with it this time 'cause I'm willing you should—an' because I know all about you, see?"

"Huh-huh," assented John.

"Which is by way of sayin' I'll give you till tomorrow night to choose if you'll work with me or against me. You got fine connections, an' I got a place for you that'll make us both a lot of money. Think it over, son. They ain't many gets a like chance with Big John O'Toole. G'by."

The big man lumbered out of the doorway.

Johnny waited a few moments and then strode briskly toward Fifth Avenue. Across the street an unobtrusive-looking man detached himself from the crowd around the news stand and strode briskly toward Fifth Avenue.

THAT night John sat in his room in the midtown Y. M. C. A. Present also were Mr. Charles Chauncey Hopping and Mr. James Sherrill Hermann. Mr. Hermann sat with his chair tiptilted against the wall, wholly at ease. Mr. Hopping reclined on the bed, also at ease.

"I'm not denyin' there's big money in your idea, mister," Slim was saying, "but you better know what's ahead of you when you go up against Big John. He's a able guy, that feller. Too bad you jacked him to set out with, 'cause he won't lay off till he's drove you outer town or had you bumped."

"He invited me to come in with him," said John.

Hermann permitted himself his nearest approach to a look of surprise.

"Well, if he did, he meant it," he said slowly. "An' my advice to you, mister, is take him up quick and lay off this one-armed pirate stuff, where every mob in the east will be out to get you. They's two of Big John's gorillas been tailin' you all day. I made 'em when I come in just now."

"I know it," said John. "But I'm perfectly safe until tomorrow night, so I saw no reason for trying to shake off the men. He'd just put others on me."

John, walking nervously back and forth, turned to Hopping.

"What do you say, Chub? Shall I chuck the Big Idea —and go along with O'Toole?"

"If you want to," said Hopping indifferently. "But count me out. No excitement in plain bootlegging."

Johnny laughed. Slim regarded the small fat man on the bed with growing interest. Then he addressed Hawks: "If you go ahead on your own, mister, I'll stay with what I said. But they's got to be some things understood. First, an' of course, I give no tip-offs and they's no operations against any of me friends."

"Of course," agreed John.

"Second, my split is fifteen per cent of your net, settle every ninety days."

"Correct."

"Third, I'm to work under cover—not to show except in extree-ordinary emergency."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For Men and Women Who Like to Travel "Light"

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Go and see this attractive Vest-Parker Pen and Pencil Set at any of the better dealers.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

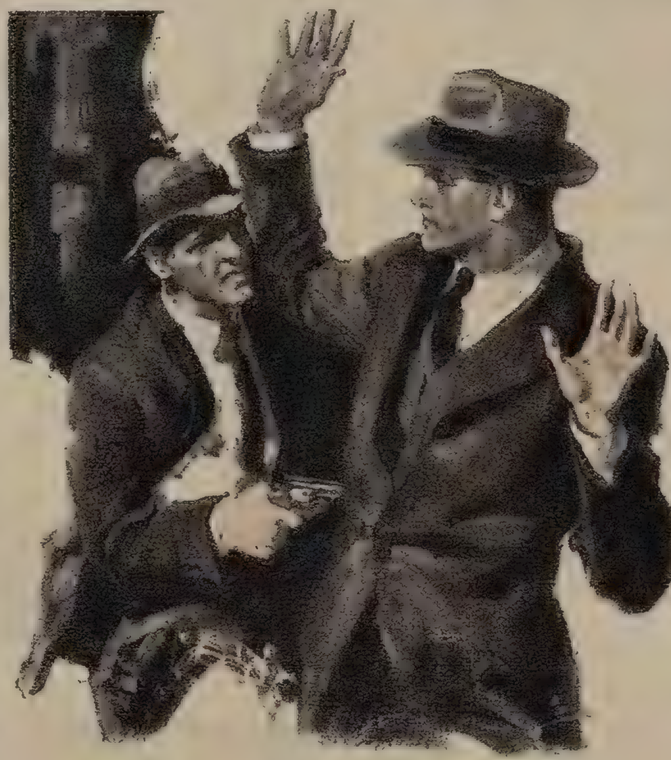
Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE—$5, $7, $10
Other Parker Pens, $2.75 and $3.50

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-three

"Correct," agreed John. "In other words, you're to give us all the shore dope you can lay hands on—keep us in touch with ship movements and all that—but have no visible connection with my operating organization."

"Confidential consultant and technical adviser," suggested Chub mildly.



Johnny sighed, and slowly his hands went aloft.

"The little feller's said it," murmured Slim appreciatively. "You unnerstand, mister—I'll do anything more I can without getting wrong with the big mobs. I don't figure you'll last none too long, and I do figure on hangin' round myself."

"Hear, hear," murmured Hopping.

"But anything I can do on the side, I sure will. I got connections in the Treasury in Washington, and I know a frail in the Prohibition Bureau that's got access to the confidential files in the chief investigator's office. I'll have her make a digest of ship movements to begin with."

"Fine," said Johnny.

"They's one thing more, mister. You gotta blow this place and find another flop—an' the sooner the quicker. You got any bodyguard?" He looked at Hopping with skeptical inquiry.

"Not me," said Chub hastily. "I'm a man of brains and peace."

"You want to shake these gorillas of O'Toole's before you turn down his offer," said Slim earnestly. "An' you want to keep away from that Tom Snyder soon's you've paid him off."

"I paid him—this afternoon."

"O. K. Keep clear of him. He's nothin' but a ex-punk that run out on his own mob and got him a federal job so's he could work the small-time shake."

"Punk?" demanded John. "I don't quite—"

"Thief who lacks guts or weakens in a pinch," explained Chub in a bored aside. Slim turned his head and stared curiously at the little man. Then he continued impassively:

"Snyder's wrong every way they come. Tell you what I'll do, mister. You two better hide out a few days. I'll give you a good man—a friend of mine—that'll look out for you. No use you stopping a lead pill before you start."

"Stout fellah!" murmured Chub.

Slim walked to the bedroom door, opened it, and beckoned down the hallway.

"This is the guy I spoke of. Come in, Fatty."

A cherubic-faced and rather frightened-looking fat man sidled through the doorway. Except for his clothes and his much greater bulk, he stood an unabridged edition of young Mr. Charles Hopping. Furthermore, he was one of the meanest men with a pistol this side of Chicago.

"FATTY HARRIS this is, gents—and one of the best. Shake hands with Mr. Hawks and Mr. Hopping. Say, Fatty, is them bums still downstairs?"

"Yeah—waiting 'crost the way."

"Let 'em stay there tonight. Tomorrow I want you should take Mr. Hawks and his friend and hide 'em out a few days. How about Sophe's place?"

"O. K. She's outer town."

"That's that," said Slim. "All right, mister—you call the restaurant where we ate the last time. Call round noon tomorrow and ask for Oscar. Fatty, here, will answer, an' he'll tell you what to do. And don't use nothin' but a public dial telephone. Well, g'night."

"Good night, and much obliged," said Johnny.

He closed the door and came back to the bed.

"What do you say, Chub"—his manner had changed the instant the men left the room—"do we turn tail and let these men wet-nurse us just because of this big bully O'Toole?"

"Suits me," yawned Hopping. "I'd like nothing better than to lie around quietly a few days in some lovely gangsterette's apartment. We could read and sleep—I'm awful shy on sleep—and play the phonograph—they always have phonographs—and drink real highballs—and I could work on my glossary."

"What do you mean, glossary?"

"Complete Glossary of Underworld Argot. A monumental work by Charles Chauncey Hopping, amateur of crime."

"Oh, shut up," snapped John.

"I bought a notebook today," continued Chub thoughtfully. "Have you ever reflected that the romance of any action lies in talking and acting the part? Look at Slim now. If it wasn't for his lovely slinky manner and his carefully schooled thieves' patter, you'd take him for a floor broker. It's his stock in—"

"Here's what I've decided. If we've got to vamoose we'll do it without help. We'll beat it—"

"GO on the lam," corrected Chub gently.

"—we'll beat it tonight. Throw my things in the bag, will you, while I write O'Toole a note."

Hopping, looking hurt, rolled slowly off the bed. Johnny rummaged on the bureau and found a few sheets of writing paper. He penciled a note and handed it to Chub:

To Big John O'Toole, etc., etc.
Nothing doing.
(Sgd.) Bigger John.

"Oh, very well," sighed Hopping, passing it back. "Why don't you bill Mr. Corning for his champagne on the same stationery? He'd appreciate the Y. M. C. A. letterhead."

"Good idea," agreed John seriously. "All set, are you? Wait, here's a toothbrush. Now, listen, Chub. You walk out openly and go up and get your car. You'll probably be followed, but you'll have to get rid of him."

"I know a dozen ways," said Hopping tranquilly.

"Drive to the corner of Park and Fifty-fifth and wait for me. We're starting for Boston tonight because we have business there, and not because I'm afraid of O'Toole."

"I am," said Chub simply. "And how are you going to get out?"

"Elevator to the basement, and out through the engine room to the service alley. I've got my bag and thirteen thousand of O'Toole's money."

"If he knows you're leaving town he may want it back," suggested Chub pessimistically. "Well, see you later."

Hawks gave him five minutes. Then he descended to the office, engaged the slatternly clerk in desultory talk, paid his bill unostentatiously, yawned, bought an evening paper, and went back to his room for his bag.

This time he took the elevator to the basement floor. He walked through the boiler room, nodded casually to the night watchman who dozed in a chair by the door, and stepped into the blackness of the alley.

He shifted his suitcase to his left hand, and groped his way carefully along the brick wall. Halfway to the street, some object projecting from the building caught him sharply in the ribs. He swore irritably and stepped sideways. The object remained against his ribs.

"Hoist 'em, you big bum," came a voice low and purposeful. Johnny sighed, his bag fell to the ground, and slowly his hands went aloft.

Up against a gangster's risks, John must think and act like a gangster if he wants to keep on living. Next week's installment of the story tells how he stands the gaff.

A Second to THINK

What Happened When Two Players Didn't Fall on the Ball in 1925

International Newsreel photo

Al Kreuz, full back, who added a point for Pennsylvania.

International Newsreel photo

Charley Rogers, half back, who used his second to think and won the game.

By

WALTER ECKERSALL

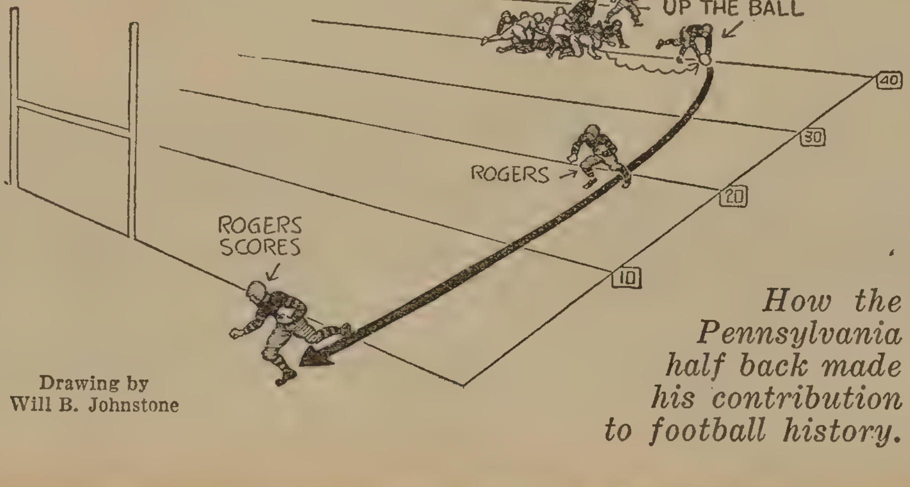
generally regarded as the greatest American football player during his years (1903-1906) at the University of Chicago, and for many years thereafter a familiar figure on the gridiron as a referee, and in print as a writer for the sports department of the Chicago Tribune—where, it is interesting to note, his daughter is now following the same vocation. This is one of a group of football reminiscences which he wrote for Liberty shortly before his death last March.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

As a rule football players are coached to fall on the ball. They are instructed to follow the oval at all times and it is impressed upon them that the danger point in football is in the vicinity of the pigskin.

One of the sternest commands of the coach, heard time and time again in the practice sessions, is, "Fall on that ball!" The coach, however, rarely says anything if a player picks up the ball and runs for a score. On the other hand, the same player who succeeds once may be relegated to the second eleven if he fails to capture the ball and a member of the opposing team falls on it.

In order to play the game safe and save themselves from demotion and a scathing, football players usually fall on fumbled ovals almost instinctively. It is a habit born of coaching and the idea that it is the correct thing to do is deeply embedded in the minds of the players.



Drawing by Will B. Johnstone

How the Pennsylvania half back made his contribution to football history.

Michigan was defeated by Northwestern, 3 to 2, in 1925. The Purple's only score resulted from the failure of Benny Friedman, the Wolverine quarter back, to keep his grip on a loose ball. Northwestern recovered the oval on Michigan's ten-yard line and Tiny Lewis, the full back, made a place kick a few moments later for the three points which won the game. If Friedman had fallen on the ball, the result of that struggle would have been different.

In other games Friedman, who was a great player, had had little trouble in gathering up fumbled balls, but in the Northwestern contest Benny failed to take into consideration that the ball was wet and slippery, as the game was played in a cold rain.

Pennsylvania and Cornell have been football rivals for many years. No matter what the results of previous games have been, the struggle decided annually on Thanksgiving day has always been a battle.

In 1925 both teams started with fair prospects.

The Big Red team from

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Ithaca defeated Niagara, Williams Rutgers, and Columbia. But just when Cornell's partisans were looking forward to a successful year, Dartmouth smothered their team, 62 to 13.

Pennsylvania also showed promise early. The Ben Franklins defeated Swarthmore and Brown. They then took a hard fought struggle from Yale, 16 to 13, and defeated Chicago, 7 to 0. Then Pennsylvania went down in defeat before Illinois, 24 to 2. This was the game in which Red Grange ran wild. Later Pittsburgh defeated Pennsylvania, 14 to 0.

ALTHOUGH both elevens had been decisively eliminated from any claims to the National or Eastern championship, the defeats did not put a damper on the followers of either team and the general public of Philadelphia, which is just about the best football city in the country. Fully 70,000 fans were in the stands when the teams took the field.

Cornell employed a rushing game and Pennsylvania relied upon the open style. Penn used the forward pass effectively, while Coach Gil Dobie's team was content to make short gains by sending Fratt and Tilton, the backs, into the line. Neither could maintain a sustained attack, and the first half ended scoreless.

The third quarter was a repetition of the two preceding periods. The Ben Franklins kept punching away with their forward passes and hidden ball plays. Cornell was content to batter the Quakers' line and hurl a forward pass occasionally. Neither had been strong enough to score when the teams began the final period.

Cornell had possession of the ball. The Ithacan backs took the ball to their forty-yard line. Following another line smash, the ball popped into the clear. So many of the players were bent on performing their specific duties that most of them did not see the oval as it innocently rolled to one side of the pack. The score was 0 to 0 and there lay the ball, the reward for some alert player.

Charley Rogers, the Pennsylvania half back, who had been one of the mainsprings of the Quaker eleven all season, suddenly spotted the ball. As I have explained, the first inclination of any player is to fall on the ball.

Charley had only a second to think. In that moment he had to decide which was better: fall on the ball—playing the game safe and escaping a scathing from Coach Lou Young—or take a chance on picking up the ball. In that moment, Rogers decided to make the desperate effort. He gathered in the ball while he ran at a fairly fast clip and sped for a touchdown. Al Kreuz, the full back, kicked the goal and the final score of that struggle was 7 to 0 in favor of Pennsylvania.

How a Stanford back fumbled away a game with Pittsburgh in 1928 and then snatched it back will be described next week in an article by Mr. Eckersall.

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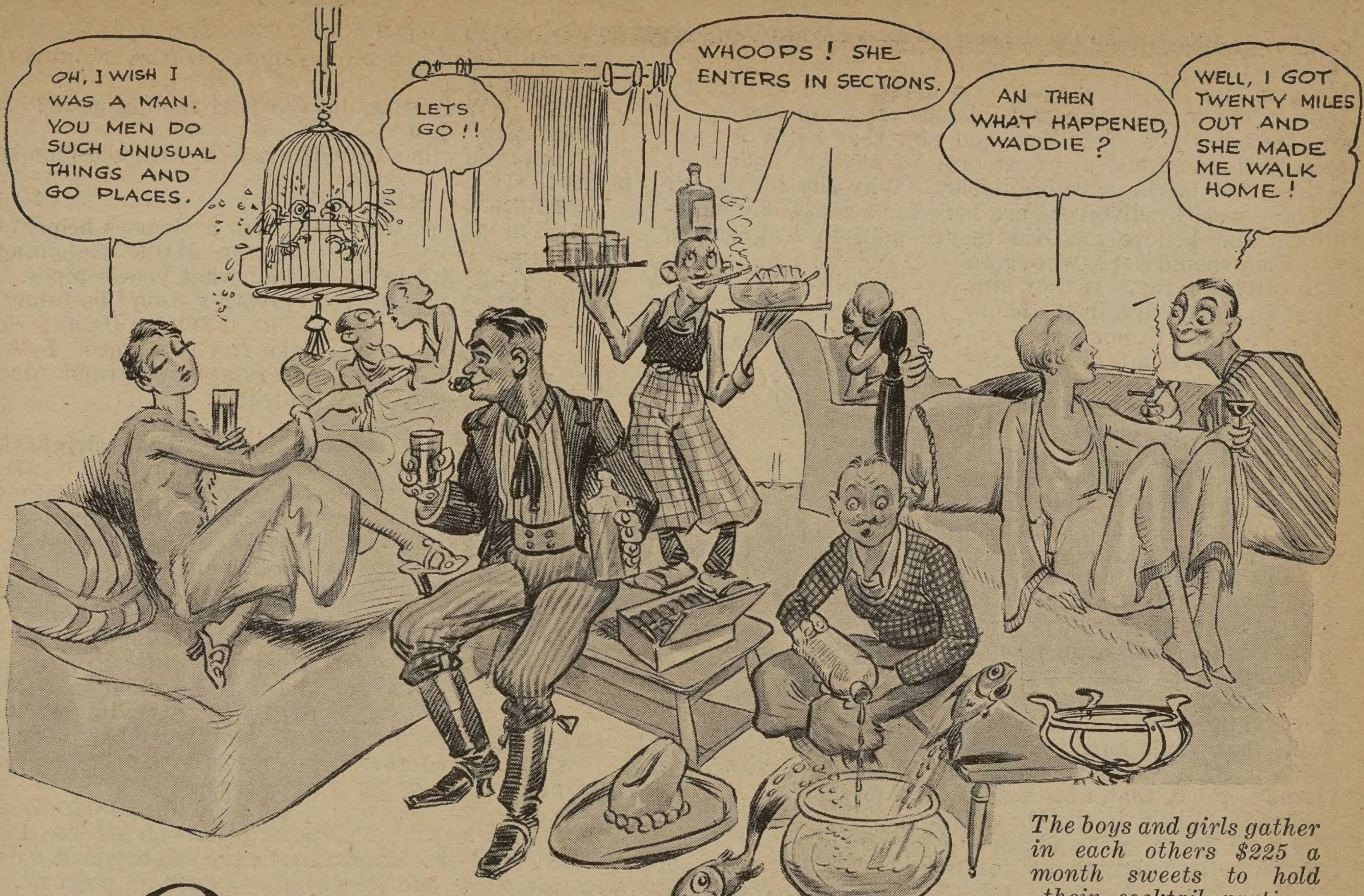

OH, I WISH I WAS A MAN. YOU MEN DO SUCH UNUSUAL THINGS AND GO PLACES.
LETS GO!!
WHOOPS! SHE ENTERS IN SECTIONS.
AN THEN WHAT HAPPENED, WADDIE?
WELL, I GOT TWENTY MILES OUT AND SHE MADE ME WALK HOME!

The boys and girls gather in each others $225 a month sweets to hold their cocktail parties.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

A Line or Two from the Happy Land Where Locksmiths Laugh at Love

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 4 min. 55 sec.)

Reno, Nev.

DEAR MARG:

Listen Woman, I would have wrote you before, but I was a bit sunk. This life in Reno would floor you if you were made out of ecktoplasm or asbestos. Phew, what a spot! Nearly every frail here is a boozem pal and each one has the same sad story to tell. You see Marg, the divorcees have nothin to do here but amuse thereselves, and believe me kid, they sure do raise hell.

Theres three things that has em steamed up. First, the 4000 foot altitude keeps the blood pressure so hot that the radiator cap is rarrin to pop.

Second—theyre so far way from their buzz-buzz friends and neighbors that anything goes.

Third—This Reno booze would turn a quiet dignified ministers daughter into a rip roaring, John crazy clinging vine. *S-h-h-h.* Oh, you ain't hurd nothin yet!

You see, men are scarce in Reno. Theres about seventy five dames to twenty five Johns, and those that have IT *are* IT. My gawd, the way the lads and lassies gin and sex it around in this man's town leaves nothin to the hectic imagination.

Honest to Hawks, you may be a fast guy, but Reno would throw you into a tail spin youd be ninty days comin out of.

Everybody what lands here to get their love, honor and obeys busted up, go for what Reno calls THE CURE. Yep, thats what a judge calls it. He says that divorce is the only *cure* for wedlock indigestion, and I guess hes right.

Why the heck should a man and woman go thru life throwin bottles and beds at one another when they might just as well be breakin em up peaceful?

Take your mother frinstance. There aint been two months out of the year that she hasnt sported a black eye. Yes, and as for *him,* hes swallowed his bridge work so many times that the inside of him must look like a dish closet.

Now you neednt go thinkin Marg Im pannin him, because I aint. But on the level hes an awful punk. Hes never happy until hes all lumped up. By the way, I wish hed send me that seventeen bucks he ows me for all them french post cards I sent him from Paris.

This break-away spot called Reno is the swiftest spot in America. The Main stem, Virginia Street, sports any-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

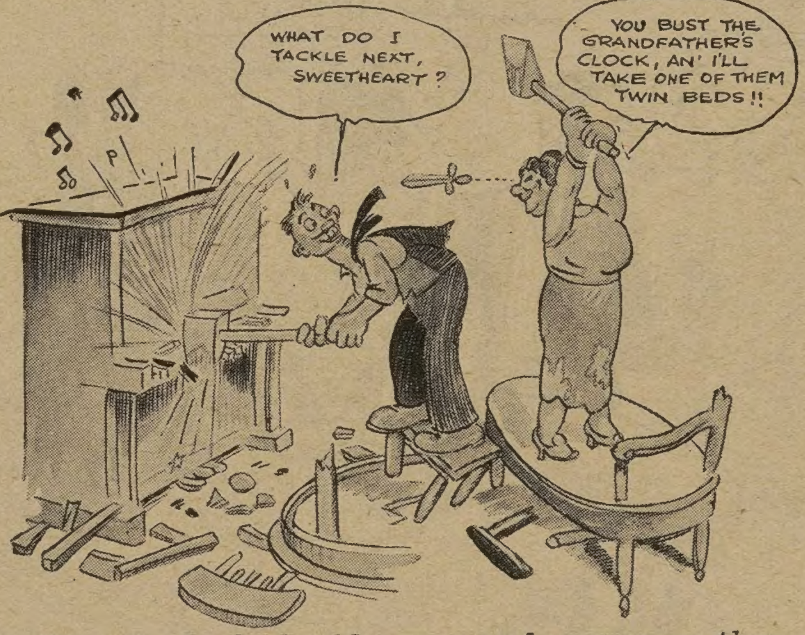
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

thing from an ice cream Cohen to a fur lined neglejay. Smart long limbed lounging ensembles tempt the wealthy divorcees to match the boy friends trick mustache.

Im tellin you right here and now that Fifth Avenue or Michigan Bullevard cant brag of anythin finer than these few blocks have on display. Why shouldnt they? These wealthy divorcees are here for a ninty day hangover and believe me Kid theyre goin to look smart.

They should worry whos goin to catch the rap. If they aint got enough dough in the bank, the Western Union money order blanks get a terrible workout. It may be the ex-husband that catches the harpoon, the husband to-be, or the sweetie, but to play safe, all three may stop the welcome news includin the sugar daddy. Dont think they dont. Yep, and Lord help the one that holds out.

She'll take a coupla quick shots of Mr. Gordons well known nerve tonic, fold her cute little manicured duke around Graham Bells Number Please and for fifteen minutes the boy friend in New York will hear a line that would burn the insulation off a submarine cable. And not only that, but the 110 pounds of hell on wheels will reverse the charges and Sappo is chump enough to go for fifty five bucks worth of toll charges. A giggle, what? Oh, its murder most fowl.


WHAT DO I TACKLE NEXT, SWEETHEART?
YOU BUST THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, AN' I'LL TAKE ONE OF THEM TWIN BEDS !!

Why the heck should a man and woman go thru life throwin bottles and beds at one another when they might just as well be breakin em up peaceful?

Out here, the boys and girls gather in each others bed rooms or $225 a month sweets to hold their cocktail parties and toss the dirt. Lets go up with Rita Ritz and get a short order of the conversation.

As we enter the sixth floor of the hotel apartment we find Mrs. Frances Stuyvesand stretched out on the bed in her nifty lounging pyjamas blowing up a monogramed cigarette. Frances is here for the "cure" because she found a bigger and better banker in Philadelphia. At the present moment her playboy, Buddy Kane, is sitting on the edge of her bed petting her. Buddy runs the Petite golf course at twenty five bucks a week to keep his hair and mustache in wax.

Over on the divan slouches Vivian Fould with her boy friend Jimmy Mack. Vivian is in her Theodores, but has a $300 neglijay over them just to make her a wee bit enticing, if you know what I mean? At the other end of the room draped in an overstuffed chair is Renee Dorray who is divorcing her fifth husband. Renees present local stop gap is a great big rancher, a cross between a Texan and a Pueblo indian. Hes *all* man, with shoulders a yard wide and a pair of hands that could pinch hit for sugared cured hams anyday.

As we enter the room we are greeted with the usual alcoholic hellos.

The Group: Well, well, well, another bunch of drunkards from Manhattan!

Frances: Hey Buddy, pour the folks a drink!

Buddy *(yawning)*: There aint no more gin in the bottle.

Frances: Grab that small hose and syphon some from the five gallon bottle in the bathroom!

Vivian *(to Rita)*: Have you met Mrs. Dorray?

The French Dame *(bowing with whats left of a highball)*: Eet ees a pleezure. Pleeze do not call me Mrs.! Nobody in Reno ees Mrs.

Buddy *(hollering from bathroom)*: Hey, theres no more gingerale!

M	I	R	E		D	E	R	I	D	E		A	B	E	D
I	D	E	A		W	A	I	T	E	R		N	E	V	A
R	E	A	R	R	E	S	T	S	■	N	E	T	T	E	D
A	S	P	■	A	L	E	E	■	P	E	A	■	I	R	E
		S	K	I	L	L	■	P	A	S	S	E	D		
A	S	■	I	N	S	■	A	I	R	■	T	R	E	S	S
S	P	A	N	S	■	S	T	E	E	R	E	R	■	U	P
P	A	R	E	■	S	H	E	■	T	A	R	■	O	R	A
I	D	A	■	T	I	E	■	B	I	N	■	P	A	R	R
R	E	■	H	E	R	E	T	I	C	■	W	I	R	E	S
E	S	S	E	N	■	R	I	D	■	C	O	N	■	Y	E
		T	R	A	D	E	S	■	W	A	V	E	D		
A	B	A	■	C	A	D	■	T	A	R	E	■	A	R	S
M	A	T	T	E	R	■	E	S	S	E	N	T	I	A	L
O	R	E	O		E	S	T	A	T	E		E	R	S	E
N	E	S	T		D	E	A	R	E	R		E	Y	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 64

B	E	R	E	T		E	A	S	E		A	P	E	S
A	B	O	V	E		V	I	O	L		L	A	M	P
L	O	V	E	S		E	T	N	A		A	L	M	A
D	E	E	■	T	E	N	■	A	T	T	■	M	E	T
			F	E	D	■	A	R	E	O	L	A	T	E
C	L	E	A	R	I	N	G	■	S	O	Y			
A	I	R	■	■	L	E	A	D	■	T	R	A	S	H
P	R	I	N	C	E	S	■	E	S	S	E	N	C	E
S	E	N	O	R	■	T	R	A	M	■	■	O	A	R
			V	A	T	■	A	L	I	M	E	N	T	S
S	T	E	A	M	I	N	G	■	T	A	N			
H	A	N	■	P	E	A	■	D	E	N	■	T	A	V
E	L	A	N		R	I	M	E		T	R	I	P	E
B	O	T	E		C	L	A	W		L	I	N	E	R
A	N	E	W		E	S	P	Y		E	N	T	R	Y

Answer to the puzzle on page 65

Frances: Oh good night. *(Turns over in bed, grabs telephone.)* Hello, send up a dozen bottles of gingerale and a flock of ice.

Vivian: Well, Rita, did you hear the big news?

Rita: No, shoot!

Vivian: My lawyers wife ran off with the plumbers helper!

The Bunch: No kiddin?

The French Dame: What ees a plomers helper?

Jimmy Mack *(laughing)*: A guy what yodels pipes.

Vivian: Don't be funny!

The French Dame: You make fun from me? I do no understand zee grand American slang.

Jimmy: Thas alright kid, youll get by!

Frances: Yep, thats one thing about these natives of Nevada. They can get a divorce in one day!

The French Dame: Eet ees not pos-seeble!

Buddy *(ankling in with a tray full of gin)*: Sure its possible. A Renonian can pick a fight with his wife at breakfast, be divorced by noon and be re-married for supper—grin that off!

The French Dame: Zees is *some* place—oh beb-bee!!

Knock at door. Enter Charlie the bell boy loaded down with gingerale and ice enough to floor an escamoe.

Charlie: Hello folks! (Charlie removes teddies, garter belt, brazzier, platinum rist watch and diamond ankle bracelets from dresser to make room for tray.

Charlie, by the way, Marg, is the wisest bell boy in Reno. He knows where the laughing soup can be had, and if necessary can sit in on a little lovin if theyre one guy short. He throws a hot line of lingo, and if pressed hard, may delve into Freud, de Moppausaunt or recite Grays Ellergy in a Country Glue Works. Off duty, he teaches the divorcees to swim, play golf and shoot crap. Outside of that he promotes fights.

Charlie *(smelling gin)*: Wow, that's *terrible* stuff!

Frances: Well, you sold it to me!

The Crowd: Haw Haw haw.

Charlie: Not me! I never handle the stuff! *(exits)*

For five full hours the party lasted about six quarts. And just when the thousand dollar radio was blastin out I Want to be Loved by You, who blows in half crocked, but Mrs. Wainright Livermore in a nobby riding habit.

Mrs. Livermore *(all of a flutter)*: Listen girls, guess whats what? ? ?

The Crowd: Whass what?

Mrs. Livermore: I got *married* this *afternoon.* No kiddin! !—Wait, I got to powder my nose! !

As Mrs. Livermore dissapeared for a moment, Vivian leaned over and whispered to Rita and Renee: You know, shes got a coupla million in her own right and guess who she married?

The Bunch: Who?

Vivian: Tim Midges.

The French Dame: Who's he?

Vivian: The big guy that tends the peep-hole in the Alley speakeasy door.

Well Marg, I got to go to the dentist now and get my tusks dis-arranged.

Wishing you the same
Yours till Niagara Falls
Mike Shea.

P. S. Watch for my letters—youll hear plenty about Reno and what happened to the Macks.

Ethyl users don't worry *about* "WINTER GASOLINE"

IF ALL THIS TALK *about "winter gasoline," "quick starting," and "anti-knock" quality confuses you, read these facts*

"QUICK-STARTING GAS" means gasoline of low boiling point, simply that. Low-boiling gasoline vaporizes more easily and therefore gives quick starting in cold weather.

Because quick starting is a real winter help, the leading oil refining companies mixing Ethyl Gasoline use a more volatile base gasoline in cold weather. Stop at the pump with the Ethyl emblem, and you are sure of gasoline that gives quick starting. But remember also, please, when you see the Ethyl emblem; it stands for *more* than a cold-weather gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is different from all other gasoline because it contains Ethyl fluid, the ingredient developed by seven years of research to make gasoline a more perfect motor fuel.

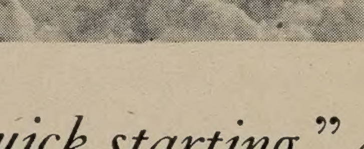
Ethyl fluid entirely changes the engine action of gasoline. It *controls* combustion. Where ordinary gasoline burns with sharp, irregular explosions, Ethyl Gasoline burns smoothly, with increasing pressure that sends pistons down in powerful thrusts.

That's why Ethyl gives greater power, quicker get-away, and smoother, more efficient engine performance. That's why any car runs better on Ethyl, summer or winter. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U·S·A·

Knocks out that "knock"

Whatever oil company's name or brand is associated with it, the Ethyl emblem is always the mark of tested-quality Ethyl Gasoline. Constant inspection of pumps throughout the country makes sure this improved motor fuel is sold in its original full-powered form.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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Switch to the tooth paste that Guards your Gums

THE old idea that merely cleaning the surface of the teeth will guard their health, has given way to a new and sounder technique in dental care!

For the dental experience of the past ten years—the records of the clinics and the testimony of the x-ray—shows that no matter how white, how strong and perfect your teeth may be, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, infected—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

* * *

Ipana is a tooth paste specifically made to meet the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining . . . your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

The soft foods we eat are responsible for the gum troubles we have. For they rob the gums of exercise. Circulation lags. The tissues become congested, the gum walls tender and inflamed.

But Ipana and massage will stir your gums and speed the rich, fresh blood through the tiny capillaries. For Ipana stimulates the gums—tones and invigorates the entire mouth as it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic widely known and long used by the profession.

So try Ipana, if you don't already know its benefits. Start with it tonight. You may pay a few cents more—for Ipana's ingredients are costly—its formula is scientific, modern. *But a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.*

So get a tube at the nearest drug store and begin a full month's test. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-100
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address..

City.................................*State*...................

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